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December

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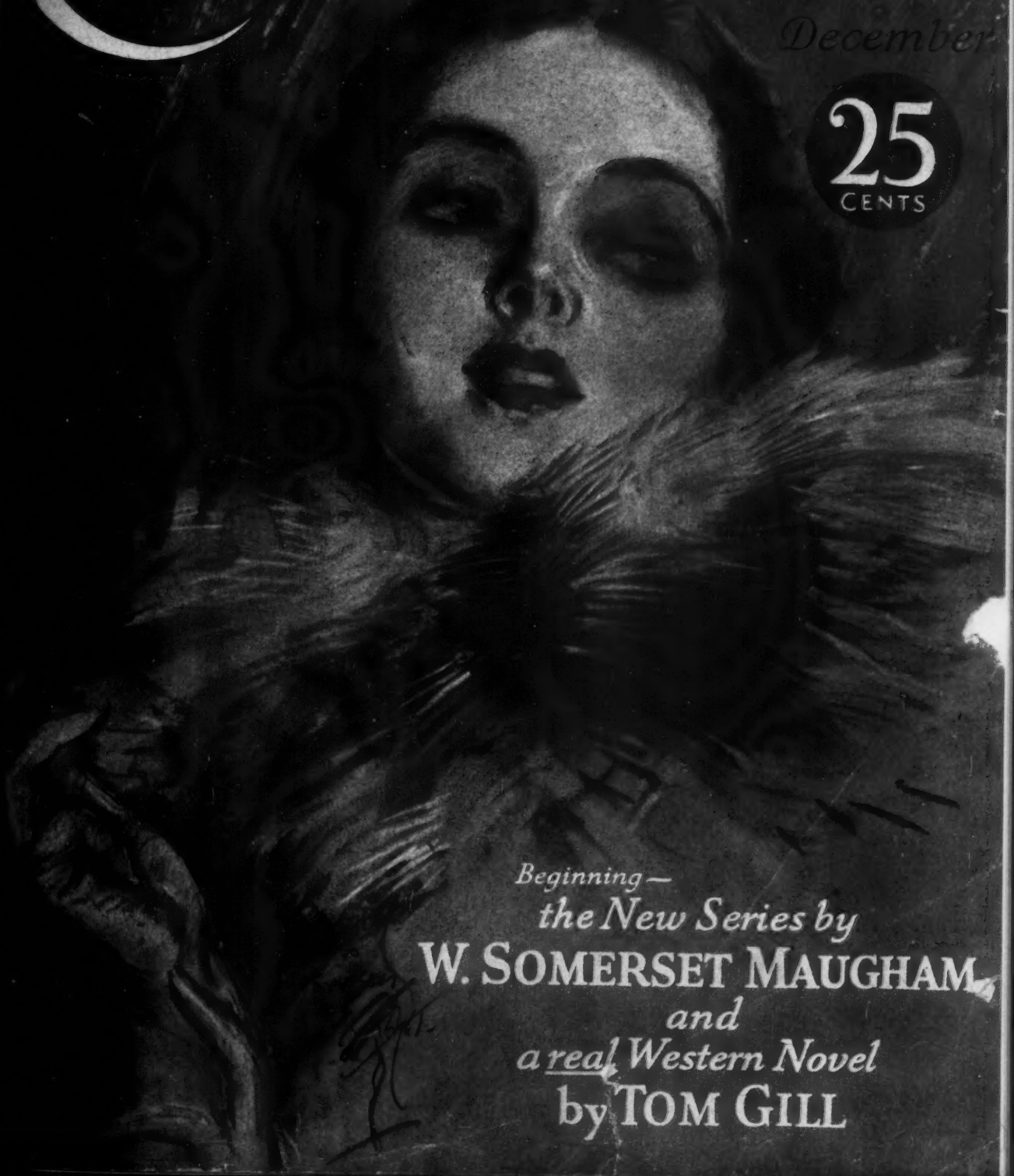

Beginning—
the New Series by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
and
a real Western Novel
by TOM GILL

A FLAVOR *for* EVERY TASTE!

Life Savers... pure, china-hard... delicious rings of refresh*mint*... soothing to the throat... quieting to the nerves... after smoking... after eating... sweeten breath... aid digestion.

Six famous flavors... distinctive... different... a 'holesome candy... a fragrant breath-mint... packed in the convenient roll form... handy for pocket or purse... foil wrapped to keep them ever-fresh and flavor-full... "Always Good Taste" everywhere.

And the delicious candy drop LIFE SAVERS... Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape... like the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for December 1930

No, *thank you,* Mother, no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can be as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums don't get the stimulation they need. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.

MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And, just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-120
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

VOL. LXXXIX NO. 6

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Boys *will be*
Boys
whether they be
Huck Finn *and*
Tom Sawyer
Or
Terry Tait
of the Movies,
Maximilian III
King of Slovaria
and
Ginger Bundock
Cockney bell boy.

And *of all people*
Sinclair Lewis
tells the
hilarious adventures of
these 3 lively kids!

Let's Play King

begins in January
COSMOPOLITAN

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DECEMBER
1930

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG
Editor

RAY LONG

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Editor announces—

1. **A ROMANCE** of the Real West by TOM GILL, who knows whereof he writes. This is a "first" novel, and when this magazine publishes a "first" that means something. On page 20.

2. **THE FIRST** of a group of long complete stories by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the novelist-playwright whose success is due to the fact that he apparently knows more of what goes on in women's hearts than women do themselves. On page 26.

3. **BEGINNING THE** tales of John Henry—what a man! From the Black River Country where the sun never shines—44 pounds at birth—and with an itching heel, by ROARK BRADFORD on whose Negro spirituals in prose Marc Connelly based his fine play, "The Green Pastures." On page 32.

The Gay Bandit

A Novel *of the West*

TOM

The BANDIT

In a patch of moonlight the masked rider halted. Just ahead, just beyond the fringe of shadowy mesquite that skirted the desert's edge, two dusty wagon tracks led out over the mesa. They were all that marked the Yuma-Verdi road, those tracks, and for fifty miles of cactus and sand they were all that recorded the turbulent existence of an international boundary line. But now, like faded, discarded ribbons, they stretched, lonely and indistinct, across the desert, then dropped abruptly over the edge of the mesa.

Minutes passed. The tall rider sat motionless—a brooding statue, silvered with moonlight. Only the eyes moved—eyes that glittered restlessly through the mask, tirelessly searching that velvet darkness ahead. A fitful night wind crept like a sigh among the mesquite. Once the horse pawed impatiently at the sand, and once he raised his head to catch some faint, elusive message.

Silence. An endless silence while the twisted shadows of the mesquite lengthened before the sinking moon. Toward the far-off Mexican foothills a coyote howled. Again silvery, moon-drenched silence, while the long minutes passed.

Abruptly, in the same startled second, both horse and horseman raised their heads. Out of the desert night a sound far off and indistinct rose over the mesa. From a formless, pulsating murmur, it rolled nearer, until at last the sound resolved itself into the muffled tread of galloping horses.

Only then the quiet figure in the moonlight moved. A touch of the rein and the horse stepped forward into the sheltering mesquite, where again they froze to immobile statues, lost in that shadowy obscurity. Gently the man's hand dropped for an instant to the black automatic at his side. The barrel was still warm. His knees clasped the horse more tightly. His lithe figure had taken on a new tenseness, and he leaned forward with coldly eager eyes.

In the moonlight ahead the night had become dimly peopled with galloping horsemen, swinging down toward the mesa's edge. Mexican cavalry on patrol. They rode in loose ranks, two abreast, talking in low tones. Little whirling pools of sand rose beneath their pounding feet, then died, and in another minute the sound of their hurried passing faded.

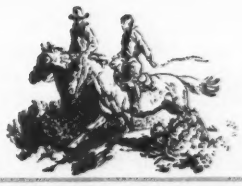
As the last sombreroed figure melted back into that night of silence, the solitary horseman left the shadows and rode slowly to the mesa's rim.

Leaning far out in the saddle, his eyes followed their steep descent to the place where, almost directly beneath him, the trail turned and plunged steeply downward. There the little cavalcade had halted.

In a tight circle they were clustered about a

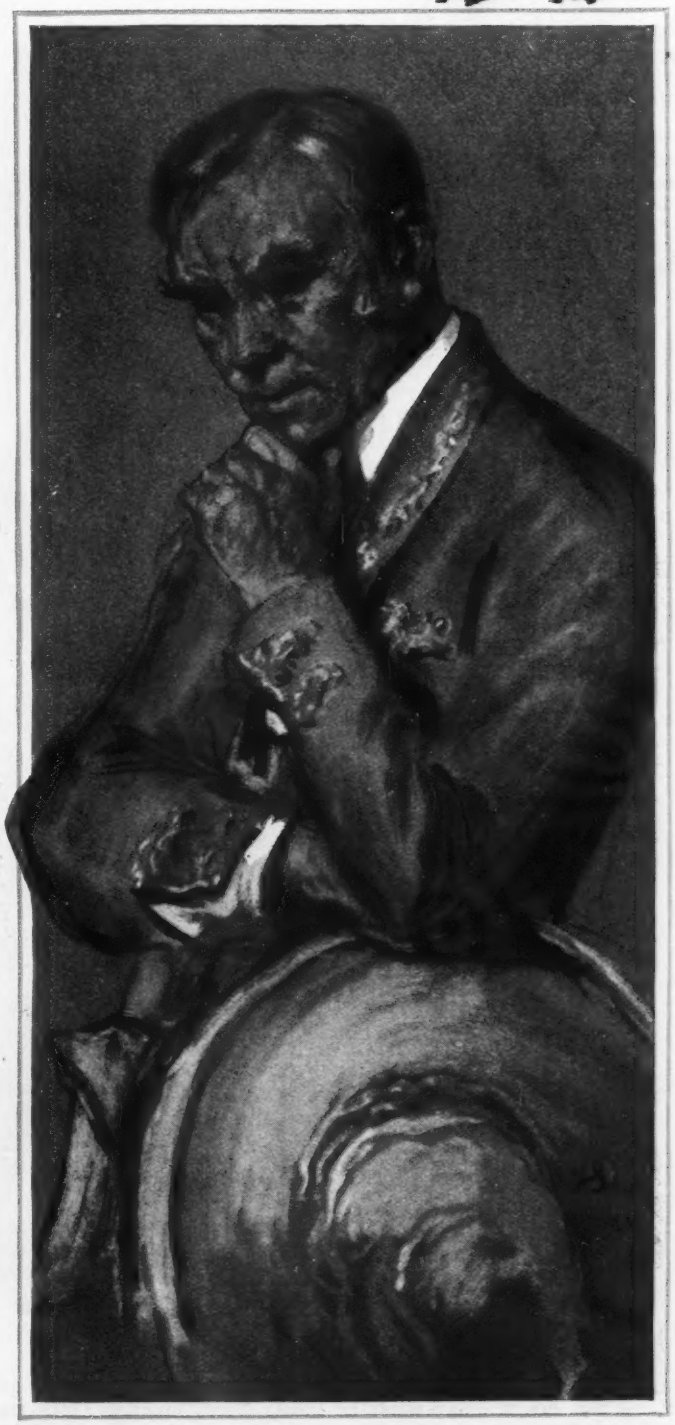
Portraits by

of the Border



by a Real *Westerner*

GILL



huddled figure that lay face downward in the road. Out of the stillness the angry hum of many voices rose to the solitary rider's ears and beneath the mask his teeth gleamed in a brief smile. He bent forward watching.

Two men had slipped from their horses and raised the limp form in the roadway. For a moment their leader looked at the face, then formed the word "Lopez!" A shiver ran through the group. The night seemed to grow suddenly chill. Uneasily each man peered into the darkness as if it now loomed suddenly menacing.

Then from above burst a laugh, wild and jeering, and for a brief instant the horsemen below saw outlined against the desert sky the tall form of a masked rider. Leisurely his gloved hand lifted in a derisive gesture, and again that jeering, mocking laugh floated down.

A rattle of stones as the horse swerved back, and now the dusty edge of the mesa gleamed white and empty beneath the moon.

On the same moonlit desert, twenty miles to the east, a train whistled and with a screech of brakes, rolled to a stop among the sands and cactus. The solitary passenger in the Pullman looked eagerly out into the night, then glanced at his watch. Frowning, he drummed for a moment on the window, then walked toward the door.

The first thing one might have noticed about the man was his great size. Tall, large-limbed, with huge shoulders and a chest that curved powerfully beneath the tan tweed suit. His walk, too, gave a sense of vast reserve power, the panther walk of a born wrestler. And next, as if in softening contrast, one noticed the friendly eyes, the full but firm lips, curving upward a little at the end, just enough to relieve some of the grimness in the square, clear-cut jaw.

He was a man one might turn to look after; a man one would remember without quite knowing why. About him one felt a sense of poise—a seasoned quality. As if life and perhaps sorrow had given him a maturity beyond his years. Yet he could not have been over twenty-five.

Pulling open the door, the man looked down the track toward the gleaming red lantern of a flagman, then vaulted over the rear railing of the Pullman. For a moment he stood looking about him while the hot, unforgettable breath of the desert beat in upon him, bringing a message faintly, provokingly familiar. He felt the coarse, dry sand beneath his feet.

Behind him the tracks glistened out over the desert, and ahead the great black locomotive panted. On either side faint, ghostly clumps of mesquite and cactus stretched endlessly into the night. Again a little night wind stirred the sands. Exultantly

Penrhyn Stanlaws

The VILLAIN

he raised both powerful arms above his head. "Gad," he rejoiced, "the old desert again!" And once more he sniffed the air.

A sound above him revealed the conductor smiling down from the platform. "Desert smell good tonight?"

"Does to me." The big man laughed. "It's a smell I'd almost forgotten. Do we stay here long?"

"The train from the north is late and we got to wait. Maybe most of the night."

"That puts us hours late into Verdi."

The conductor nodded. "We're due at Verdi junction in forty minutes—just midnight. We'll be lucky to get there by daybreak."

For a moment a shadow of disappointment crossed the man's face, then he laughed.

"Well, I've been fifteen years making it. A few hours' delay won't be fatal. Verdi junction is four miles from town, isn't it?"

"Four miles is right. The junction's just a tin shed and two pairs of tracks. Rest belongs to the coyotes." The conductor looked disparagingly out into the distance. "It's an empty country. Mexican border's only half a mile south of here. In daylight you can see the boundary posts and sometimes a patrol of Mexican cavalry."

"What are they for—ornament?"

"Oh, this part of the world's always been on a hair trigger. There's still occasional rustling and knife-carving.

"Right now the Verdi country has one bandit nobody's been able to get. Seems like there always will be trouble wherever there's a boundary line between two nations."

He yawned. "I'd get a night's sleep if I were you. The porter can tell you just before we hit the junction."

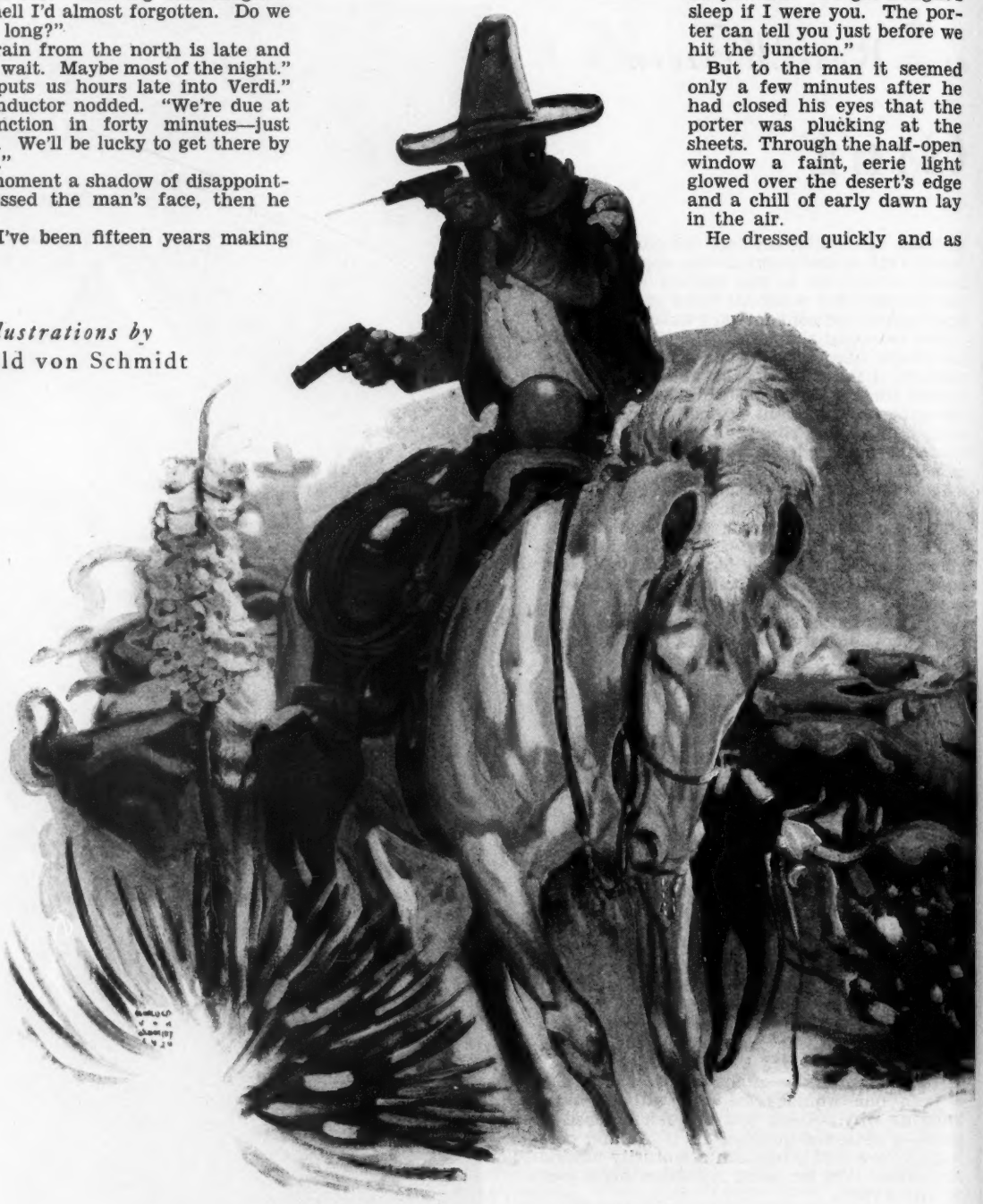
But to the man it seemed only a few minutes after he had closed his eyes that the porter was plucking at the sheets. Through the half-open window a faint, eerie light glowed over the desert's edge and a chill of early dawn lay in the air.

He dressed quickly and as the train stopped ran down the steps. The conductor had been right. Verdi junction was nothing much. A hitching post, a weaving, rutted road, and beyond, the brown sands of the desert, dotted by the dull green of mesquite and cactus.

Already the passenger's trunk had been swung to the ground. In another moment the Pullman lurched forward and the long line of cars pulled away in the red of the sunrise.

Alone in the austere immensity of the desert, the man looked about him. No one in sight. No one to meet

Illustrations by
Harold von Schmidt



him. Near the tracks a wooden sign confided that Verdi lay four miles to the south. His eyes, following its direction, settled on a black object at the top of a little rise.

In the growing light it resolved itself into a long open car there in the middle of the road. Outlined against the sky the machine loomed up like some derelict abandoned in the midst of the desert. No one at the wheel. The thing was simply there, empty and inexplainable.

Puzzled, the man walked down the road, noting with increasing wonder that no footprints led away from the car. He stopped before it, laid a casual hand on the hood, then drew back with a quick start of surprise. The radiator was hot! Once more he cast a rapid look about him, but the desert lay silent and empty beneath the slanting rays of the early sun.

Suddenly, apparently from beneath his feet, a woman's voice was raised in mild resentment. "Where did I put that infernal bolt this time?" the unseen voice asked.

He looked down at the smudged face. His eyes twinkled. "We have with us the village mind reader."

"That," she said, "was easy. I promised Don Bob to drive over and pick up his friend Ted Radcliffe. You're the only applicant. And I would have been here in good time, but"—she looked accusingly at the car—"I am having one battle with the steering rod."

"Broken?"

"No, bent; knocked against a high center in the road. If I could just straighten that rod! Look, anyone your size should be able to bend a crowbar. Come on under." And again she disappeared beneath the car.

Dropping to the ground, the man squirmed after her. The sand was strewn with bolts and nuts and screws.

"You'll have enough parts left over for a radio set," he smiled.

"No, I won't. I've been through all this before. Look, can you straighten that thing?"

With little effort Radcliffe straightened the long rod.

¶ From the foothills in Mexico the mysterious El Coyote and his band swooped down on Morales' ranches, plundering them of cattle and sometimes of gold.

Then from beneath the car a long wrench emerged, followed by a head of coppery hair. A scrambling rustle in the sand, and now the man found himself looking down into a surprised face, generously smudged with oil and grease. A pair of wide violet eyes looked up at him, then the rest of the girl rolled out from beneath the car. She sat up. She considered him a moment; suddenly she smiled.

"You are Señor Radcliffe."

It was a contagious smile and the voice itself held just the trace of an accent.

"Hold it there," she commanded, and reached for a bolt. "You mustn't mind if I sprawl all over you." She dropped the bolt into place and clamped on a nut. A moment of breathless silence, then a long sigh. "Now it's easy. Can you reach up?

"No, on the other side of me—there. Just hold that bolt. And forgive me if I knock sand in your eyes. There! That's it."

She began hammering industriously with her wrench, then caught the low rumble of his voice and stopped.

"Señor, I cannot hear a word you're saying."

"That's probably because your knee's embedded in my wishbone," came the muffled words. "I was just saying that if you'll let me I can put the rest of these ornaments together myself."

He heard her laugh, saw her scramble from beneath the car, and in a few minutes joined her.

Radcliffe looked dubiously at his hands, then seated himself on the running board and began rubbing sand between his fingers. "I thought you had collected all the grease."

Again the violet eyes looked up at him. "Am I terribly *sucia*—how do you say—smudgy?" she asked.

For answer he took out his handkerchief and wiped a long streak on her cheek.

"See that?" He showed her the blackened linen. "And there's lots more—two on your chin, and your nose is just one blob of gear grease."

"And Bob told me to look my best." The girl knelt down before him. "Please wipe off as much as you can. I'll get some cold cream in Verdi."

Doubtfully he took her face in one hand, and with the other began laboriously scrubbing. The big, long-lashed eyes kept looking solemnly up at him. The heavy waves of her hair kept falling in his way. Her skin was so soft. The touch of it brought a sense of quick delight.

There was a perfume about her, an exotic something, and that faintest of accents in her voice made him ask, "Are you American?"

She gave again that pleasant lilting laugh. "I'm Irish and Spanish and some Mexican. That should make me a good American." She leaned back, resting on her hands, looking up at him. "And you are Ted Radcliffe, friend of Don Bob, and you're coming out to stay with him. *Bueno*, we need many, many big, broad-shouldered men out here."

"Why?"

The girl's face had suddenly sobered. "We need men who are not afraid of anything on earth. Some time I'll tell you why."

"Good! That means we'll see each other again."

She seemed to consider. "I think so. I come often to Don Bob's ranch. Yes, you'll see me again." Then she rose, and climbing into the car, tested the starter, listened critically to the engine and pointed to her side. "Jump in and we'll pick up your plunder."

She watched him as he lifted the big wardrobe trunk and put it effortlessly into the back seat. She nodded.

"You are what we call out here an *hombre y medio*—a man and a half." Gingerly she let in the clutch, and the car bumped slowly down the road.

In the growing light the man watched her hair touched by the morning sun, casting a thousand bronzed high lights when the wind moved it. With a thrill of pleasure he noticed the graceful sureness of her driving, and once again he caught her watching him out of those wide frank eyes of hers.

"You're thinking——?" she asked.

"I was thinking it must be a real country that has men like Don Bob—and girls like you. Are there many like you out here?"

"Oh, you'll find one of me under every automobile and behind every cactus." They climbed a rise, and the girl nodded toward a little cluster of dwellings. "Verdi," she said; "but I must not take you to town. I told Bob I'd drive you straight to his ranch. If the train hadn't been late he would have met you himself. Bob was terribly sorry until I told him I'd rescue you. And tonight you'll be together. Meanwhile you are to rest or ride, or do whatever you like, but tonight Aunt Clara, the major's wife, is having you to dinner. Bob will be there."

"May I ride with you?"

Those coppery curls gleamed as she shook her head. "Not this afternoon. After I drop you at Bob's, I'm going down to Mexico."

"Mexico?"

"*Si*, my home. The boundary line runs through Verdi. I live twenty miles south of the line—on a ranch."

"You have cattle?"

Again she smiled. "Two or three."

Once more he breathed deeply and looked about him. "It's queer!" he exclaimed at last. "It's almost like coming home, and yet I've never been here. But my father told me so much of this border country. He lived here years ago. When I was a kid I could name every water hole and ranch house around Verdi, and all morning I've had that strange feeling of coming back to a place I've never really seen."

"You are from the East?"

"I've lived East most of my life, but I was born near the desert. Later I lived in Denver. I learned Spanish there, and as a kid I must have prowled around with every sheep herder in Colorado." His voice stopped. "I

The Girl

haven't many happy memories of Denver." Then his eyes grew somber and he fell silent. Busy with their own thoughts, they drove steadily across the glistening sands.

A gate loomed up ahead of them, and passing through it, the girl stopped the car before a low adobe bungalow. About it stretched thick lawns, their cool greenness in welcome contrast to the drab browns of the desert. Vines covered the adobe walls. Two servants ran out and in answer to the girl's brief orders carried Radcliffe's bags and trunk into the house. Reluctantly he stepped from the car.

"I hate to let you go," he told her. "It was bully of you to bring me over."

She held out a slim hand. "Nothing. Bob's friends are mine. *Adiós.*"

The cool little hand lay so trustingly in his that again he felt his pulse quicken. "But I *will* see you again, won't I?"

The wide eyes looked steadily up at him; the lips moved in a tiny smile. "Do you really want to, Señor Ted Radcliffe?"

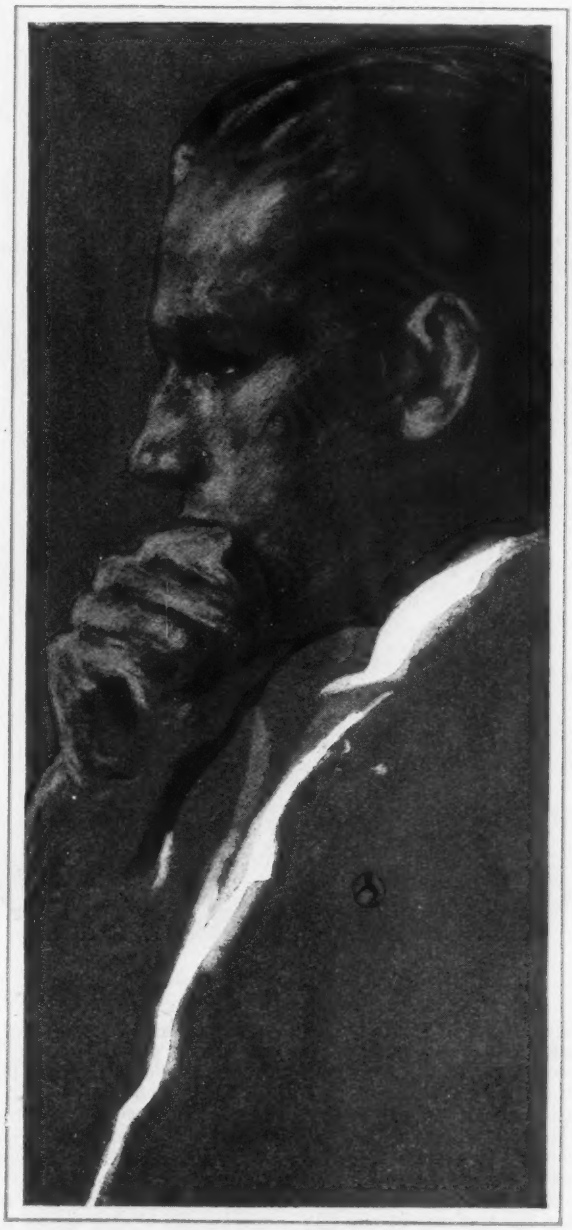
"I want to very much. And I also want to know your name."

She laughed. "I wonder. But you will know it, and you'll also see me—soon."

Then with a little nod and a friendly wave, she left him standing before the steps of the bungalow. He watched her throw the long car into gear and start away. He was still watching when she passed the gate and was lost to sight down the dusty road.

His first day had begun quietly enough. But before it ended that first day was destined to throw Ted Radcliffe headlong into conflict with the greatest powers of all the border country—a conflict that would later change the very purpose of his life there. Yet the morning held no cloud.

After long days of travel the desert air was like wine and that world of throbbing sunlight and of far horizons, the rising, shimmering heat waves and the purple hills of Mexico—all these were to him the fulfillment of some promise long deferred.



The Boy

Luncheon over, he went out to the corral where, in the shadow of the saddle house, a grizzled Mexican sat braiding a quirt. He touched his sombrero as Radcliffe approached.

"I am Manuel," the Mexican announced in slow Spanish. "Can I serve the Señor?"

"Just now, Manuel, the best of service would be a horse to ride. Will you saddle one?"

But Manuel within the next few minutes saddled two horses, and handing the reins of the larger to Radcliffe, said casually, "Don Bob would not have the Señor ride alone on this, his first day."

Smiling, the big man nodded and they turned south toward the Mexican boundary, Radcliffe

ahead, the old Mexican shuffling along at a tireless trot, while he told himself that the big eastern gringo could ride.

Presently they dropped down from the mesa into a little valley which, Manuel told him, marked the Mexican line. Here they watered their horses, then crossed and bore south into Mexico. To the left a ranch house appeared. On either side checkerboard fields of green told of spring's coming and of farm crops just breaking through the soil. They told, too, of toil and care in the face of adversity, and of unending battle waged against the desert's stern hostility. It was an outpost, that ranch, an outpost of man, the homemaker, invading the desert. Beyond the water tank's motionless windmill a few cattle rested after the day's grazing.

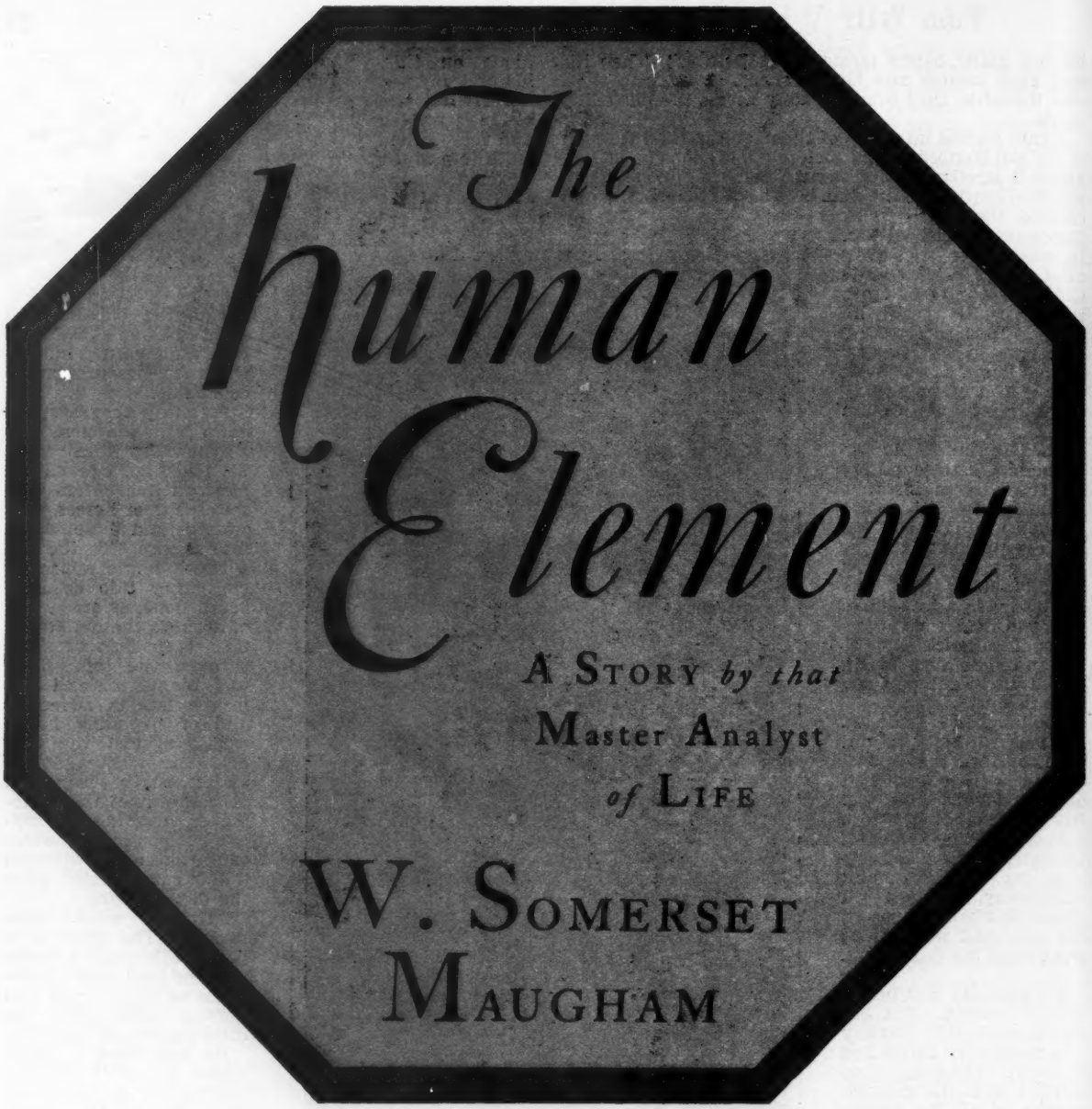
All the world was hushed. The peace of a desert afternoon brooded over the land—the friendliness of tilled fields and human habitation. Its utter peace held Radcliffe.

He was about to speak when a shrill scream pierced the stillness, and from behind the ranch house a barefoot peon boy fled toward them in shrill terror down the slope. Behind him two Mexican *vaqueros* ran clumsily in high-heeled boots, lashing the boy with their quirts, cutting through the thin shirt until again he screamed in pain. At each stinging blow the boy leaped frantically into the air, and at each jump his pursuers laughed and struck again.

As Radcliffe spurred forward, the boy caught sight of him and made for him with redoubled speed. Seizing the stirrup, he turned upward a suppliant face, revealing across his cheek the deep welt of a quirt.

"Help me, Señor!" he cried in Spanish, and even as he spoke the leading *vaquero* seized him and raised his quirt to strike again.

Radcliffe's leg flashed over the saddle horn. He seemed to strike the ground and the *vaquero* at the same instant, and in the next second the nearer Mexican rose in the air, turned twice, (*Continued on page 184*)



I **seem never** to find myself in Rome but at the dead season. I pass through in August or September on my way south or on my way north, and then spend a couple of days revisiting places or pictures that are endeared to me by old associations. It is very hot and the inhabitants of the city spend their day interminably strolling up and down the Corso.

The Hotel Plaza, then, is cool and restful. The public rooms are dark, silent and spacious. Before dinner a few people saunter into the bar, but for the rest of the day it is empty.

And on this occasion, too, I found that I had the hotel almost to myself. I was tired after a long and hot journey and had made up my mind to dine quietly in the hotel and go to bed early. It was late when I went into the dining room, vast and brightly lighted, but not more than three or four tables were occupied.

I looked around me with satisfaction. I had paused for ten minutes in the bar and had a dry Martini. I ordered myself a bottle of good red wine. My limbs were weary, but my soul responded wonderfully to food and drink and I began to feel a singular lightness of heart.

I ate my soup and my fish and pleasant thoughts filled my mind. Scraps of dialogue occurred to me and my fancy played happily with the persons of a novel I was then at work on. I rolled a phrase on my tongue and it tasted better than the wine. I began to think of the difficulty of describing the looks of people in such a way as to make the reader see them as I see them. To me it has always been one of the most ticklish things in fiction.

I looked about me and wondered how I would describe the people at the tables round me. There was one man by himself just opposite and for practice I asked myself in what way I should treat him.

He was a tall, spare fellow, and what I believe is generally called loose-limbed. He wore a dinner jacket and a boiled shirt. He had a long face and pale eyes; his hair was fairish and wavy, but it was growing thin, and its retreat from the forehead gave him a certain nobility of brow. His features were undistinguished. He was clean-shaven; his skin was naturally pale, but at the moment sunburned.

His appearance suggested an intellectual but slightly commonplace distinction. He looked as though he might have been a lawyer or a don who played a pretty game of golf. I felt that he had good taste and was

Illustrations by
Leon
Gordon

well-read and would be an agreeable guest at a luncheon party in Chelsea. But how the devil to describe him in a few lines so as to give a vivid, interesting and accurate picture I could not imagine. Perhaps it would be better to let all the rest go and dwell only on that fatigued distinction which, on the whole, was the most definite impression he gave.

I looked at him reflectively. Suddenly he leaned forward and gave me a stiff but courtly bow. I was startled. I had been staring at him for several minutes. He must have thought me extremely rude. I nodded with a good deal of embarrassment and looked away.

To the best of my belief I had never seen him before. I asked myself whether his bow was due to my insistent stare, which made him think he had met me somewhere, or whether I had really run across him and completely forgotten.

He finished his dinner before me. He got up, but on his way out stopped at my table. He stretched out his hand.

"How d'you do?" he said. "I didn't recognize you when you first came in. I wasn't meaning to cut you."

He spoke in a pleasant voice with the tones cultivated at Oxford and copied by many who have never been there. It was evident that he knew me and evident, too, that he had no notion that I did not also know him. His manner was a trifle condescending and at the same time a trifle shy.

"Won't you come and have your coffee with me?" he said. "I'm quite alone."

"Yes, I shall be glad to."

He left me and I still had no notion who he was or where I had met him. I had noticed one curious thing about him. Not once during the few sentences we exchanged, or when we shook hands, did even the suspicion of a smile cross his face. Seeing him more closely, I observed that he was good-looking in his way; his features were regular, his gray eyes were handsome, he had a slim figure; but it was a way that I found uninteresting. A silly woman would say he looked romantic.

Presently I finished my dinner and went into the lounge. He was sitting in a large armchair and when he saw me he called a waiter. I sat down. The waiter came up and he ordered coffee and liqueurs. He spoke Italian very well.

"Betty, I implore you to marry me," said Carruthers; tionately. "Why not? Don't be such a donkey. I

I was wondering by what means I could find out who he was without offending him. People are always disconcerted when you do not recognize them.

The excellence of his Italian recalled him to me. I remembered who he was and remembered at the same time that I did not like him. His name was Humphrey Carruthers. He was in the Foreign Office and he had a position of some importance.

It was stupid of me not to have seen at once that he was connected with the diplomatic service. He had all the marks of the profession. He had the supercilious courtesy which is so well calculated to put up the backs of the general public and the aloofness due to the consciousness the diplomat has that he is not as other men are, joined with the shyness occasioned by his uneasy feeling that other men do not quite realize it.

I had known Carruthers for a good many years, but had met him infrequently. He was generally thought intelligent; he was certainly cultured. He could talk of

"you can't go on living this life." Betty smiled affec- adore you, Humphrey, but you're rather an old woman."

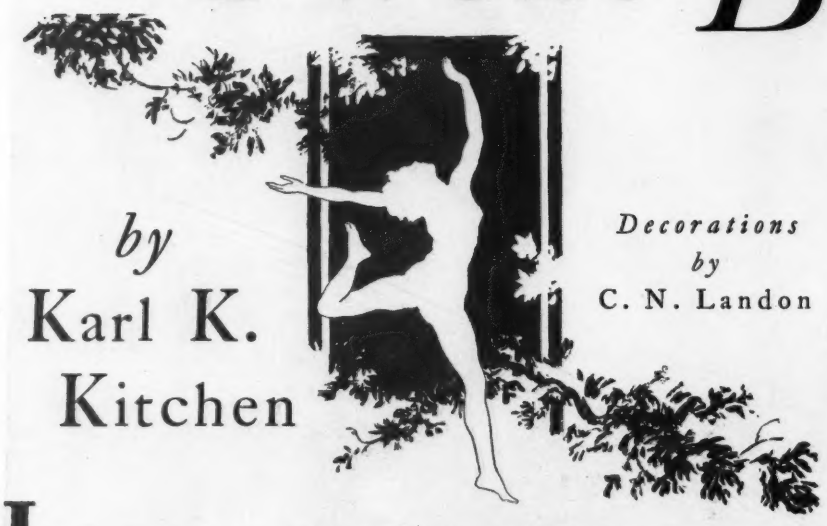
all the right things. It was inexcusable of me not to have remembered him, for he had lately acquired a considerable reputation as a writer of short stories. They had appeared first in magazines, and then had been published in book form.

The critics had welcomed Humphrey Carruthers as a new star in the firmament. They praised his distinction, his subtlety, his delicate irony and his insight. They praised his style and his atmosphere.

Three years later Humphrey Carruthers brought out his second book and the critics commented upon the interval with satisfaction. Here was no hack prostituting his talent for money! The praise it received was perhaps a little cooler than that which had welcomed his first volume, but it was enthusiastic enough, and there was no doubt that his position in the world of letters was secure and honorable.

His best-known story, which was also his longest, was called "Week-End." It gave (*Continued on page 148*)

I went *Back to*



by
Karl K. Kitchen

Decorations by
C. N. Landon

I have just returned, with tanned skin and mixed emotions, from one of the strangest experiences I have ever had in my life—a day with the *Reichsverband für Freikörperkultur* on the Motzener See.

The *Reichsverband für Freikörperkultur*—literally, the imperial society for free body development—is one of the many organizations in Germany devoted to the cult of the sun. But in true German fashion it carries its activities beyond the usual limits.

During the summer months its members, of both sexes, live on the banks of a lake some twenty miles from Berlin, just as they came into the world. And to spend a day with them I not only had to join their organization but had to remove every stitch of clothing before I could enter their domain.

Do not get the idea that there is anything frivolous about the society for "free body development"—or that it is merely a group of queer people. There is a big movement in Germany to get back to the so-called natural life in the open. Sun bathing has been taken up by millions of men and women. No less than fourteen magazines, many of them with large circulations, are published in the interests of this cult of the sun. And the *Reichsverband für Freikörperkultur* is only one of the many societies whose members have gone a step beyond the conventional limits of getting the benefits of the sun's rays.

While similar societies are forbidden in some of the smaller German states, they are given charters in both Prussia and Bavaria, and in the former state there are nearly forty organized groups with this back-to-nature idea as their chief aim. When the first groups began to assemble there were arrests and court proceedings. But the evidence given by outstanding medical authorities was so overwhelmingly in favor of this return to primitive existence that the courts enjoined the police from interfering with them.

Naturally, only those who are *bona fide* members of such chartered organizations are permitted so to disport themselves—and then only in designated spots where they cannot be seen. But the cult of sun bathing in the altogether is fully sanctioned by law, under the provisions I have set forth. No exact figures are obtainable, as membership in these groups fluctuates with the seasons. However, it is no exaggeration to state that at least a hundred thousand people in Germany have adopted this extreme cult of the sun as part of their lives.

The life of this particular society on the Motzener See is typical of all the groups. Because its members are serious about its aims, visitors are not admitted to its grounds. But I was introduced as an American colleague of Professor Magnus Hirschfeld, one of the most distinguished neurologists in Berlin, and both the professor and I were allowed to join the society.

Before we were permitted to enter its gates, however, we were obliged to undress in our car—and present ourselves in the altogether.

I will admit that when the trip to the Motzener See, as the lake where this society has its summer headquarters is called, was suggested I looked upon it as a lark. For while the human figure has no secrets from me, the idea of hundreds of naked men and women running around on the shores of a lake seemed too ridiculous for words.

I had visited numerous sun baths where the bathers, like Gunga Din, wore nothing much before and rather less than half of that behind, and even sanatoriums where the patients wore nothing, but where the sexes were segregated. But the *Reichsverband für Freikörperkultur* was something else again. And as Professor Hirschfeld and I removed our clothes I joked at the absurd picture we would make if it were suggested that we "join the ladies."

However, when we entered the grounds and encountered several men, naked like ourselves, the feeling that we were making ourselves ridiculous left me. I was introduced to Herr Bartsch, the president of the society, and we chatted about the weather—it was a glorious summer day—as unconcerned about our lack of attire as if we were fully dressed.

The grounds of the *Reichsverband für Freikörperkultur* are ideal for this "natural life." From a thickly wooded section we emerged on a grassy path screened from the lake by the tall bulrushes. And we followed it, talking as we walked, until we reached a meadow where perhaps two score men and women were performing a series of exercises in a huge circle.

Even at first glance there was nothing shocking about it—the physical instructor, who stood in the center of the circle with a gong which he struck to accentuate the rhythm of the class, was a superb figure of a man. And the men and women who were in the circle were bronzed by the sun to such an extent that many of them looked more like statues than humans.

At one of the clearings in the bulrushes, where I caught my first glimpse of the lake, I met Doctor Krische, a leading physician of Berlin. He was white-skinned like ourselves, having just arrived. At least six feet three and with a fine head, Doctor Krische stood out above the group of men and women about him. He suggested a dip in the lake and a moment later we were swimming in the clear

Nature for a Day

water. Other groups could be seen disporting themselves at different points along the shores, and snatches of songs and phonograph music from canoes and sailboats came over the surface of the water.

There were a dozen women bathers, as innocent of bathing suits as ourselves, but no one paid the slightest attention to them, even when they returned to the bank.

It would be impossible to describe the feeling of freedom and well-being I experienced as I walked along the lovely path to the lake, with the sun filtering in between the trees and the slightly dewy grass like a soft carpet for my bare feet.

And of course the reaction from the swim heightened this feeling of well-being.

I soon became unconscious of the fact that I was naked and I hardly noticed the men and women who were lying on the grass or walking across the meadow. The majority of those I saw were middle-aged people—husbands and wives—for a married man can bring only his own wife to the shores of the Motzener See and a married woman must be accompanied by her husband. No alcohol in any form is permitted and even smoking is prohibited. Cameras, of course, are taboo.

Nakedness is obligatory, for the reason that the founders of the cult believe it promotes health. Everyone lives what its members term "a natural life"—spending the entire day in the open air, sleeping under the stars (although tents are available for those who wish them) and cooking the simplest food over camp fires.

There are canteens where supplies may be purchased—but everything is of the simplest and most wholesome variety. There is no attempt to regulate one's diet; even the exercises are not compulsory. The basic idea is to give both men and women an opportunity to live as close to nature as is possible.

Naturally, a great deal of fun has been poked at this idea by many people. On the face of it there seems little to justify the extremes to which it has been carried.

But no one ever has visited one of these "colonies" —there are fourteen of them on this lake—without being impressed by the serious attitude of its devotees.

There is no spirit of levity. The members are men and women physicians, lawyers, business men and their wives, in many instances accompanied by their families.

They feel that they derive great benefits from such sojourns in the open and I am convinced that they are right, with the reservation that a pair of bathing trunks for both men and women would be beneficial from a practical as well as from an æsthetic standpoint.

But as Doctor Hirschfeld pointed out to me, that is merely an individual point of view.

After we had watched a group of some thirty men and women play with medicine balls, Doctor Hirschfeld suggested that I visit some of the other colonies, for the addicts of this advanced sun cult have grouped themselves according to their political leanings as well as their social tastes. There are colonies of Monarchists as well as colonies of Communists along the shores of the lake.

As it happened, one of the Communist colonies was directly across the lake from the property occupied by the group we were visiting, so we got into canvas canoes and paddled over to a clearing of birch trees. A group of bronzed youths who were swimming near the spot where we landed rushed up to us, and when Doctor Hirschfeld announced his name one of them offered to conduct us to the president of the club.

The site occupied by this group of *Freikörperkultur* addicts did not compare with the meadow and grassy trails which we had left. But the men and women who were walking about were much younger and far more shapely than the majority of our fellow members.

Doctor Hirschfeld explained that it was an organization of Communist youths and when we reached the clubhouse, a wooden shack on the far side of the clearing, we met its youthful president, who received us cordially. There was a handsome lad with a guitar who came over and began singing a Communist song in which the little group around us joined.

Before long we were surrounded by fifty young men and women—"dressed" exactly as we were.

There was a great deal of laughing and hand-shaking and one of the lads filled our hands with ripe cherries, but during the hour or more that we walked about the camp I did not see a single untoward gesture, let alone anything anyone could object to, except the nakedness of its members—and ourselves.

Several of the younger women were cooking dinner over camp fires in front of their tents. They went about their work seemingly unconcerned at what was taking place near by. But the aroma of the cooking food reminded us that we had not had anything to eat, so we returned to our canoes and paddled back to our camp, where we were invited to share a primitive but enjoyable meal with Doctor Krische.

When I told him about our visit to the Communist camp he explained one of the important reasons why this cult of the sun is so popular in Germany. A member of one of these organizations can live for fifteen marks a week—half of his dole if he is unemployed—benefit his health and enjoy an inexpensive vacation.

Of course, many of the members of the clubs that have settlements around the Motzener See are well to do, but it is quite the fashion in Germany to spend as little as possible—and there is no place where one can spend less than in these dubious Gardens of Eden.

When it came time to motor back to Berlin I left reluctantly. For the day in the open air and sunshine had given me a glow of health and an indescribable feeling of physical contentment.

But when I returned to the Adlon Hotel and had a bottle of marvelous Moselle and a cigar with Doctor Hirschfeld, I began to appreciate some of the advantages of our artificial life. And I admitted to my distinguished friend that I would remain a devotee of both!

The expression on his face showed that he was in full agreement.

Beginning: A Spiritual *of the* Black River

John Henry—*What He is Born*

NOW John Henry was a man, but he's long dead. The night John Henry was born the moon was copper-colored and the sky was black. The stars wouldn't shine and the rain fell hard. Forked lightning cleaved the air and the earth trembled like a leaf. The panthers squalled in the brake like babies and the Mississippi River ran upstream a thousand miles. John Henry weighed forty-four pounds.

John Henry was born on the banks of the Black River, where all good rousterbouts come from. He came into the world with a cotton hook for a right hand and a river song on his tongue:

Looked up and down de river,
Twice as far as I could see.
Seed befo' I gits to be twenty-one,
De Anchor Line gonter b'long to me, Lawd, Lawd,
Anchor Line gonter b'long to me.

They didn't know what to make of John Henry when he was born. They looked at him, and then went and looked at the river.

"He got a bass voice like a preacher," his mama said.

"He got shoulders like a cotton-rollin' rousterbout," his papa said.

"He got blue gums like a conjure man," the nurse woman said.

"I might preach some," said John Henry, "but I ain't gonter be no preacher. I might roll cotton on de boats, but I ain't gonter be no cotton-rollin' rousterbout. I might got blue gums like a conjure man, but I ain't gonter git familiar wid de sperits. 'Cause my name is John Henry, and when fo'ks call me by my name, dey'll know I'm a natchal man."

"His name is John Henry," said his mama. "Hit's a fack."

"And when you calls him by his name," said his papa, "he's a natchal man."

So about that time John Henry raised up and stretched. "Well," he said, "ain't hit about supper time?"

"Sho' hit's about supper time," said his mama.

"And after," said his papa.

"And long after," said the nurse woman.

"Well," said John Henry, "did de dogs had they supper?"

"They did," said his mama.

"All de dogs," said his papa.

"Long since," said the nurse woman.

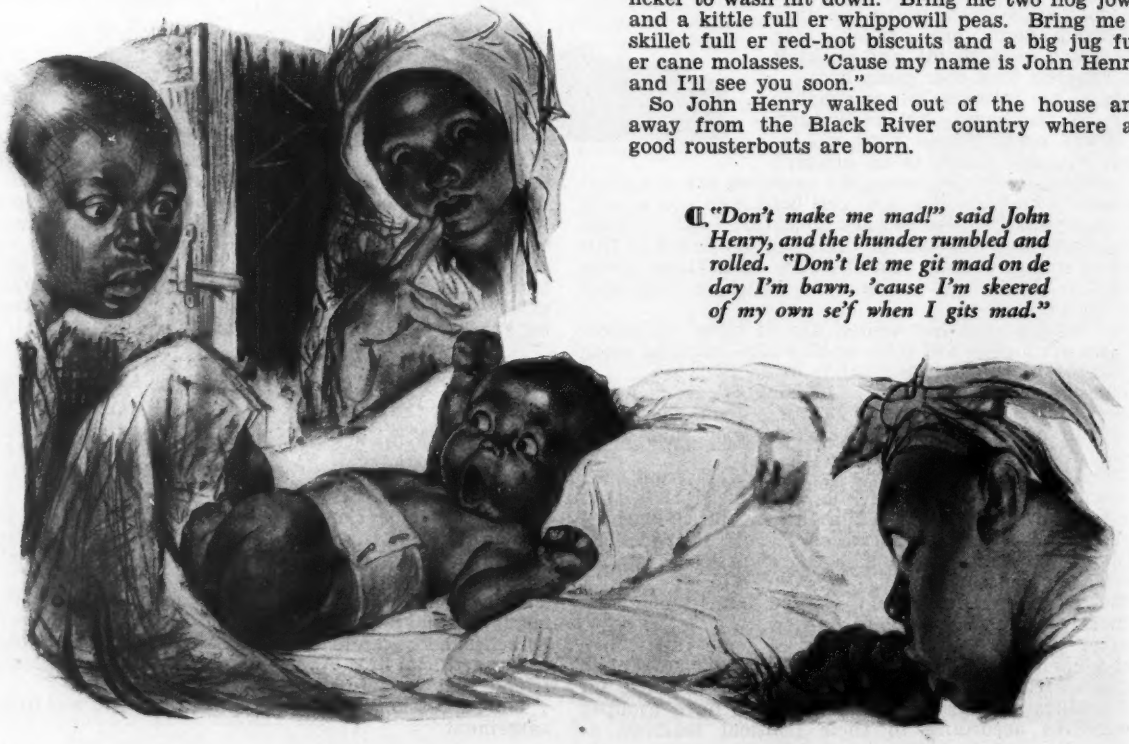
"Well, den," said John Henry, "ain't I as good as de dogs?"

And when John Henry said that he got mad. He reared back in his bed and broke out the slats. He opened his mouth and yowled, and it put out the lamp. He cleft his tongue and spat, and it put out the fire.

"Don't make me mad!" said John Henry, and the thunder rumbled and rolled. "Don't let me git mad on de day I'm bawn, 'cause I'm skeered of my own se'f when I gits mad."

And John Henry stood up in the middle of the floor and he told them what he wanted to eat. "Bring me four ham bones and a pot full of cabbages," he said. "Bring me a bait of turnip greens tree-top tall, and season hit down wid a side er middlin'. Bring me a pone er cold cawn bread and some hot pot-licker to wash hit down. Bring me two hog jowls and a kittle full er whippowill peas. Bring me a skillet full er red-hot biscuits and a big jug full er cane molasses. 'Cause my name is John Henry, and I'll see you soon."

So John Henry walked out of the house and away from the Black River country where all good rousterbouts are born.



"Don't make me mad!" said John Henry, and the thunder rumbled and rolled. "Don't let me git mad on de day I'm bawn, 'cause I'm skeered of my own se'f when I gits mad."

Country *by* Roark Bradford

a Man!

He Rolls Cotton

Cotton was piled a mile high on the levee, both ways twice as far as you could see, the fall John Henry took to the river. He hadn't meant to take to the river but the old woman told him, she said: "John Henry, you's a man, but yo' home ain't hyar."

"Well," said John Henry, "I b'lieve I'll be gittin' around. I got a eetch on my heel and a run-around on my weary mind. I got to scratch my feet on strange ground and rest my weary mind on a strange pillow. So fix up my bundle, old woman, and gimme my hat. 'Cause I'm fixin' to git around some."

So the old woman got his bundle and his hat. "Whar you bound to, John Henry?" she asked him. "You's a man of movements, but livin' is hard. Whar you bound to, son?"

"I'm bound, all right," said John Henry, "but I ain't made up my mind whar. I might be bound to Memphis, and I might be bound to Natchez. But f'm what de song say, I'm a windin' ball and bound to N'Awlins." And he stood up and sung the song:

Backed up to Memphis and she turned around.
Run right by Natchez but she didn't slow down.
She give a long, keen whistle, sweet thing,
'Cause she's N'Awlins bound!

"Dar, now!" said the old woman. "Got a steamboatin' song already, son, and you ain't started to gittin' around yit! Listen at me, John Henry. N'Awlins is too far to wawk to, and you ain't got no wings. But de steamboats has tuck many a good nigger down de river, and dey ain't never brang one back. So jest mind out!"

John Henry went to the landing, where the cotton was piled a mile high. A hundred steamboats had their stages down, and a hundred niggers were rolling cotton on every steamboat. A hundred mates were cussing and a hundred drivers were bawling for the niggers to roll that cotton down.

And so John Henry got a spring in his knees and a weave in his hips and a buck in his back, and the stage couldn't do him a thing!

But the faster the niggers rolled, the more cotton piled up from the gins. And the more niggers that got on the stage, the more the stage would swing and spring, until they could hardly walk it down. But the driver yowled louder for more cotton, and the niggers rolled faster and sang louder.

Grab dat bale and make hit roll,
Down dat gangplank, damn my soul!

So John Henry climbed up on top of the cotton and watched. "Look like dem bullies is workin' hard," he said. "And hit look like dey's singin' hard. But de cotton pile higher, and de plank weave and wave."

So about that time the driver of the Big Jim White spied John Henry, sitting a mile high on top of the cotton.

"Hey, you, boy!" said the driver. "Dat ain't no way to roll cotton! Settin' on hit like a turkey buzzard on de aigs. Cotton is comin' in fast enough, widout you up dar hatchin' more out."

"When you tawk to me," said John Henry, "call me by my name. My name is John Henry, and my home ain't hyar."

"Well, John Henry," said the driver, "my name is Copperhaid, and I'm de old he-coon on de Big Jim White. And hit takes a natchal man to roll cotton for me!"

"Efn I ain't a natchal man," said John Henry, "you show me a natchal man, and I'll mock him."

"Well, roll hit, den," said the driver. "Roll dat cotton like a natchal man!"

So John Henry got down and started to roll.

"Two men to de bale," said the driver. "A bale weighs five hund'ed pounds, and hit takes two men to swing hit."

So a big nigger named Sam got with John Henry, and they started to roll. But when Sam and John Henry and that five-hundred-pound bale of cotton all three got on the stage, it started to pitch and swing like a tree in a storm.

"Uh-uhh!" said John Henry. "Somethin' wrong dis time. When I'm on de solid ground, I'm a man and you can't stop me. But on dis hyar jumpy gangplank, I ain't got no place to set my strenk. Keeps all er my strenk busy to keep f'm gittin' bucked offn dis plank, let alone to roll de cotton."

"Ain't nothin' wrong wid de plank," say Sam. " 'Cause dat's de way hits made—long and springy. And hit ain't nothin' de matter wid de cotton, 'cause dat's de way hit's baled—weighin' five hund'ed pounds. So efn hit's somethin' wrong, hit must be wid you."

Well, that made John Henry mad! "Git away f'm dis cotton, Sam!" he said. "Git out away 'cause I'm gittin' mad." And when he said that he got so mad he couldn't see! So he picked Sam up and chunked him off the plank like a feather in the wind. Then he got down and laid his shoulders against the bale and heaved. And the bale rolled!

"Look at that big nigger roll cotton," said the mate. "He's a bully and you can't stop him!"

But every time the bale rolled, the plank swung and pitched. And every time the plank weaved, John Henry couldn't place his feet to get his strength behind the bale again.

"Now, I'm done got mad!" said John Henry. "I'm a man wid strenk, and I can't use hit. 'Cause ev'y time I gits ready to git set, dis plank bucks me outer place. And dat makes me mad! Now, git out er my way, you bullies! 'Cause me and dis cotton goin' round and round!"

And while everybody was looking, John Henry backed his back up against that bale of cotton, and he caught it with his fingers like a cotton hook, and he heaved! And that John Henry—that big black man from the Black River country—heaved that five-hundred-pound bale of cotton squarely on his shoulders and started to walk!

"Wrassle dat cotton, son!" said the driver. "You's a cotton-rollin' man on de Big Jim White, so wrassle dat cotton down. Hit's cotton and you's nigger. So wrassle hit down, son!"

And John Henry took one step!

"Wawk away, John Henry!" said the driver. "Wawk away wid dat cotton!"

And John Henry walked!

"Look at that big nigger walk with that cotton," said the mate.

"Yeah, but look at dat stage heave and pitch under his foots," said the driver. "Mind out, John Henry. Dat plank is a solid hund'ed feet long, and she spring like a willow tree! Mind out, John Henry, or dat plank will spring you off!"

"Let de plank spring," said John Henry, "and I'll spring right back at hit. Let hit buck like a bull, and I'll buck like two bulls! Let hit jump like a highland frog, and I'll jump like pant'er in de brake! Let hit weave like a willow tree, and I'll weave like a feather bed! 'Cause I'm John Henry, and I aims to be gittin' around."

And so John Henry got a spring in his knees and a weave in his hips and a buck in his back, and the stage couldn't do him a thing!

"Look at dat bully swing along!" said the driver. "Hey, you niggers! Jine dat step. Roll yo' cotton, but jine dat tread!"

"Jine it, you coons, jine it!" said the mate. "Grab your cotton and jine that step!"

So the niggers watched John Henry until they caught his weaving step, and then they started rolling their cotton down the plank, springing and bucking right back at the plank! And the first thing they knew, they had made up a song to roll cotton by:

Jine dat coonjine, roll dat bale!
Jine dat coonjine, down de hill!
Gimme little coonjine, coonjine, coonjine,
Gimme little coonjine, please, ma'am.
Ain't had none in a long time!

So with John Henry toting and all the other niggers rolling, and everybody coonjining and singing, the Big Jim White loaded on ten thousand bales of cotton that day and dragged it every bit down the river.

"Biggest load of cotton we ever dragged," said the mate.

"Cotton-rollin'est niggers I ever drove," said the driver. " 'Cause dey learnt how to coonjine from old John Henry, dat coonjinin' fool!"

He Goes Back to the

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

Hog meat was high. Too high for the people to eat. They could get all the turnip greens they wanted from the garden. They could lift a head of cabbage at the market, and nobody would mind. And anybody would give them a handful of whippoorwill peas.

But who can eat turnip greens without a piece of middlin' meat to cook them down with? What good is a head of cabbage if you haven't got a ham shank to boil along in the pot? And a dog wouldn't eat whippoorwill peas that wa'n't simmered with a hog jowl, let alone a man. So the old captain of the Big Jim White heard the news, and he decided that the people ought to have a heap of hogs. But he didn't know what to do about it, so he asked the mate. And the mate didn't know, so he asked the driver.

"Hit's a rousterbout named John Henry," said the driver, "which go about singin' a hog song. But I can't tell what he means."

So they sent for John Henry and told him to sing his hog song. So he sang it:

Hog-eye gal name Lulu Bell,
Hog-eye gal name Mabel.
Hair on her haid like a hoss' mane,
And mouf as big as a table.

"Where'd you come from, John Henry?" said the captain.

"I comed f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine," said John Henry.

Black River Country

"You fight a hog and he fight back. You friend a hog and he friend back. So line up, you bullies, and git yo' shoulders bare!"

"Whar all de good rousterbouts comes f'm," said the driver.

"Any hogs in the Black River country?" said the captain.

"Must be," said John Henry, "or else how come me singin' dat hog song?"

So the captain turned to the mate and said: "Hoist your stage, you mate!" And he turned to the pilot and said: "Blow your whistle, you pilot!" And he turned to the engineer and said: "Twist her tail, you engineer! 'Cause we're going hog hauling so the people can eat! We're going to the Black River country, where the sun don't never shine!"

Hogs run wild in the Black River country—wild and tall. When the Black River people want a side of middlin' or a ham shank or a jowl, they set their dogs in the woods and the dogs run the hogs into a pen.

Sometimes the people kill the tall wild hogs, and sometimes the tall wild hogs kill the people. If the people kill the hogs they have meat. If the hogs kill the people, they don't need any meat.

It is the way they do in the Black River country, where the hogs grow high and wild, with razor-sharp backs and tusks like a knitting needle. They are bad hogs, but they make good meat.

So the captain landed the Big Jim White in the Black River country and asked the people if they had any hogs. "No hogs," said the Black River people. "But we've got dogs and pens and the woods is full of hogs."

"Can't the dogs run the hogs on the steamboat?" asked the mate.

"No," said the people. "They run the hogs into the pens. It is the best our dogs will do."

"We might build a runway from the pens to the boat," said the captain, "but who is going to run the hogs down the runway?"

"Put de hogs in de pen," said the driver. "Since I been de he-coon on de Big Jim White, I ain't never seed nothin' yit my rousters couldn't roust efn they kin git they hands on hit."

So the dogs ran the hogs into the pen. "There they are," said the Black River people. "In a pen six feet tall. It's the best our dogs will do."

"Dat's a plenty," said the driver. "Now ev'ybody jest stand back and gimme plenty room." So everybody stood back, and the driver stood up, tall, and bellered:

"Come on, you rousters! Gimme dem hogs! We been hyar too long, now, and we ain't gone yit! Gimme dem hogs on de Big Jim White, so's we kin shake our tail on down de line! Hit dat plank, you bullies, and load dis steamboat down! 'Cause I'm de old he-coon on de Big Jim White, and I'm shoutin' workin' news!"

Well, when the rousters heard the driver beller and bawl like that, they swarmed around the hogpen like flies in molasses.

One rouster got an ear of corn and tried to toll a big hog down to the boat. But as soon as the big hog got clear of the pen he made a break for the big woods.

"Good-by, hog," said the rousterbout. "Go find yo' new-found home."

Another rouster grabbed a hog by the hind leg and tried to drag him on the boat. But that big Black River hog kicked just one time, and he kicked that rousterbout from the hogpen clear to the main deck!

"Dat ain't no hog," said the rouster. "Dat's a mule. Or else he got mule blood in his heart."

So another rouster grabbed a hog by the ear, but the hog slobbered and whetted his tusks, and all at once he reached up and nearly bit the poor boy's arm off!

"Whyn't I stay in de sawmill?" said the poor rouster. "I thought a band saw was bad. But dis hog done ruint me, sho!"

"Gimme dem hogs, you bullies," yelled the driver. "We been hyar too long and we can't stay all day. Grab dem hogs and trot along. What kind er rousters is y'all niggers? Gimme dem hogs and le's git goin'! 'Cause business is better down de line!"

"Hold on," said the captain. "Them niggers can't handle them tall wild hogs!"

"A good rouster," said the driver, "is jue to handle anythin' he kin git his hands on. But dem niggers ain't good rousters. Dey had ought to be plowin' cotton right now."

"I wisht I was," said the rouster that got kicked.

"Or else," said the one that got bit, "I wisht I was settin' blocks in a mean old sawmill, somewhar."

"John Henry," said the driver, "what do you wisht you was doin'? You's f'm de Black River country whar de good rousterbouts come f'm, so tell me what you wisht you was doin'."

"Me," said John Henry, "I wisht I was gittin' around. But hit ain't no way to git around to all dese hogs in on de boat. So stand back, you babies, and watch old John Henry roust dese hogs, I'm f'm de Black River country, whar de sun don't never shine! So stand back, you field hands, whilst I rousts dese hogs outn de pen! Line up, you bullies, and make yo' shoulders bare! 'Cause when I h'ists dese hogs outn de pen, you gonter think hit's rainin' hogs on yo' weary backs. Line up, you clodhoppers, and git ready to wawk away. 'Cause my name is John Henry, and I'm six foot tall!"

Then John Henry quit his big-talk and circled the pen seven times. Then he got down on his all-fours and circled it seven times more. Then he crept into the pen and lay down on the ground.

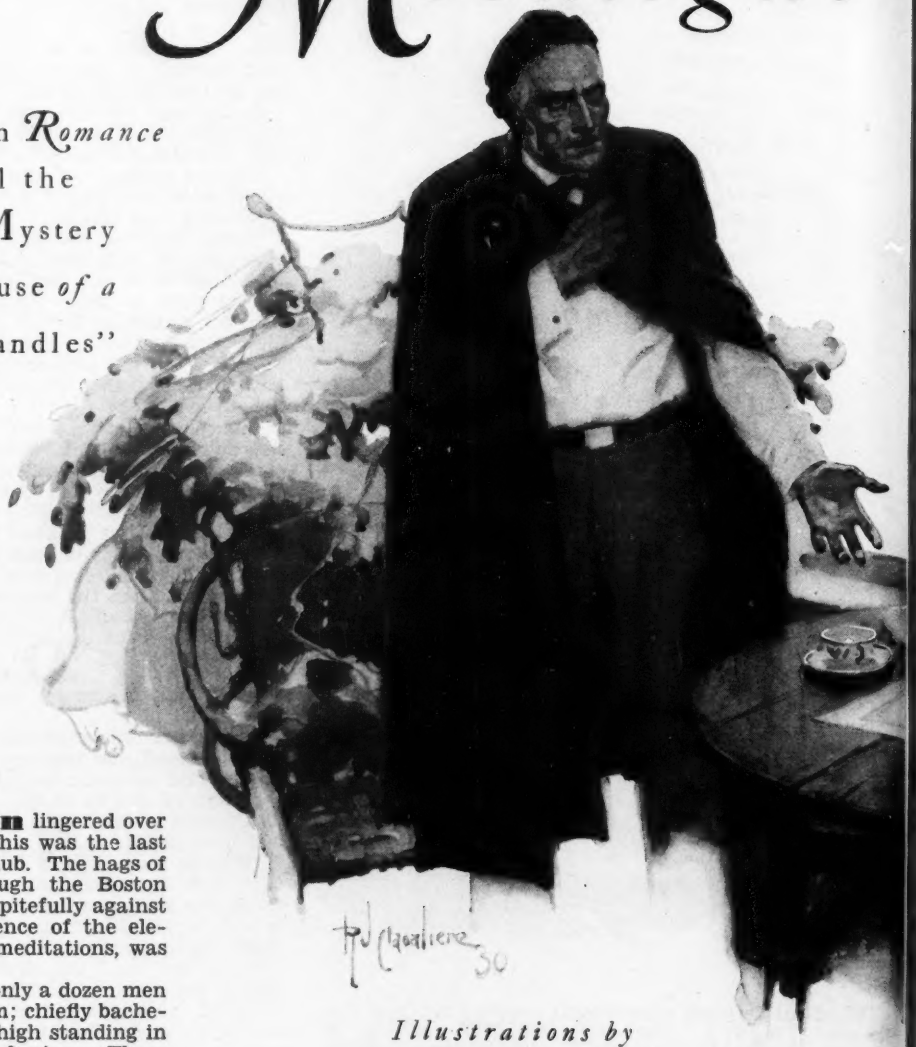
"Look like a big boar shote," said a rousterbout.

"Don't make no fuss," said John Henry, " 'cause I'm handlin' dese hogs. You fight a hog and he fight back. You friend a hog and he friend back. So line up, you bullies, and git yo' shoulders bare!"

So John Henry eased along (*Continued on page 148*)

Moonlight

An adventure in *Romance* that has all the *Charm and* Mystery *of* "The House *of a* Thousand Candles"



Illustrations by R. J. Cavaliere

Philip Landon lingered over his coffee, reflecting that this was the last time he would dine at the club. The hags of March were howling through the Boston streets and the rain drove spitefully against the windows, but the violence of the elements, mocking his sober meditations, was a relief.

It was eight o'clock, and only a dozen men remained in the dining room; chiefly bachelors and widowers, men of high standing in finance and the learned professions. There was Everett Willoughby, the dignified old lawyer, who administered many rich estates and was always retained in important will cases.

As Willoughby left the room he turned his Websterian head to bow. It occurred to Landon that Willoughby had been eying him rather curiously of late. Landon was very much in love with Constance Willoughby and Constance, he thought, cared for him. But Landon realized that now he was penniless marriage was out of the question. And it was quite conceivable that her father had been displeased by the progress of the affair.

Landon had, that afternoon, sent Constance orchids to the tune of fifty dollars—a farewell offering. And she had no doubt worn them to the Symphony, where usually he sought her out at the intermission.

Broke; but what did it matter anyhow? Extravagant, yes; but his money had been spent wholesomely in travel, big-game hunting, cruising the South Seas, polo and other diversions, all deplorably expensive. And the last quarter of a million had been wiped out only a week earlier by the failure of the brokerage firm in which he had been a silent partner and this, Phil assured himself, wasn't his fault.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently and Walters, the veteran waiter, inquired solicitously whether there was a draft and would Mr. Landon have a fresh pot of coffee? No; it was only the rotten night, Landon replied, wondering what Walters would think if he knew that tomorrow this member who was so critical of the club cuisine would be dining on the moist slab of a cafeteria.

He lounged down into the library and found Willoughby there, the lone occupant, absorbed in an English review. This was remarkable, for if the lawyer played true to type he should now be at Symphony Hall with his wife and Constance, yielding himself to the blandishments of Tschaikowsky's No. 6, in B Minor, Op. 47.

Willoughby's presence in the library was both puzzling and annoying and strengthened Landon's suspicion that the old fellow had been watching him. Landon had taken up the Spectator and was reading an article on the recent disturbances in Afghanistan when Willoughby flung aside the review and crossed the room.

"We seem to be alone here, Landon, and I'd like to talk to you—confidentially and—er—briefly."

"Certainly, Mr. Willoughby," Landon replied, rising and standing until Willoughby was seated. It flashed through his mind that Willoughby, with the candor for which he was noted, had chosen this hour to indicate that Philip Landon was an undesirable suitor for Constance's hand.

"I shall be frank," Willoughby began tersely. "It has been brought to my attention that you are in financial difficulties. You inherited a comfortable fortune and you've spent it—er—like a gentleman; so much for that.

on the *Susquehanna*

by

Meredith Nicholson

Althea spoke of the novel she was reading. "Rot!" Blaisdell exclaimed. "Shakespeare is my author. In my poor way, Mr. Landon, I have sought to keep alive the Shakespearean tradition."

The failure of Peyton and Simms has left you without a penny?"

"That is correct," Landon confessed.

"We'll not cry over spilt milk," remarked the lawyer, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "You will acquit me of impertinence if I take the liberty of proposing something that may or may not interest you."

"You are very kind, sir," said Landon, deeply mystified.

"I'm assuming that I may count on your complete discretion in the matter I have in mind. If you decline my offer I beg you to forget this interview."

"Yes; certainly, Mr. Willoughby."

"I succeeded to the legal practice of my father," Willoughby continued, "just as he in turn had succeeded to the practice of my grandfather, so there has been a long continuity of business in our office. When Enoch Blaisdell, of Cambridge, died fifty years ago his will was duly probated and in due course the estate was closed."

He glanced about and lowered his voice. "However, the usual inventory didn't include all his property. He had several sons and a daughter who inherited what were considerable fortunes for those days; but a certain portion didn't appear in the inventory of the estate. He had created a trust—a secret trust, never a matter of record—to be administered by my father and in succession to him by his oldest son and at the end of fifty years this was to be terminated. It matures the first of June of this year.

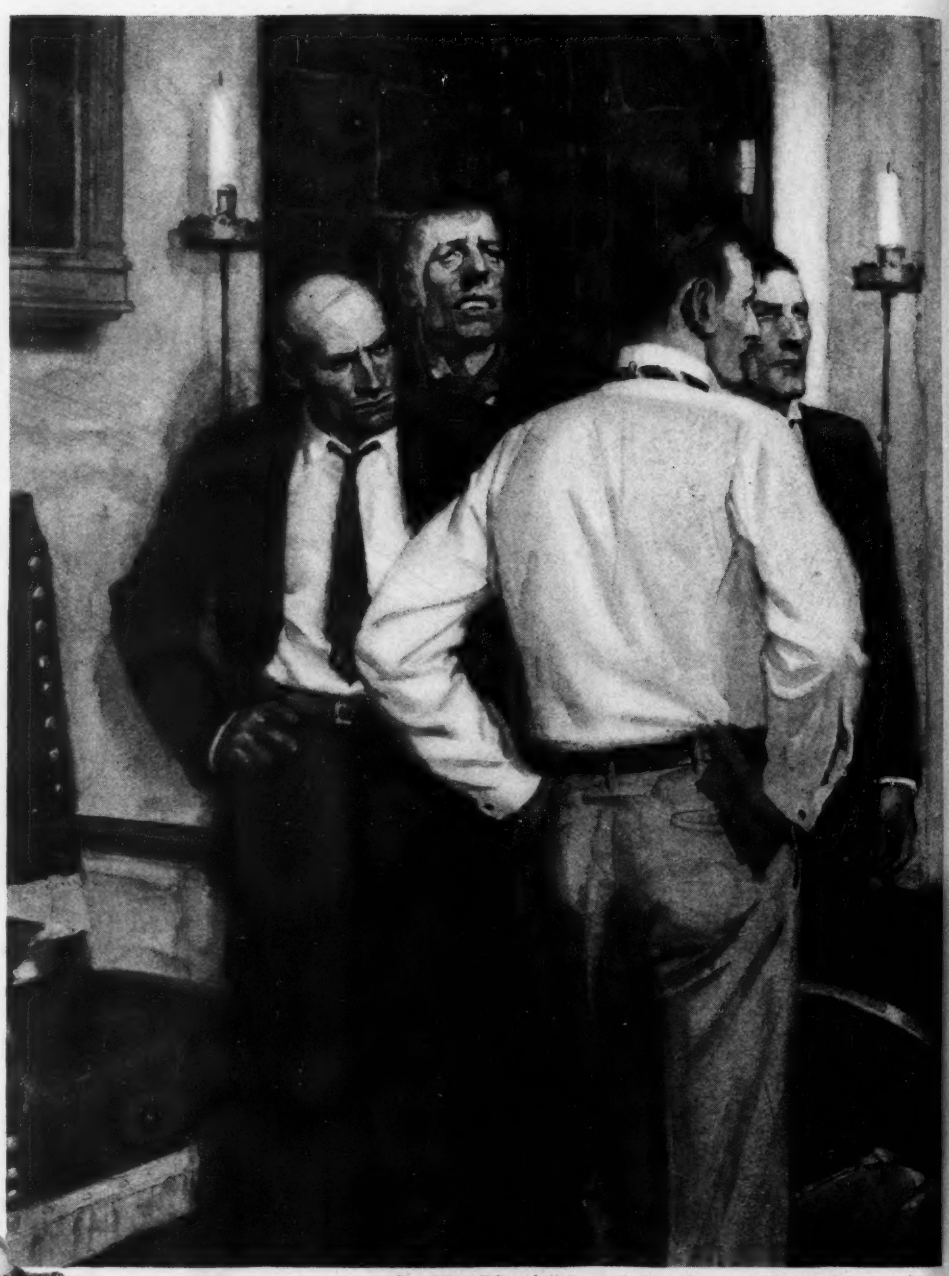
"The arrangement was odd and, of course, I'm aware that it's open to legal and—er—ethical criticism. But I hold a considerable sum—in fact, a large fortune,

owing to sound investments—to which the descendants of Enoch Blaisdell are now entitled. But only under singular limitations.

"By the requirements of this extraordinary trust I must distribute the whole fortune to those of Enoch's descendants who, at the end of fifty years, have shown or are manifesting the finest courage and loyalty in meeting the problems of life—the noblest aspirations and all that sort of thing. You see that to determine just who becomes what we call the *cestui qui trust* presents a delicate problem."

"Extremely delicate, I should say!" remarked Landon, his interest thoroughly aroused.

"Most perplexing," said the lawyer with an impatient gesture. "In the past year I have had most of the descendants studied through various channels. I regret to say that not one on the list so far investigated is entitled to the money. I'm down now to two names—persons about whom I have only meager information. There's approximately two million dollars I've got to get rid of!"



"Mr. Blaisdell," said Landon crisply, "there's the sheriff?" "No, no!" cried Blaisdell. "That would

Althea with a pistol was out of harmony with the spirit of the glorious night.

"That's a lot of money!" exclaimed Landon.

"Now I'm disposed, from what I hear of your character and judgment, to turn the further investigation of the heirs over to you. Of course the persons I want you to study must not know of the existence of this fortune. You will have to enter into their lives; feel them out, help them, perhaps, with any difficulties with which you may find them confronted.

"I gave the same instructions to the other agents I have employed. It is only fair to tell you that in some cases there have been serious difficulties—even danger. One of Enoch's descendants—very rich—operates an apple orchard in Oregon. The agent I sent to study him was deficient in tact and that particular Blaisdell became suspicious when this stranger began hanging about his ranch. They had an altercation and my investigator got a bullet in his shoulder that laid him up for some time."

"So *that* Blaisdell was disqualified, I suppose!"

question of what we shall do with these scoundrels. Shall we call the mean ruin—scandal! It would involve Althea! I was doing this for her!"

"He was an impossible person in every way and I scratched him from the list. My investigator was in a hospital for three months and I had to pay him ten thousand dollars to avoid being sued for putting his life in jeopardy. You seem to be amused!" blurted Willoughby indignantly.

"Pardon me! But the possibility of my being shot while on this job struck me as funny, that's all. But may I ask who will get this money in case the remaining possibilities fail to qualify?"

"You will," replied Willoughby bluntly.

"What's the joke?" asked Landon, who had begun to suspect that the eminent lawyer was suffering from a mental aberration of some sort.

"No joke about it," said Willoughby testily. "And it's not one of those cases we find occasionally where there's an alternative proposition that gives an estate to a cat and dog hospital or to build churches in Siam. Your paternal great-grandfather was Joshua Landon, of Salem, a man of wealth in his day, who advanced money to Enoch Blaisdell to embark in the shipbuilding business. Enoch attributed all his subsequent success to Joshua Landon's generous help.

"In case his own descendants prove to be unworthy, according to his standards as expressed in the trust, the fund is to be divided among Landon's surviving heirs bearing the Landon name. I have gone thoroughly into your family history, sir. You are the only member of your tribe now surviving."

"And you're making me the judge and jury in the case!" exclaimed Landon. "I don't like it! If these Blaisdells I'm to investigate are not eligible and I should take the money I'd certainly feel like a contemptible scoundrel for the rest of my life."

"My dear Landon," Willoughby retorted with asperity, "your state of mind in such circumstances is your affair. All I want is to get rid of this infernal thing!"

"It's a queer business," said Landon. "You want me to spy on these people and determine whether they shall have this fortune or I take it myself."

"That's what it comes to. In any event, you will be compensated for your services. All the persons so far scrutinized are in prosperous circumstances—quite well off, including that belligerent Blaisdell in Oregon. But if you find these potential beneficiaries I'm asking you to investigate in need, I will honor your drafts for any sum you may think necessary to relieve their condition. I assume that your personal circumstances are—we will say—exigent?"

"That's putting it very politely, sir!"

Willoughby nodded. "If you will undertake the commission I shall at once deposit to your account twenty-five thousand dollars as—er—a retainer, and to cover expenses."

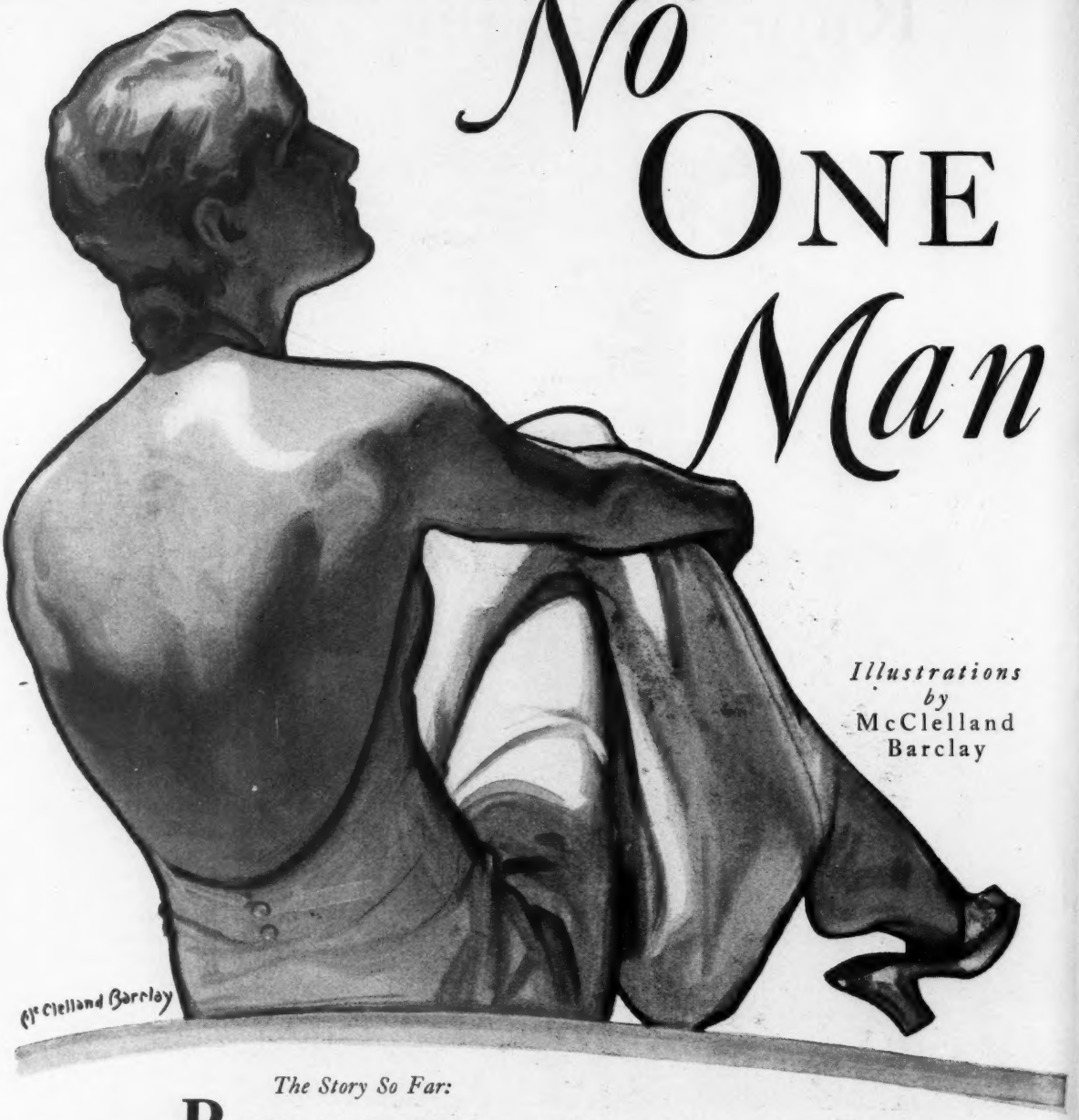
"That's generous, sir. I appreciate your confidence and accept."

"Of course, you see"—Willoughby chuckled—"it's obvious that you and I might conspire to throw this whole fortune to you!"

"I suppose that would be possible, sir."

"But we are honorable men!" said Willoughby with a broad smile. "I'll send you tomorrow some data describing these remaining heirs you are to study. Of course the other investigators I have employed didn't know my purpose. I am confiding in you (*Continued on page 137*)

No One Man



Illustrations by McClelland Barclay

The Story So Far:

Penelope Newbold was named for her great-grandmother Penelope and, observing the 1930 Penelope, you would have said that that was the only similarity between the two. Great-grandmother Penelope had been taught never to lay her palm on a banister lest it widen her hand; never to go into the sunlight without wearing a heavy veil; never to lift her skirt so high as to reveal an ankle to a staring man. Her namesake, known as "Nep," played golf, tennis, gripped her auto wheel. Her body was for anybody to see. By prolonged basking her skin had taken on a warm cinnamon tone. Great-grandmother had been brought up in ignorance of herself and malekind; great-granddaughter had few ignorances.

But in spite of all these differences the 1930 Penelope was as troubled about men and the catching of them as her great-grandmother had been Despite her audacity she felt herself tame and shackled, destined, doomed, damned to be the slave of some dull idiot.

Theoretically Nep yearned for one great lifelong love with one great godlike man. But she had searched in vain for one. It would take a dozen of such males as she encountered to keep one wife contented!

A year or two with the same man! Why, to sit out a dance with most of the men she knew was enough to make her want to scream. The decent ones were so stupid. And the wild ones! Bill Hanaway, for instance. There were times when she was sure she would die without Bill. Yet she felt degraded when she realized that she shared Bill's kisses with other women, especially such women as Mrs. Sue Folsom, who had had two or three husbands but still interfered with the quarry of the younger girls.

Then there was Joe Sturgis, who thrilled Nep by treating her as if she had a brain, a soul. An hour with Joe was a flight into the sky. But a year alone with him! . . . Though in the morning the prospect of a year alone with Joe had appalled Nep, when he proposed to her that afternoon in the loggia of the Newbold home he struck a note that stirred her.

"**You could** make a big man of me, and I could make a great woman of you," he told her. "Together, we could whip the world!"

Nep thrilled to the bugle cry in his voice. It would be great to be great. Ambition!—it was more wildly voluptuous than any other emotion. Impulsively she put her arms about Joe, and he kissed her triumphantly.

Rupert Hughes' Novel

of the Social Set whose Romances *begin in* Palm Beach *and end in* Reno

¶ *Stanley McIlvaine, who loved with such fire, had hardly agreed to Nep's plan of going away together for a week before he was begging her to reconsider. For Stanley was one to whom forms and ceremonies were nearly everything.*

It was
then that she heard
something like a sob and looked
up. Stanley McIlvaine stood in the doorway.

Stanley had grown up with Nep and from childhood had constituted himself her guardian. When he was six and Nep was four they had formally announced their intention of getting married, and Stanley still looked on her as his foreordained mate. Now, maddened at what he saw, he strode forward, shouting at Joe: "Take your dirty hands off my girl!"

"Your girl?" said Joe. "You little whippersnapper!"

"Listen, Stan darling," Nep interposed, "you're the first to hear the news. Joe and I are going to get married . . . Wish us luck."

Without answering Stan whirled and ran blindly into the hall. Nep dashed after him.

"Oh, Stan," she pleaded, "take it like a man."

"I will. I'll be a man. I'll be a dead man!" he cried. "The day
you marry Joe
Sturgis, I'll jump off the
tallest building on earth. I'll
go to the very top and I'll say,
'Good-by, Nep! and——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth. "Why, Stan darling! I never knew I meant so much to you . . . I never realized how much *I* loved *you!*"

"You love me, and you're going to marry Joe!" he taunted bitterly.

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?" she cried. "It's you I'm going to marry."

She stood on tiptoe and he lifted her off her feet as he kissed her. It was in this position that Joe Sturgis found his affianced mate of a few minutes back.

"Forgive me, Joe," Nep begged; "our engagement is off. I'm going to marry Stanley. I didn't realize what I was saying when I told you I'd marry you."

Speechless, Joe bowed with deep irony and went . . .

At the Colony Club that night Nep received a third proposal. While they were dancing Bill Hanaway drew her close and murmured: "Will you marry me?"

"Some day—maybe," she said, and he couldn't persuade her to give him a more definite answer.

When the dance was over she went back to Stan, who was watching them morosely. "Let's go for a ride," she suggested, having reached a sudden decision.

They drove out to a lonely nook among the sand dunes. There she told him of her plan. They would go away together for a week or two to find out whether or not they would get along in a life partnership.

At first Stan was horrified, but when he saw that Nep was not to be moved from her purpose, he consented. And as they drove back to the Colony Club they perfected their conspiracy so that it looked fool-proof and guaranteed against detection.

Wicked people are usually bored to death by good people and only tolerate them out of a weakness of character that is often euphemized as "patience" or "forbearance." But good people are fascinated by wicked people, always hunting them out, pursuing them, trying to rescue them from the depths—only all too often to be contaminated and ruined by them.

This has usually been thought to be mysterious, yet perhaps it is not so strange that a man of Stanley McIlvaine's high ideals and rigid morality should be drawn irresistibly to a woman like Penelope Newbold, whom almost anybody with a respect for the respectable would call an evil woman of the loosest morals.

Where else can good people find stimulus and exercise for their own virtues except among the immoral? To a perfect person another perfect person offers no excitement at all. It is friction that makes warmth; resistance that exhilarates; conflict that creates drama.

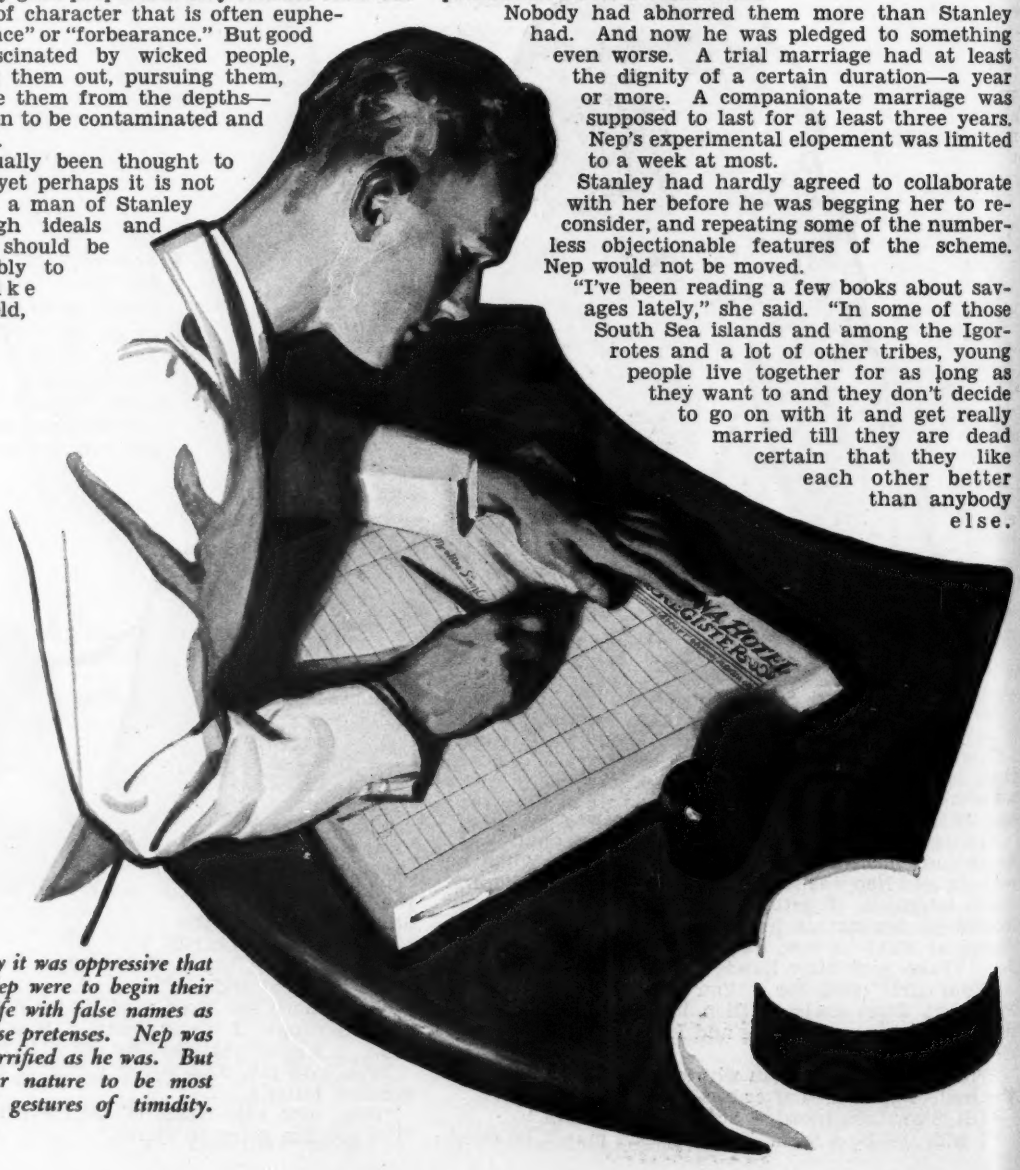
In trying to drag sinners up out of the depths, the saints find suspense, toil, terror, every excitement. They fail more often than they win, but it is the danger of defeat that makes battles interesting. The good are gamblers, too.

Though Stanley would have said, and believed, that Nep's headstrong perversities were a torment to him, and though they did torment him, they were really what made her captivating. They kept him infatuated with her to the neglect of the many nicer girls he knew. These, being as good as gold, did not need saving, and were therefore dull as ditch water—or what is even duller, distilled water.

Stanley realized with a gnashing of teeth that he could not win Nep except by sharing in her corrupt notions. Of late years there had been much discussion concerning "trial marriages," "companionate" and other illegal unions between the sexes. Some of the strongest language ever heaped on any human iniquity had been poured out on these affiliations.

Nobody had abhorred them more than Stanley had. And now he was pledged to something even worse. A trial marriage had at least the dignity of a certain duration—a year or more. A companionate marriage was supposed to last for at least three years. Nep's experimental elopement was limited to a week at most.

Stanley had hardly agreed to collaborate with her before he was begging her to reconsider, and repeating some of the numberless objectionable features of the scheme. Nep would not be moved.

"I've been reading a few books about savages lately," she said. "In some of those South Sea islands and among the Igorrotes and a lot of other tribes, young people live together for as long as they want to and they don't decide to go on with it and get really married till they are dead certain that they like each other better than anybody else.

¶ To Stanley it was oppressive that he and Nep were to begin their married life with false names as well as false pretenses. Nep was quite as terrified as he was. But it was her nature to be most afraid of gestures of timidity.

Even after the girl has an engagement baby they don't always have to marry."

"It's loathsome!" Stanley groaned. "I don't see how a nice girl like you can bear to lower herself to the level of savages."

"Well, I never told you I was a nice girl, did I? And I notice that even the nicest girls are pretty much like the savages in nearly everything vital. They breathe, eat and drink and sleep and grow up and get hot and cold and sick and fall in love and out just like the animals. Eventually all of us seem to die in spite of our great inventions and our high civilization.

"We're all animals and savages and every time we get conceited and forget it, bump we go into something. Every now and then we have to get back to nature to save ourselves. Heaven knows the savages ought to know a lot about love. It's about all the entertainment they have. I don't see why we should throw away the wise things they've learned just because we think we're so smart. Anyway, I'm a savage and if you're going to marry me, you've got to go native with me. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

It would be a pretty riddle to solve: whether Nep was the wicked thing she was because she permitted herself to think as she did, or thought as she did because she was the wicked thing she was. In any case, there she was and she would not budge.

The missionary has to go to the savage, learn his language and live his life, since the savage will not go to the missionary or learn his language. So Stanley had either to give up all hope of making Nep a good woman, or go along and be a bad man with her for a while.

He was revolted by the situation. To him the plan was a double atrocity; he was not only being false to his wife in advance, but the corespondent was his fiancée. The fact that they were the same person made it all the worse. For Stanley was one to whom forms and ceremonies and titles were nearly everything. Evil thoughts were sins. The lust of the eye was a real crime. Even to kiss a girl without first proposing marriage was an offense and an insult.

He had been occasionally tempted to, but never without bitter repentance. Once betrothed, he believed it permissible to kiss and hug a fiancée, but to go further before marriage was a major sin, and hardly to be expiated this side of hell-fire, in which he sincerely believed.

He protested; he did everything but scream for help. And when he finally consented it was only because he loved not wisely but too well.

The next problem was where to go. Stanley proposed a cruise through the Everglades with a light camping outfit. Nep had read a little about the Everglades, and was attracted by the pictures she saw in her mind's eye: they would pole their little boat along some winding thread of water twisting through the tall saw-tooth grasses until they came to a solid hummock just roomy enough for a shelter tent and a camp fire.

There they would land, chase away such venomous snakes as had preempted the ground, put up the tent, fish for their supper, start a fire, and, after an aromatic banquet, loll in each other's arms, watching the sunset turn the long red west into a wilderness of poppies. They would sleep till the morning sun dressed the windows of his wholesale silk-shop, hurling bolts of shot scarlet across the horizon and looping the clouds with crimson ribbons.

But Nep put romance aside.

"In the first place, darling, I have a prejudice against cottonmouth moccasins. I couldn't be myself while they were falling down on us from the trees or creeping in between us from the water. In the second place, camping out wouldn't be any test at all of how we'd get along in town together. It would simply be a pleasantly wicked escapade."

Stanley was about to say that it could never be anything except an escapade and a most wicked one, but he was afraid to start all that again. He had a few other suggestions.

"How about an ocean cruise?" he said. "I can borrow or charter a yacht. Or there's my speedy runabout. No? Then how about a house boat? We can rent one for a while. How about that?" She kept on shaking her head as she explained: "You don't seem to get the idea, dear. I'm not as vicious as I think you think. I'm not simply looking for a chance to go on a wild bat with you or anybody. I want to see you and me in a situation that will be as much like married life as it can be without being it. If we travel and see scenery and have solitude, it might be very lovely but it wouldn't be the least bit like the life we'd lead in an apartment or a house. Don't you see?

"A hotel would be nearest, I suppose. It would be dingy and stupid with people (*Continued on page 122*)

I am a Poet, but

By Arthur Stringer

It's the sick oyster, they say, that makes the pearl. And it seems to be the poor clam with a low blood count who writes your poetry for you. That, at least, is the prevailing idea in this robust New World of ours, where green bank-notes still appear to have a higher rating than green-bank notes.

And writing sonnets is not yet reckoned a man's job in this pioneer country, where it's still safer to have one's soul a light housekeeper than a lighthouse keeper.

For Columbia's poets, apparently, are like Custer's Indians: only the dead ones are good ones.

Now, it's not easy to explain why a rhyme-maker in Westminster Abbey can be a genius while a song-weaver in the next room is usually a joke. But a lot of the trouble, I suspect, lies in the fact that your modern poet so seldom looks the part.

We forget that Byron was clubfooted, that Tennyson smoked shag, that Swinburne was a red-headed little drunkard and that William Watson looked like a cross between John Bull and a longshoreman. For we cling rather blindly to the mid-Victorian tradition that a true bard should be a pallid and long-haired pre-Raphaelite with a hungry look in his eye and a lily in his hand.

There's no particular reason, of ccurse, why the sacred fire of poesy can't burn quite satisfactorily under a forty-six bust measurement. But it's not easy being a poet if your tub-side weight hovers around the two-hundred-pound mark and you wear outsize pajamas and a cauliflower ear and carry about a profile that looks like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot.

Pearls may be appealing, but oysters, sick or sound, have seldom been treasured for their loveliness. And when the man in the street discovers that Amy Lowell tipped the scales at three hundred and smoked cigars, he runs the risk of losing interest in her *vers libre*. That, plainly, is where the modern minnesinger differs from a child: the latter should be seen and not heard, while the former should be listened to but not too closely looked over.

For everybody who writes a sonnet can't be a second Richard Le Gallienne in appearance. And the breaks are all against you, no matter what your batting average may be on the Parnassian field, if you loom up in public like a Babe Ruth standing on a rhyming dictionary.

With these few words I come to the sad story of my life. For, during thirty years of more or less active authorship, I've always wanted to be a poet. But I've never quite been able to. During that time, it's true, I've foisted seven different volumes of verse on a magnanimously indifferent world.

A deluded critic once even dubbed me "the Keats of Canada." And as a child in rompers I seemed determined to be a disciple of the Sacred Nine, for my earliest bedside prayer used to be: "Please, God, make me a good poet."

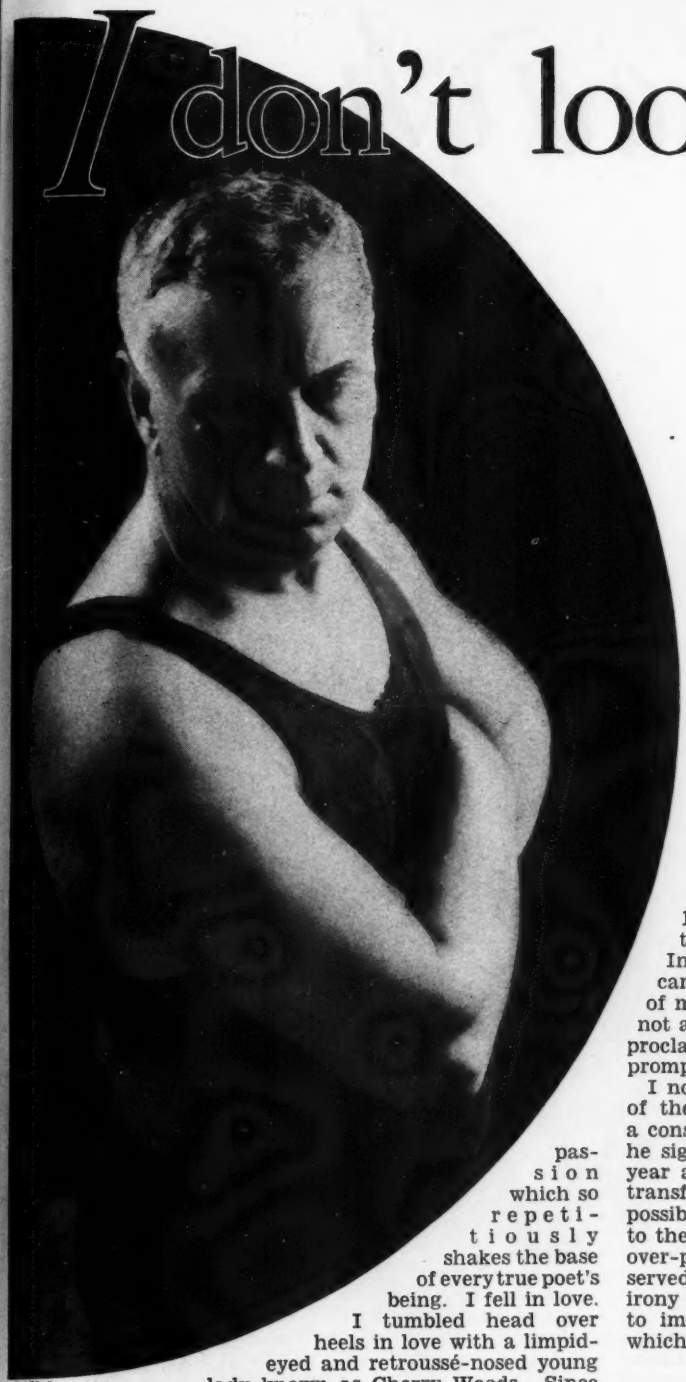
My first recorded poem, in fact, was inscribed on either the nursery or the bathroom wall, I can't remember which. But I carry a distinct memory of how I was soundly spanked for that mural turpitude, not so much because of the mood I had so abandonedly exteriorated but more because of the background against which I exhibited my emotions. And thus early in life poetry became vaguely associated with pain.

Yet poetry, to me, was still the conversation of heroes, and at an age when most boys were giving their attention to pea-shooters and chipmunk traps I was busy anticipating Wells and writing a metrical History of the World down to the Trojan War, though a considerable portion of that epic manuscript, I must confess, was later used in the manufacture of box kites. Yet the poetic urge was there, without a doubt.

Of that, in fact, I have concrete evidence. For when I was still digging pirate caves and dining therein on surreptitiously garnered potatoes and inadequately fricasseed crawfish I fell a victim to that grand

I don't look it!

The Sad, Sad Story of a Sensitive Soul



N. Lazarnick

passion which so repetitiously shakes the base of every true poet's being. I fell in love. I tumbled head over heels in love with a limpid-eyed and retroussé-nosed young lady known as Cherry Woods. Since Cherry has long since changed her name and has been blessed with five daughters as devastatingly charming as herself, I now can stand unscathed by the charge of failing to distinguish between the *dicenda* and *tacenda* of the true historian.

The whole thing, in fact, has already been disseminated by public proclamation. For about the time I was so dolorously and incommunicably in love with the cherry-lipped Cherry, and that boyhood ache which usually maintains a more or less settled abode in the digestive tract had transferred itself to an entirely new position in the organ of circulation, a certain new Pickle Factory was under construction in the outskirts of a certain suburb where Cherry and I talked seriously of life and counted our warts and quite often shared the same all-day raspberry-sucker. But emotion, when sufficiently deep, will and must express itself; release the lion and he will defend himself.

I didn't, of course, quite know what was the matter with me, but while loitering about in the double shadow of the new Pickle Factory and an even newer psychic experience, I found myself face to face with a challengingly fresh portion of cement-work; cement-work still as impressionable as my adolescent heart. On this inviting surface, framed in a spacious and deeply auriculated heart, I inscribed what was to be my first published poem. Torn by feelings that clamored for expression, I confronted that still plastic surface and wrote:

A. S. lovs C. W.
He lovs her still
And always will.

Now, that cement duly hardened, as cement has the habit of doing. But along with it, for reasons best known to the Fair Sex that sometimes can be so calamitously unfair, Cherry's heart did the same. Instead of cementing a union, my monolithic testimonial of devotion really hastened a divorce. Instead of standing a monument of fidelity, it became the obituary of a lost friendship. For the lady of my heart, perhaps embarrassed by an orthography not above criticism, perhaps annoyed by an over-naïve proclamation of relationships so essentially personal, promptly and most unmistakably gave me the mitten.

I not only for the first time came into a realization of the permanence of the written word but achieved a consciousness of an older poet's inner meaning when he sighed: *"Varium et mutabile semper femina."* For year after year, long after the devastating Cherry had transferred her affections to another, and as what may possibly prove my one permanent literary contribution to the world continued to defy the forces of Time, that over-public advertisement of a strictly personal emotion served to bring home to me not only the unpredictable irony of human destiny but also the peril of committing to imperishable form any proclamation of a passion which cannot identify itself as permanent.

Cherry and the Pickle Factory, candidly, taught me a much-needed lesson: that this busy world is only indifferently interested in poetry. They also brought home to me the disturbing discovery that people put up with a poet on much the same principle that all the world is reputed to love a lover, which, plainly stated, is that everybody likes to sit in on a free show. For poets have proved themselves to be a queer lot, making goldfish of their inner feelings and singing openly about things the general public would be ashamed to put into type.

I vaguely apprehended, too, how the fate of the modern poet lies in the hands of women. Women, besides being his inspiration, must also be his readers. Being America's only leisure class, they must hold high the torch of culture.

They must preside over the pink tea and decide what worthies can be admitted to their discussion clubs. And when you go on the lecture (*Continued on page 144*)

Teach me

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

¶ Nita was twenty-two, but she looked twelve. Benny's fingers told her the things he wanted to say. She sang with him sometimes in a clear piping voice.

The Club Vienna—just off Broadway in the Fifties—with a dozen girl entertainers, an infinitesimal dance floor and two dozen small glittering tables. Walls and ceiling by Proust, dance music by the Banjo Boys, ginger ale by Canada, an excellent chef—and Lanky McGuire.

Lanky McGuire was hostess and she was tall, thin, and comical. She had a face made for comedy, and she could make it funnier still. With a lifted brow, rakishly slanted. With a quirk of lips or a tilt of nose. She had a wide red mouth and beautiful gray eyes that could turn steely and hard. She had close-cut auburn—no, red; bright red—hair; and a clean, scoured look.

Lanky could be hard-boiled. Listen to her on the subject of men; speaking to one of the Doloreses or Mariennes or Jeannes or Liliths who worked with her, evenings, to entertain the tired traveler from Dubuque.

"Not for me! You fall for them and be sorry if you like. Not for this baby!"

The recipient of the confidence would purse scarlet soft mouth and stare unbelievingly from childish mascaroed eyes.

"But Lanky darlin'—haven't you ever, really? Haven't you ever been in love?"

They were in love with someone all the time, the Dorotheas and the Sylvias and the Viviennes. With a young ham on Broadway. With the son of the owner of one of Greater New York's greater department stores. With a darling, darling boy from college. With a man who could get them out of night-club business and into Big Time, if they could only make up their minds.

It was hard for them to make up their fuzzy little minds. They were torn between rags and riches, love in a garret and apartments on Park Avenue, every day in the week. But a world where a man, some man, did not play the lead was a world incomprehensible to them.

Rich or poor, men were all alike to Lanky. She made them laugh; she liked them; she forgot them when the large, fat, ridiculous check was paid.

The Vienna's press agent described her life as gay and glittering.

the Music

by Ellen Hogue

At two in the afternoon, her maid brought her breakfast—orange juice and black coffee because Lanky's bones were worth money to her. After breakfast she went to a noted school of the dance—for professionals only—and there she worked for two hours, hard, to keep thin and supple and funny. Sometimes she stood for another hour being fitted for one of the startling gowns which only Lanky could wear and which were part of the long system of advertising by which, at twenty-eight, she had made her name. Later, she practiced songs, and dined lightly, still with her figure in mind, Emmaline padding in and out, silent and black, from the kitchenette.

Sometimes she went to the first half of a show; and then on to the Vienna, where she glad-handed the habitués and made the out-of-towners feel wicked. When she went home in the gray morning there was no one waiting up for her; there was no one in the world who belonged to her and she didn't care about sharing her apartment with another girl.

There is Lanky McGuire for you. Lonely, odd, funny, talented, practical, thrifty, glamorous and glittering.

"Get your sugar while you're young, kids," she advised her little helpers. "*And* hang onto it. Broadway's a short street and there's no room on it for wrinkles. I've got enough put away right now——"

She had enough—and she'd have more before she was through—so that she'd never have to spend her old age in a vaudeville home somewhere. Or clerking. Or working in a beauty parlor.

"But Lanky darlin', what's the use? Because, my *dear*, we'll all be *mar*ried!"

"Well, you can pick a man better if you learn to use your head," Lanky would say. And sometimes, rather sadly, "Maybe you're right—for you. But who'd want me but a roughneck? And I don't like roughnecks—not to marry. I don't want to be anybody's comic valentine. If I can't be Juliet, I can't, but I'm not going to spend the rest of my life wise-cracking for some poor boob."

Benny Parks joined the staff of the Vienna.

There are shy ones, even along Broadway, and Benny was shy. He wasn't a big man. He was medium tall; he was dark and slight; his fingers flew over the keys and he had nothing to say to the girls.

Isaacson, who owned the club and half a dozen others, and who considered Lanky his right-hand man, phoned her about Benny.

"Picked him up at Sammy's—he's got no personality, y'understand—he's a washout that way. But can he play! Lanky, he's got some stuff of his own—listen, get him to do his stuff for you, will you? You'll know."

It was afternoon, and Lanky had planned a treat for herself. It had been a big night at the club and she was tired; she had laid in a stock of magazines and she was going to take the afternoon off and catch up on her education. But when Isaacson phoned her she got into her clothes and called a cab.

The club was deserted; only the men in the kitchen were there, and an exhausted scrub woman, working on hands and knees, and the men who waxed the floor. And Benny Parks, silent and nervous, his fingers touching the keys on the big dark piano and an ash tray, full already, beside him.

"You're our Benny, aren't you?" Lanky said, advancing, smiling her wide gay smile. "And I'm your new little pal, Lanky McGuire. Isaacson told me——"

Benny fairly dodged away from her brilliance; she had on a tight black hat and a long geranium gown that seemed to terrify him.

"Yes, I—I——" he said. "Well, Mr. Isaacson—run over songs—I—I——"

Afterward, Lanky told Isaacson that she thought, for once, he'd picked wrong. "Because when a guy goes gaga when I come at him—why, I'm used to making 'em feel easy! This Benny—a washout! Not hep. So I thought, Isaacson, old dear! But when he sat down at the piano!"

He played old stuff at first; stuff that Lanky had sung. His long nervous fingers pulled the heart, the melody, the tune out of the piano. Lanky gave him the tribute that one artist gives another: she abandoned herself, her body swayed, she hummed a little; she listened.

Benny muttered, "Got some stuff of my own here. Mr. Isaacson said——" He handed her a sheet of music; the words were there, commonplace enough. Lanky read them through twice and handed the sheet back. She had an amazing memory.

"I've got the words," she said. "Teach me the music."

She smiled her own particular smile again, and this time he gave her a look, fleeting, beautiful, with his dark eyes glancing quickly at her and away; an eager, wonderful look. Lanky actually gasped.

"I didn't know you could move that face!" She came and stood beside the piano. "Come on, boy, let's go!"

Lanky could sing—how she could sing! She leaned on the piano, odd and different and funny; she shouted her songs sometimes and sometimes she whispered them, and always something went through that husky voice of hers, something wonderful and passionate and heart-lifting.

Benny's song she didn't shout, or whisper. She just sang it.

"He's mine—
If he goes, I don't know
what I'll do.
Because he's mine.
No matter how he acts,
that fact is true . . .
And if some day
somebo-ho-hody . . .
Someone he likes
comes
And steals him from
me—
I'll stick around to pick
up the pieces . . ."

She plugged his song for him; she could have put it over if it had been a bust, but it wasn't a bust. It was Benny's, words and music, and Benny could write blues as well as he could play them.

Blues; chords; a tune; Benny's playing; Lanky's voice. They introduced "Pick Up the Pieces" that very first night after Benny came, and the customers went home whistling it. Lanky hummed it in the morning as she went to bed and in the afternoon when she got up again. She practiced with Benny; he came to the apartment and they worked together; he got over his shyness in some measure; they became friends.

It was odd that Lanky, knowing human nature as it was her business to know it, didn't realize what was happening to her. She knew that she felt better than she had ever felt in all her life. She knew that she could hardly wait to get on the job at the club, that she had never been funnier, that she had never sung so well, that the customers had never been so crazy about her, that there was an ache in her throat sometimes, that she was lonely in a new way and it was rather nice.

There had been, of course, men who loved her, but she hadn't loved them. She had no idea that she was deeply romantic: that she had been—well, just waiting.

It was the day before one of the Mariennes left the chorus to get married and Nita Marsh came to take her place that Lanky discovered what ailed her.

The customers were there; those who were dancing had gone back to their tables; glasses clinked and waiters hurried as best they might in the narrow crowded aisles. The baby spot was on the piano and Lanky came leisurely forward to lean beside Benny, who was waiting to play. Lanky had on a new gown that night—a gorgeous orange

"Staying in a bum hotel!" said Lanky. "A kid like you. That's out!" Because she loved Benny, she had made up her mind to love Nita too, but it wasn't hard.

rag cut to show most of her, clinging to long legs and thin hips.

Benny said, sotto voce, "That's a *dress*, Lanky!" and Lanky, also sotto voce, said, "Pretty good on Funny Face, huh, isn't it?"

Benny looked at her, startled. "Who said you had a funny face?" he asked. "You're beautiful."

Lanky stared at him; and that odd strange feeling swept her, rose up and took her. A feeling that made her want to lean over and kiss Benny square on his sensitive mouth. And this time she diagnosed her case.

They went into their number. All through it she was saying to herself, "I'm in love. Good Lord, I'm in love. Me. I'm in love."

She sat for a long time when she got home, staring into her mirror. There she was: red hair—"Carrots," she'd been called when she was a kid. Funny nose, straight enough but short. Strong sweet chin; big sweet mouth; gray shining eyes.

She thought of Benny's eyes, brown and soft; of his brilliant shy look when he told her she was beautiful. It was possible, just possible, that he was right, given this new radiance that shone over her.

She said, humbly enough: "When you don't make a monkey of yourself, Lanky McGuire, you're not so bad."

If Nita hadn't come—who knows? He liked Lanky: her voice was heart-shaking; she knew his songs; she was past that first shyness of his to the Benny Parks who dreamed of being a Berlin, a Gershwin, and who was as lonely as she.

But from the moment he saw Nita . . .

She was a little blonde, with soft shining curls and enormous blue eyes and a vapid tight little rose of a mouth. She had dimpled shoulders, very white, and slim legs; she had a voice of sorts and a way of flinging her body when she danced that made her stand out in a chorus. In a whole line of waving pink legs, hers were the legs that were noticed.

"Look at the little one in blue! No, not that one—the one next to her."

You heard them whispering it; the gentlemen from Dubuque saw her at once. When she came tripping down a golden ladder in the silly style show of the Club Vienna, when she was alone for a moment in the baby spot, she got a storm of applause all to her little self.

Unjust; the others in the chorus had worked for weeks, hard and fast, and Nita, just on, still a little awkward about her music cues, got the great big hand.

Isaacson was in; he watched the show, with Lanky beside him.

"That new kid's a knock-out," he said. "She can have my watch and chain. What do you think of her, Lanky?"

Lanky, who had seen dozens of little blonde knock-outs come and go, opened her mouth to reply. And happened to look past Isaacson to Benny, sitting at the piano, waiting his turn.

The Banjo Boys were playing; Lanky was never again in this life to hear "What Is This Thing Called Love?" without getting that sudden drop of the heart, that sick, frightful sensation that struck her, almost doubling her up.

Benny was sitting in shadow, but she could see his face. His eyes, dark, luminous, were fixed on Nita, capering like an innocent pink and white and gold rabbit in the spot. There was a look in his eyes . . .

Lanky said to Isaacson, "Yes, she's a knock-out, all right."

And, after a while, to Benny, "Say, that new kid we've got—did you—did you know her before?"

Benny said, "Yeah; I met her on Sun Time. Maybe she don't remember me. I——"

"Who could forget *you*, Benny? I bet she does remember you! Maybe you're why she came!"

The quick scarlet flowed up over Benny's clean-cut cheek bones, up into the roots of his hair. He laughed.

"You're a great girl, Lanky, but you can't put that over!" he said. "She'd never look at me." He added, "She was a crazy little kid, all right, when I knew her. I wish she wasn't here—in this place."

"What's the matter with this place?"

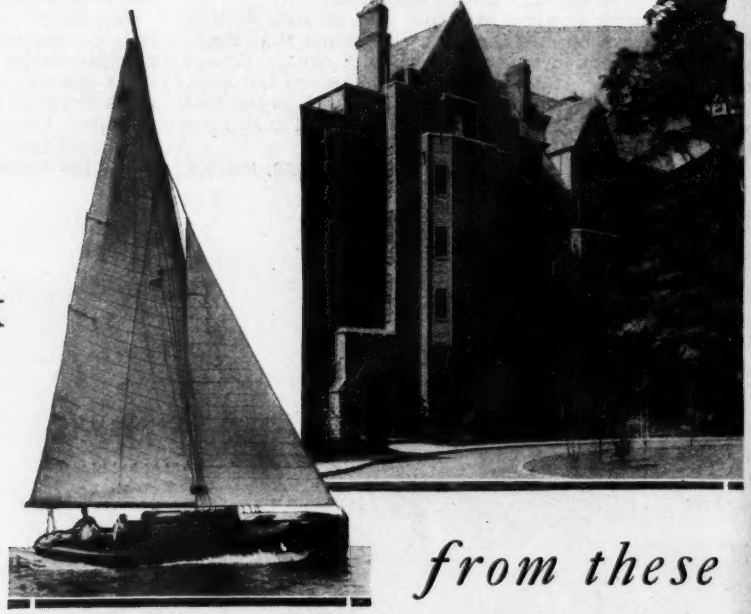
Lanky was instantly defensive, but Benny answered with a vague gesture out front.

"Well—all those." He pointed to the various parties adorning the various tables of the Club Vienna.

There they all were. The (*Continued on page 117*)

What the Wall Street

It took Me



from these

by Carol Cushman Rockwell

A little more than a year ago we were on top of the world financially. My husband had recently made a lot of money in Wall Street.

I was leading the sort of existence I had dreamed about during our long budgeting period—a gilded affair of personal freedom, self-indulgence and luxury.

Three servants waited on me in the lovely home that had been done by a famous interior decorator. My butler-chauffeur drove me when I didn't feel like handling my own motor. I spent my time buying beautiful clothes in New York's exclusive shops, patronizing my hairdresser and masseuse, and enjoying myself among the smart and daring young married sets of Manhattan and Westchester.

My means of recreation were unlimited and offered many dangerous diversions. We belonged to three fashionable clubs and owned a fine yacht.

I had come to believe it was my inalienable right to have everything done for my pleasure. It was irksome for me even to contemplate something that did not gratify my own desires. My husband Jerry bored me. John and Dick, my two young sons, were nuisances to be put up with on the rare occasions I was with them.

Life for me was just one pampered hour after another.

But it is just the opposite today.

I am at the bottom of the world now. The 1929 Wall Street crash ruined my husband overnight, and smashed my golden scheme of living into pieces.

We are living on a skimpy budget in a city of northwestern New York where Jerry is struggling to get back on his feet. I run our entire household on the money we once paid our three servants. We had to sacrifice our costly cars and the yacht. A Ford is our only means of transportation. I never have a moment to squander on myself; my family and the new home I had to make without an interior decorator keep me busy all the time. I am cook, dishwasher, maid, housekeeper, seamstress, wife and mother, all rolled into one.

It is only reasonable to suppose that I am unhappy and bitter over these drastic changes caused by the stock-market disaster. I was at first. I thought the Wall Street crash was the worst thing that could have happened to me. I didn't believe I ever would be reconciled to our reverses.

But I am now honestly glad the Wall Street crash wiped us out. It was the best thing that could have happened to me, and to my family.

I understand perfectly how most of my former merry-go-round friends will accept this statement. I can hear them saying:

"Poor Carol Rockwell! She's just trying to kid herself along. How perfectly absurd for her to contend that she's actually glad she lost all her money. Ridiculous! Why, that girl couldn't possibly be happy without a flock of Paris gowns, parties, men and freedom from all responsibility and work. Imagine Carol—loving life de luxe—singing blithely over a panful of dinner dishes. Impossible!"

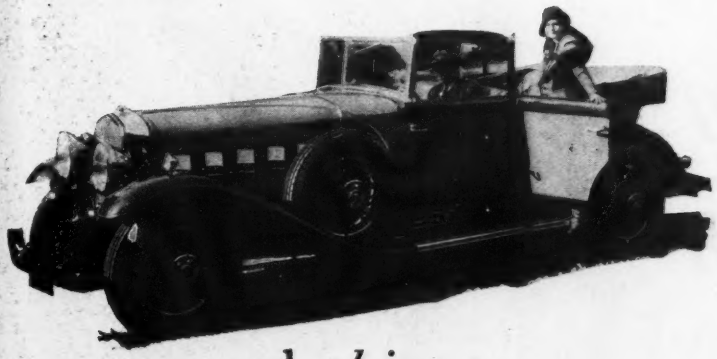
I only hope my old playmates don't let a fresh cocktail grow stale, or overbid their next hand of contract, wasting sympathy on me. I really don't need it. Congratulations would be more in order.

It was a terrific wrench for me suddenly to lose everything. Wall Street had enriched us in a hurry; I had taken our financial security for granted, never dreaming it was even remotely threatened. Consequently, when Jerry first told me that the crash had swept away our last dollar, I was too shocked and stunned to believe him. I told myself it was all a horrible nightmare, and insisted I would wake up in the morning and find everything all right.

The next day was October twenty-eighth—that fatal, tragic Blue Monday of 1929. The bottom dropped out of the stock market. Even then I refused to admit that our ruin was an actuality, but late in the afternoon something happened that forced me to realize the truth.

Jerry came home about five, looking drawn and much older. He sat down in the living room and stared at the rugs in unnatural silence. I was awaiting the delivery of two Paris gowns before dashing to a cocktail party at Greenwich. My wardrobe was already overstocked with expensive things, but a man who intrigued

CRASH *did to* Me



—and *this*

to

This

me for the moment had suggested that a cerise evening dress would look stunning on me.

A woman's vanity so often dictates her happiness—fallaciously, of course. I had found two cherry-red creations at a New York shop. Both models were extremely flattering, and my ego prompted me to try their effect on my admirer. I ordered both.

The maid shortly appeared with them, and said the special messenger was waiting for the check. As I wrote it out I thought my husband made a queer sound. I turned. Jerry was looking over my shoulder. He gazed fixedly at the check and shook his head.

"Awfully sorry, Carol, but you can't keep the dresses. And you must not write any more checks. We haven't any money left in the bank," he said.

This loss of my power to purchase what I wanted drove home the bitter truth. I tore the check up.

Jerry declared we had to give up everything immediately and start all over again. I had reached the conclusion that without wealth, freedom and good times, life wouldn't be worth living. These things had become indispensable to my happiness. The idea of losing all my possessions and going back to a hand-to-mouth struggle for self-preservation was dreadful. Panic-stricken, I felt that I was being banished from Paradise to a hell on earth. Self-indulgence had pampered me into softness. I decided I could not, and would not, fight to come back.

The next moment Jerry said something that jolted me to the core, and challenged all that was left of my real self. Instead of carrying out my decision to quit, which would have been fatal to all of us, I found myself suddenly fighting shoulder to shoulder with my husband.

It has been unspeakably hard to carry on the battle. My courage and endurance have been sorely tried by the sacrifices our financial reverses continually demand. But today I am much happier, and far better off physically, than I have ever been. Because while the Wall Street crash took from me all that money can buy, it has given me back something that all the gold in the world cannot purchase.

I met Jerry Rockwell shortly after graduating from Smith College in 1915. I had always dreamed of marrying money because I desired luxury. Jerry was only another Wall Street bond salesman earning a few thousand a year, but people who knew said that Jerry would go far. He had a winning personality, ambition and a natural aptitude for finance. Being young and in love, I married him, confident that he would provide me with plenty of worldly goods some day.

For the first five years of our wedded life Jerry's income averaged a hundred dollars a week. The ordinary costs of living were high. Our two boys came close together and added to our expenses. We were forced to get along on a skimpy budget. Although we were both fond of gay companions and amusement, we necessarily lived a simple stay-at-home life. I did my own housework, and played nurse to John and Dick in between.

But we were a happy family, and my heart beat high with the hope that Jerry and I would not always be budgeting so carefully. Our lack of money kept us deep in each other's life. We were close companions in our work and pleasure; there were no outside interests or influences to disintegrate common ties. We did everything in a spirit of consideration for each other's whims and wishes. Our children were a glowing, living part of our days.

In the meantime Jerry was working hard and getting his feet on the ground in business. His earning power as a bond salesman gradually increased, and his income eventually reached the $10,000 mark. We were able to live much more comfortably at this figure. We moved from the city to Pelham and leased a nice but unpretentious apartment. Jerry bought a moderate-priced car on the installment plan, and joined an inexpensive beach club. I was able to afford a part-time maid and nurse.

However, to achieve all this it was necessary to watch expenditures closely. There wasn't any surplus cash for either of us to spend separately. Thus we remained dependent on each other in our work and play.

The magic secret of successful marriage lies in the fact that husband and wife need each other. When this need no longer exists it is usually fatal.

Jerry had now come to the point where he was seriously considering going into business for himself as a broker. He felt sure the time was ripe for such a venture. The stock market (*Continued on page 197*)

Go East, Young man

¶ *In Paris Whit found artistic adventure—and Isadora.*

The grandfather was Zebulun Dibble. He had a mustache like a horse's mane; he wore a boiled shirt with no collar; and he manufactured oatmeal, very wholesome and tasteless. He moved from New Hampshire out to the city of Zenith in 1875, and in 1880 became the proud but irritated father of T. Jefferson Dibble.

T. Jefferson turned the dusty oatmeal factory into a lyric, steel-and-glass establishment for the manufacture of Oatees, Barlenated Rice and Puffy Wuffles, whereby he garnered a million dollars and became cultured, along about 1905. This was the beginning of the American fashion in culture which has expanded now into lectures by poetic Grand Dukes and Symphonies on the radio.

T. Jefferson belonged to the Opera Festival Committee and the Batik Exposition Conference, and he was the chairman of the Lecture Committee of the Phœnix Club. Not that all this enervating culture kept him from burning up the sales manager from nine-thirty A.M. to five P.M. He felt that he had been betrayed; he felt that his staff, Congress and the labor unions had bitten the hand that fed them, if the sale of Rye Yeasties (Vitaminized) did not annually increase four percent.

But away from the office, he announced at every club and committee where he could wriggle into the chairman's seat that America was the best country in the world, by heavens, and Zenith the best city in America, and how were we going to prove it? Not by any vulgar boasting and boosting! No, sir! By showing more culture than any other burg of equal size in the world! Give him ten years! He'd see that Zenith had more square feet of old masters, more fiddles in the symphony

by Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by
R. M. Crosby

orchestra, and more marble statues per square mile than Munich!

T. Jefferson's only son, Whitney, appeared in 1906. T. Jefferson winced every time the boys called him "Whit." He winced pretty regularly. Whit showed more vocation for swimming, ringing the doorbells of timorous spinsters, and driving a flivver than for the life of culture. But T. Jefferson was determined.

Just as he bellowed, "By golly, you'll sell Barley Gems to the wholesalers or get out!" in the daytime, so when he arrived at his neat slate-roofed English Manor Style residence in Floral Heights, he bellowed at Whit, "By golly, you'll learn to play the piano or I'll lam the everlasting daylights out of you! Ain't you *ashamed!* Wanting to go skating! The idea!"

Whitney was taught—at least theoretically he was taught—the several arts of piano-playing, singing, drawing, water-color painting, fencing and French. And through it all Whit remained ruddy, grinning, and irretrievably given to money-making. For years, without T. Jefferson's ever discovering it, he conducted a lucrative trade in transporting empty gin bottles in his father's spare sedan from the Zenith Athletic Club to the emporia of the bootleggers.

But he could draw. He sang like a crow, he fenced like a sculptor, but he could draw, and when he was sent to Yale he became the chief caricaturist of the Yale Record.

For the first time, his father was delighted. He had Whit's original drawings framed in heavy gold, and showed all of them to his friends and his committees before they could escape. When Whit sold a small sketch

to Life, T. Jefferson sent him an autographed check for a hundred dollars, so that Whit, otherwise a decent youth, became a little vain about the world's need of his art. At Christmas, senior year, T. Jefferson (with the solemn expression of a Father about to Give Good Advice to his Son) lured him into the library, and flowered in language:

"Now, Whitney, the time has come, my boy, when you must take thought and decide what rôle in this world's—what rôle in the world—in fact, to what rôle you feel your talents are urging you, if you get what I mean."

"You mean what job I'll get after graduation?"

"**No, no, no!** The Dibbleses have had enough of jobs! I have money enough for all of us. I have had to toil and moil. But the Dibbleses are essentially an artistic family. Your grandfather loved to paint. It is true that circumstances were such that he was never able to paint anything but the barn, but he had a fine eye for color—he painted it blue and salmon-pink, instead of red; and he was responsible for designing the old family mansion on Clay Street—I should never have given it up except that the bathrooms were antiquated—not a single colored tile in them.

"It was he who had the Moorish turret with the copper roof put on the mansion, when the architect wanted a square tower with a pagoda roof. And I myself, if I may say so, while I have not had the opportunity to develop my creative gifts, was responsible for raising the fund of $267,800 to buy the Rembrandt for the Zenith Art Institute, and the fact that the Rembrandt later proved to be a fake, painted by a scoundrel named John J. Jones, was no fault of mine. So—in fact—if you understand me—how would you like to go to Paris, after graduation, and study art?"

"Paris!"

Whit had never been abroad. He pictured Paris as a series of bars, interspersed with sloe-eyed girls (he wasn't quite sure what sloe eyes were, but he was certain that the eyes of all Parisian cuties were sloe), palms

Whit Dibble, back in Zenith, filled up with Culture and Paris, tried to throw himself into what he conceived to be Betty's youthful era. "Kiddo, where have you been all my life?" he murmured.

blooming in January, and Bohemian studios where jolly artists and lively models lived on spaghetti, red wine and a continuous singing of *"Auprès de Ma Blonde."*

"Paris!" he said; and, "That would be elegant, sir!"

"My boy!" T. Jefferson put his puffy palm on Whit's shoulder in a marvelous impersonation of a Father about to Send his Son Forth into the Maelstrom of Life. "I am proud of you.

"**I hope** I shall live to see you one of the world's great pictorial artists, exhibiting in London, Rome, Zenith, and elsewhere, and whose pictures will carry a message of high ideals to all those who are dusty with striving, lifting their souls from the sordid struggle to the farther green places.

"That's what I often tell my sales manager, Mr. Mountgins—he ought to get away from mere thoughts of commerce and refresh himself at the Art Institute—and the stubborn jackass, he simply won't increase the sale of Korn Krumbles in southern Michigan! But as I was saying, I don't want you to approach Paris in any spirit of frivolity, but earnestly, as an opportunity of making a bigger and better—no, no, I mean a bigger and—a bigger—I mean a better world! I give you my blessings."

"Great! Watch me, Dad!"

When, after Christmas, Whit's classmates reveled in the great Senior Year pastime of wondering what they would do after graduation, Whit was offensively smug.

"I got an idea," said his classmate, Stuyvesant Wescott, who also came from Zenith. "Of course it's swell to go into law or bond selling—good for a hundred thou. a year—and a fellow oughtn't to waste his education and opportunities by going out for lower ideals. Think of that poor fish Ted Page, planning to teach in a prep school—associate with a lot of dirty kids and never make more 'n five thou. a year! But the bond game is pretty well jammed. What do you think of getting in early on television? Millions in it!"

Mr. Whitney Dibble languidly rose, drew a six-inch scarlet cigaret holder from his pocket, lighted a cigaret and flicked the ash off it with a disdainful forefinger. The cigaret holder, the languor, the disdain and the flicking-habit were all strictly new to him, and they were extremely disapproved by his kind.

"I am not," he breathed, (*Continued on page 176*)

Have

By John

Kendall Whittmore, 3rd, was occupied in the bathroom. He was experimenting with different ways of combing his hair. He had wet it thoroughly and tried parting it on the right side. Then he had reversed the process and parted it on the left. Then he combed it straight back, flat to his head.

He attempted to view his profile. He wasn't satisfied, so he dampened his head and tried the parting on the left once more. He placed his open hand on his head and held it there for several minutes. While he waited, he examined his tongue in the mirror.

He removed his hand and observed the finger wave that he had given himself. This seemed to satisfy him. He wiped the back of his neck and walked out into the room he shared with a member of his class.

"For crying out loud! Haven't you got any other record?" he said.

Since four o'clock, his roommate had been playing the same record over and over again on the wheezing phonograph.

"I like it," was the answer. "Listen to that sax in the upper register. That's sweet!"

"Go on and play till it screams for help. I won't be listening. Have I got a date?"

Kendall repeated the last line to the music, improvising the lyric. "Have I got a date?" seemed to fit the tempo.

"Neck?" was the question.

"Not this one. This is a woman! And when I say woman, I mean woman."

"They all neck."

"Not this woman; she's different. I go to the house and meet the folks. All you think college is, is necking." The college referred to was a prep school.

"Hey, lay off my white shoes," said the roommate.

"Are these yours?"

"You know they're mine. Yours are clean. It took me half of vacation to get those dirty."

"I wish I could get mine dirty."

"You can't fake it. You have to age 'em."

"Unlatch the side door before you hit the hay, will you? I may be late."

"All you have to do is rattle the knob and the lock slips back. I fixed it yesterday. I may be late myself."

Kendall surveyed his hair once more. "Well, I'm going. This is a real date. No kid stuff for me. I'm calling on a woman."

"Yeah, you said that before."

¶ Kendall Whittmore, 3rd, had a real date . . . no kid stuff.

Ginger Bascom had taken more care than usual with her dressing. She had plucked her eyebrows until only a thin line remained, and she was wearing a brassière. She had purchased it secretly and kept it hidden from her mother.

She was a little disappointed when she answered the bell and met Kendall. She had hoped he would wear evening clothes. She ushered him into the front room where her father was smoking his after-dinner cigar.

"Papa, I want you to meet Mr. Whiteman."

"Whittmore is the name," corrected Kendall.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Whittmore," said Mr. Bascom; "don't mind Ginger's mistake. She takes after her mother."

"Oh, that's all right," said Kendall.

"If you don't mind, I'll see if Mother is ready," Mr. Bascom said. "I hope you'll excuse us, Mr. Whittmore. I thought we would drive over and see my brother."

"Oh, that's all right," said Kendall.

"Well, good-by," said Mr. Bascom as he left the room.

"**What have** you been doing with yourself?" asked Kendall after he had surveyed the interior, chosen the most comfortable-looking piece of furniture, sunk onto the overstuffed couch and put his feet on the cushions. He tapped a cigaret on the back of his hand. "Mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"I love to see a man smoke," said Ginger as she placed an ash tray near him. "I like it better now that the evenings are getting cooler," she continued.

"The weather don't bother me very much. I don't get much time to bother about it. Cool or warm, it's all the same to me."

"Oh, yes, you're pretty busy. That's one good thing about being a man: you're always busy doing things."

"Oh, yes, it's very pleasant being a man. Still, the modern woman isn't being held back much nowadays." Kendall was fond of profound statements.

"Sometimes I wish I was a boy—I mean a man," said Ginger.

"Sometimes being a man isn't as pleasant as you think. After all, a man has to take a lot of responsibility in this world."

"Yes, I know," said Ginger. "Now tell me what you have been doing."

a Cigar

Held, Jr.

Illustrations by
The Author

"Oh, the usual routine. You know—the same old dumb stuff. Lately I've been boning on Lit. But it's all so futile; it seems like I'm not getting anywhere. Sometimes I think I'm wasting my time going to college. I'd rather be out doing something."

"What is it you want to do? I'll bet it's interesting. Men can always do interesting things."

"I'm doing a bit of writing—constructive stuff. The trouble is, I don't get much time for it, what with college. I think college is holding me back."

"Why don't you go on and smoke some more? I like to see a man smoke."

"No, I'm a little tired of cigarets."

"Would you like a cigar?"

"I wouldn't mind. I often smoke a cigar for a change."

"Wait, I'll get you one of my father's. He says they are very good." She busied herself finding her father's cigars. "Here they are. My father is a crank about his cigars."

He took one and made the gesture of smelling it. He removed the band and bit the end as she lighted a match. She handled the lighted match as if she expected it to explode and blow the room to bits. He accepted the light and inhaled the heavy cigar smoke.

"Not bad," he said.

"Father is very fussy about his cigars," she said as she settled back in her chair and admired his smoking. "Go on and talk. I know you have had many interesting adventures."

"Not many. There isn't much adventure left in this world any more."

"Yes, I know how it is. A girl never has interesting adventures."

"I think I am getting on rather well with my writing."

"That's just splendid."

"Yes, the editor of the Owl asked me to turn in some serious editorials on vital subjects."

"I'm sure your writing would have weight and make the readers realize that there is more in life than just childish pleasures."

"That's exactly what I was going to write about for my first editorial."

As they talked on the subject of serious endeavor, Kendall balanced the long white ash on the cigar. He called Ginger's attention to it.

"That's the sign of a good cigar when the ash holds together that way."

"Yes, that's what my father always says."

At that instant the ash separated from the cigar and fell down the front of his coat. Kendall brushed it off onto the floor.

"Oh, did it burn you?" asked Ginger.

"No, it's nothing," Kendall assured her.

"What's the matter, aren't you well?" asked Ginger as she looked at Kendall's rapidly paling face.

"Oh, I feel all right," he said as he placed the cigar on the ash tray. "I always feel it when the weather changes. Maybe I've been working too hard lately."

"You shouldn't work too hard. It's not good for one to work too hard. Would you care for a glass of cold lemonade?"

"Maybe a cool drink would pick me up."

"I think there may be some lemonade in the ice box." Ginger knew perfectly well that there was, because she had carefully made it before dinner. She brought out a pitcher and glasses, also some sliced cake.

She poured the glasses full and handed him one. He sipped it and placed it on the table. "I guess it's because I've been working too hard lately," said Kendall.

"I'm so sorry. Would you like a piece of cake?"

Kendall turned his head to the wall.

"Would you like to lie down and let me put some cold cloths on your head?"

"No, I'll be all right in a minute. Don't bother with me. If—you—don't mind—I think I'd better—run home. I've got some—work—to clean up." He struggled to his feet.

"I'm sorry you don't feel well," said Ginger.

"Oh, I'm—all—right," he said as he rushed out.

Ginger Bascom, the "woman" of Kendall's date

At ten o'clock, when her parents returned, Ginger was playing the piano. They looked in the doorway as they passed.

"Is he gone?" her mother asked.

"Yes, he just left. He had some work to do," said Ginger.

"It's too bad he couldn't stay. I thought he was a very manly young fellow," said her father.

Ginger burst into tears and ran upstairs.

The ETERNAL MICROBE

A typical, topical Love Story

Illustrations by

Love, according to some French scientist, is a disease, and a contagious disease at that. If this is so, the germ that waylaid Patterson Noyes certainly worked fast. For at eight o'clock of an August twilight, when Pat sat down to a semi-formal dinner, he was perfectly normal. Before nine he was something else again.

For that Nancy Pray was responsible. East is East and West is—where Nancy came from. So she had informed Pat. He took a deep breath.

"The West is a wonderful place," he assured her.

Pat was thinking of the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone National Park. He had never seen them but he had now seen Nancy. She made them comprehensible. Marvelous!

He had had only part of one cocktail, so it couldn't have been that. Nancy smiled. "I doubt if you'd find Slogan City very wonderful," she commented.

"Slogan City?" he echoed.

"That's where I come from. I know the name doesn't sound probable."

Pat swung back into his stride. "It sounds ever so right," he assured her. And added, audaciously, "It's the place where the slogans come from, of course. I can understand that. 'The skin you love to touch' and——"

"And 'Often a bridesmaid but never a bride,'" offered Nancy helpfully.

Pat was visibly shocked. But Nancy was not impressed. She had been warned to look out for Pat.

The semi-formal dinner was given by the Taylors at Montauk. Nancy was the guest of the daughter of the house, Estelle, whom she had known at college. She had arrived that afternoon with overnight bag, one hatbox and just one evening frock.

She had mentioned that one frock to Estelle at once. "You should have warned me!" she protested. "I never dreamt you dwelt in marble halls."

To her the Taylor summer place was overwhelming. The sort of house she had read about in books, seen pictured in magazines and movies.

But Estelle merely shrugged. "Don't worry; I can lend you anything you need." And added, "You'll do, anyway."

By that she meant that if Nancy had only one evening frock she had other things. A ripple in her coppery hair, for instance. And two ripples in her golden-brown eyes.

"Besides, you're a novelty—that always helps," she told Nancy.

Nancy grimaced. "A novelty? Something from the Five and Ten?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Just make yourself at home."

The room assigned to Nancy represented

by Royal Brown

Will Grefé

the ultimate perfection that unlimited money intelligently spent could achieve. And she had been simple enough to think she would share a room with Estelle!

"I wish I *could* feel at home," she confessed. "But at the moment I feel more like a fresh-air funder who——"

"I tell you what I'll do," Estelle broke in. "I'll hand you over to Pat Noyes. *He'll* make you feel at home."

"Pat Noyes? Is he the tennis player?"

Estelle nodded. "Nothing else but. He's playing at Southampton; everything is tennis this week."

"I'm an awful dub about tennis," Nancy warned her.

"Oh, Pat doesn't talk shop; he always finds much better things to talk about," Estelle assured her. "You'll adore him. Only don't fall in love with him. He's got a wonderful line, but there isn't any hook on it. Everybody who knows him knows that."

And so Nancy was prepared for Pat; for the line that was so engaging but never led to an engagement. Estelle had made that clear.

Fair enough! To Nancy and, on his past record, to Pat.

Pat was twenty-eight, with a deeply tanned face, very white teeth, a swift, whimsical smile and charming manners. He had, naturally, met quite a few pretty girls, flirted with most of them and kissed a reasonable number. In the modern manner, that is. His intentions had never been matrimonial.

The reasons for that were basically financial.

"**I've got** enough to keep me in the Spartan style to which I have been accustomed, but it can't be stretched to keep two in any style at all," was the way he disposed of any suggestion that he marry.

A hard-working ancestor had made it possible for Pat to enjoy a scant ten thousand a year, which was practically poverty among the people he played with.

"You might try working for a living," a privileged friend had suggested bitingly.

"And become a captain of industry? You know darned well I'd be more apt to find myself a high private in the rear rank."

And that was the trouble with Pat. He never took anything seriously. Bonds or advertising—at both of which he had tried his hand—or even tennis, which he played very well.

This Nancy was to discover presently. In the meantime:

"Tell me all about yourself," he begged.

He did it well, thought Nancy, almost as if he meant it. But, being forewarned, she merely widened her eyes maliciously.

"Oh, but *you* are supposed to tell *me* all about myself," she countered. "Estelle promised you would. She said you were——"

"Don't you believe a word she said," he protested.

"——very nice," continued Nancy wickedly,

Pat didn't work at anything, just played tennis. He was the first man of that sort Nancy had ever met outside the pages of a novel.

"but that you rushed every girl you met," she finished demurely.

"Don't you believe it!" began Pat. But he had the grace to pause and consider. "Not that I don't know what she means," he confessed.

"And I'm waiting to be rushed," murmured Nancy.

"Rushed!" breathed Pat.

His eyes met hers and for a moment she was shaken. She almost believed something; almost wanted to believe it.

Then she remembered. "You do it very well," she commented. "And who was it said practice made perfect?"

Pat swallowed something. A desire to wring Estelle's pretty neck, to begin with. And a second later, the impulse to assure Nancy that Estelle was all wrong. He couldn't yield to that, because Estelle wasn't.

So he merely grinned a bit crookedly. "How long are you staying here?" he asked.

"A week."

"Are you going to let me see something of you—despite my reputation?"

"I have not the power of making myself invisible."

"You know what I mean," he persisted.

Nancy did. And again it took all the power at her command to remember that he was good at this. He seemed so—something or other.

"But aren't you playing tennis this week?" she temporized.

Pat grinned. "*Part* of this week," he corrected. "I survived the first round today and I may survive the second tomorrow. But I won't get past the champion, of course. I'm really not"—he still grinned but there was a curious tinge of bitterness in his voice—"a world-beater, even at tennis."

Somehow, that touched Nancy. "Few of us are awfully good at anything," she reminded him. "I'm not myself."

The dinner, surprisingly enough, was nearing an end. Pat had no idea what had been served and, for that matter, neither had Nancy. It isn't every day that a girl from a place like Slogan City meets a man like Pat. He did his stuff so well, even if it didn't mean anything.

In brief, Nancy was sorry dinner was over so soon.

Pat did not know that. For a second he struggled with what to him seemed breathless temerity. Then:

"Can't we duck off somewhere?" he pleaded. "I've got a car."

Nancy hesitated. "I'm just a simple little girl from Slogan City," she remarked lightly, yet meaningly. "I don't really care to—well, to flirt or——"

"I should hope not!" he assured her, as shocked as Sir Galahad himself would have been. "I just thought that it's such a nice night——"

This was indisputable. And so Nancy went for a wrap and met Estelle. "Fools rush in!" remarked Estelle, guessing where Nancy was going.

"Oh, but he's been assured that *I'm* a perfect angel," Nancy told her.

"Then he'll try to pick your wings off," Estelle replied cynically. "Men are like that—the way children are with flies."

This did not deter Nancy.

Pat's car was a roadster, a powerful one. He had bought it from one of his rich friends.

"It eats up the miles, but it also eats up gas," he remarked.

Nancy liked the way he drove. Swiftly, but with cool competence. And he made no effort to pluck her wings. He was just sweet.

They talked as they drove. Estelle derided that afterwards, when Nancy told her, but it was true.

"Anybody would think you were going to write my biography," Nancy had protested to Pat at one stage of the conversation.

Another symptom, that, though she did not realize it.

He wanted to know everything about her. That she was the product of a small midwestern city he already knew; that her father was the owner of its leading furniture store came out as they drove.

"Not that *that* means much—in Slogan City," she told him frankly. At college she had met Estelle and received this bid to visit her, and been overwhelmed.

"I still feel like Cinderella," she confessed.

"Think of how Cinderella cleaned them up," he suggested.

This was the sort of stuff he had drawn from her.

¶ *"I've hardly seen you at all," Estelle said. "What are you doing to Pat anyway?" "I probably amuse him," suggested Nancy. But she could not help blushing.*

Hardly enough to give basis for any belief that Nancy was a girl in a million. Yet that was Pat's idea of it as he drove back to Southampton after midnight.

It was late when he arrived there, later still when he finally got to bed. Even then, he did not go to sleep at once. He was thinking of Nancy. She was so sweet, so simple, so unspoiled. And so forth and so on. The lover's litany. The clock struck two before he finished with it.

It may have been that which caused his elimination in the second round, although Estelle diagnosed it differently. She and Nancy had gone with others to Southampton and seen him vanquished.

Nancy had found herself wanting Pat to win terribly. When she saw him congratulate his conqueror she wondered if, under his bonhomie, he minded awfully.

Apparently he didn't. When he joined them he was cheerful enough.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured.

"I'm not," he retorted. "I can play tennis any time, and I'll get him next time."

He did not say, "When you're not here to play with," but that was in the air. She felt it as one feels unsaid things.

"Are you awfully keen on seeing the rest of the matches?" he asked.

At any other time she would have been. What was old to him was new to her, and it was very colorful. Besides, the champion was yet to play. They did not see him, however, for, "Oh, not terribly," replied Nancy.

So they slipped away, followed by a satirical glance from Estelle. The latter offered no protest then, but four days later she did speak her mind.

"I've hardly seen you at all," she said. "What are you doing to Pat, anyway? I never saw him rush one girl so steadily; his idea usually seems to be that there is safety in numbers."

"Oh, I'm young and naïve and so I probably amuse him," suggested Nancy. "And he's good company."

But she could not help blushing when Estelle gave her a searching glance.

"Well, I warned you," Estelle reminded her.

As if anybody could be warned about such things!

Not that Nancy admitted anything, even to herself. It was just that it was pleasant to be with Pat. He was so different from most men she knew. If it was all a line it was a good one. Mostly a nice warmth and a flattering interest in her.

Besides, he knew Long Island, and because she liked Long Island he had been showing her the best of it.

Stretches of road flanked by great estates. Little huddles of buildings that should have been ugly and yet were incredibly picturesque, perhaps because they bespoke the sea which hovered as a background. Bays and inlets and ships, from fast-flying outboards to princely yachts and weather-beaten coasters at anchor.

At first Nancy had felt she really ought to appear at Montauk for meal time, anyway, but Pat had laughed at that.

"No one expects you to do anything except what you please," he had assured her. And in the end she had succumbed. He had a way with him. And there were so many places he wanted to show her.

They came to one at dusk (*Continued on page 96*)

Mary-go-round

"'**Darling!** Darling! Open your eyes, dearest, and speak to me!' Marmaduke gazed lovingly at the pallid face of the girl he held in his arms. Her long lustrous lashes trembled on her pale cheeks, then twin pools of translucent blue looked up mistily into his brown eyes, and with a leaping heart he read his answer——"

A soiled dollar bill intruded itself into Mary Callahan's vision, and without taking her eyes from her book, she made change mechanically and detached two pink tickets from the large spool at her side. Then she read on breathlessly. "Bending down, his lips met hers in their first kiss."

Mary closed the book with a long deep sigh and stared dreamily at the merry-go-round across the way. As she watched the whirling horses, she pictured herself galloping over the rolling green meadows, a song in her heart, and Marmaduke just behind on his dashing steed. And she knew that Marmaduke loved her madly, as she loved him, but ladies of breeding did not reveal their turbulent passions!

She saw herself rise in the stirrups and snatch gayly at an apple blossom; then suddenly there was a snap of leather, her mount faltered, and she plunged headlong to the ground! She saw Marmaduke leap from his horse and, with a cry of fear, rush to her side. She felt strong arms embrace her as she whispered faintly, "Where am I?"

"Darling! Darling! . . ." Mary opened the book again and reread that last paragraph.

Then a shrill falsetto voice cried, "Two tickets, please!" and Mary looked up angrily to see Eddie's face peering at her through the screen.

"How's tricks, kid? Everything on the up and up?"

Mary grinned, and when Mary grinned the flashing electric signs behind her looked dull indeed to Eddie.

Now, if you know Coney Island at all, you probably know Mary. Mary is the pretty Irish girl who sits in the tiny booth in front of "The Old Mill" and, for twenty cents, gives you two tickets and a bright smile, which entitle you and your lady love to a long languorous ride through dark cavernous passages and past enchanting cardboard landscapes, winding up with a thrilling plunge over the Old Mill dam.

On hot summer nights, Mary did a rushing business, but it didn't mean a thing to her except that she had to work just that much faster, making change and handing out tickets, and if she happened to be engrossed in a romantic love story, it was very annoying.

This was rather a paradox, as Mary was a romanticist of the worst kind, and one would have thought that she would have a sympathetic feeling for the bashfully amorous couples who sought romance in the damp channels of the Old Mill. But not Mary. "Saps," she called them, and "ten-cent neckers."

Romance, to Mary, was a fairyland fantasy, a swift, wild, quixotic rhapsody, and if her fancy did happen to be an offspring of the classics and Laura Jean Libbey, like many another such mésalliance it swept the clouds.

In fact, Mary was a Puritan, even in her vagaries, and young men who leaned upon her window ledge and opened the conversation with a wink went away quickly.

That dreamy look in Mary's soft Irish eyes could change quickly into a cool stare, with a dangerous snap to it, and her forbears had handed down a gift of repartee that was devastating.

Eddie, who was official groom to the merry-go-round horses, was about the only exception, and even he made little progress. Mary liked Eddie, liked his fresh smile and nice eyes, but when a young lady was personally acquainted with knights in shining armor and flashing gallants who made gyneolatry a steady business, Eddie, with his matter-of-fact wise-cracking, was a terrible come-down.

Although Eddie didn't realize it, he was up against some pretty stiff competition between book covers. At least, he didn't realize it until he happened to catch that ecstatic look in Mary's eyes as she finished her story, and he wondered about it vaguely. He'd never seen that expression in her eyes before, even when he told her what a swell kid she was and suggested casually that they get hooked up. The "down-to-earth" expression that came over her face when she looked at him made him decidedly uncomfortable, and he felt strangely hurt.

That is, until Mary grinned, and then he felt all right again.

"Say, Eddie. Be a good boy and sell tickets for me while I run over and get a bite to eat, will you? I didn't have any dinner tonight."

Eddie grinned. "O.K., kid! Go feed your face!"

Mary looked at him with that same expression as she extracted a bright red compact from her purse and patted her turned-up nose with a powder puff. Eddie

A Romance *in Miniature by* Norman Anthony

watched her with a puzzled look as she tripped over to the hot-dog stand; then he squeezed himself into the booth and idly picked up the book she had been reading.

He glanced through the pages with a bewildered expression on his round face, and muttered, "Holy cat!" Then a passage caught his eye, and suddenly he became interested.

When Mary returned, he looked at her queerly. She saw the open book and smiled. "Want to read it, Eddie? It's my favorite book! I've read it six times!"

Eddie stared at her, then grinned broadly. "Go on, do you really like this junk?"

"I love it!" said Mary, and she looked at him with a disappointed expression.

Eddie laughed, but when he went back to his horses, the book was under his arm, and the next morning Eddie's mother raised the roof because he had kept the light burning so late in his room.

After that Mary noticed a subtle change in Eddie. He seemed quieter, and approached her with a curious diffidence.

Instead of his usual breezy "'Lo, kid!" and slap on the back, he said, "Hello, Mary," and looked at her as she knew Marmaduke must have gazed at his lady fair.

Then, suddenly, Mary discovered that she, too, for some strange reason, was seeing Eddie in a different light; getting a peculiar thrill when she saw him approaching, or watched him climb up on the platform and catch the rings in a basket.

And then came Mary's night off, and happily, Eddie's, and like the postman who spent his vacation taking a walk, they decided to "do" the Island. They roller-coastered, shot the chutes, threw rings at the canes; in fact, took in everything but the concessions devoted to lovers seeking temporary solitude. At last they found themselves by the merry-go-round.

Suddenly Mary looked at Eddie with shining eyes, and grabbing his arm, whispered in his ear.

"**Eddie!** I want to ride that black horse!" She pointed excitedly. "And I want you to ride the one just behind it!"

Eddie grinned, and without a word led her over to the coal-black charger. Making a step with his hands, he lifted her up gallantly.

Mary watched him with a nervous giggle as he leaped upon his rearing steed, and swinging low in the saddle, swept off his straw hat with a flowery gesture.

The horses gathered their haunches under them, and Mary's heart beat fast as they gained momentum in their dizzy canter.

As they swung round and round, the whirling hot-dog stands and side shows miraculously changed into rolling green meadows and rambling fences, and the long wooden arm that held the rings was the sweeping branch of an apple tree in full bloom.

She looked over her shoulder at Eddie; strangely enough, he was wearing a suit of glistening armor, and her ribbons were pinned on his manly breast. He waved to her, and grinned happily when he caught the same look in her eyes she had had when she finished her story.

Mary looked down at the speeding ground with a frightened glance. Then, with tight lips and a swift look over her shoulder, she rose in her stirrups and snatched at the swinging arm as it came toward her.

Eddie watched her with an understanding grin; then his face paled as he saw her suddenly topple from her horse and slide dizzily to the ground. With a hoarse cry, he jumped from his speeding mount and dashed back to the huddled figure.

Mary felt strong arms around her, and through fluttering lids saw Eddie's white scared face.

"Where am I?" she whispered faintly. Then she heard Eddie's agonized voice.

"Darling! Darling! Open your eyes, dearest, and speak to me!" He gazed lovingly at the pallid face of the girl he held in his arms.

Her long lustrous lashes trembled on her pale cheeks, then twin pools of translucent blue looked up mistily into his brown eyes, and with a leaping heart he read his answer.

Bending down, his lips met hers in their first kiss.

Back Streets

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

The Story So Far:

At eighteen, Ray Schmidt was already called "fast" by her neighbors on Baymiller Street, Cincinnati. This was in the '90's when the unconventional conduct of a young girl caused tongues to wag. Adolphus Schmidt, Ray's father (her mother had long been dead), was partly to blame for his daughter's reputation. He let her "run wild," proud of her popularity with the salesmen who came to his dressmaking findings shop.

To Ray herself these men meant nothing. She kissed them, it was true, but only because the impulse to please was part of her very texture. When they asked for more intimate favors, as inevitably they did, she was often bewildered and sometimes angered. She confessed all this to Kurt Kesseler, the only man who had ever asked her to marry him.

Kurt had long wanted Ray for his wife, but it was only after her father's death, which left her dazed with grief, that she had seriously considered his proposal. Even then, though she was touched by his desire to take care of her, she could not make up her mind to marry him.

Since her father had made no will, her stepmother, once the widow Tagenhorst, had inherited the old house on Baymiller as well as all Adolph's personal effects. Ray continued to live with her stepmother, her stepsister Freda, and Marshall, a married stepbrother who had come from Youngstown to be with his mother. As clerk, she stayed on at the shop, then in the hands of Heyman Heymann. But in a few months it was merged with a St. Louis firm, leaving Ray without a position.

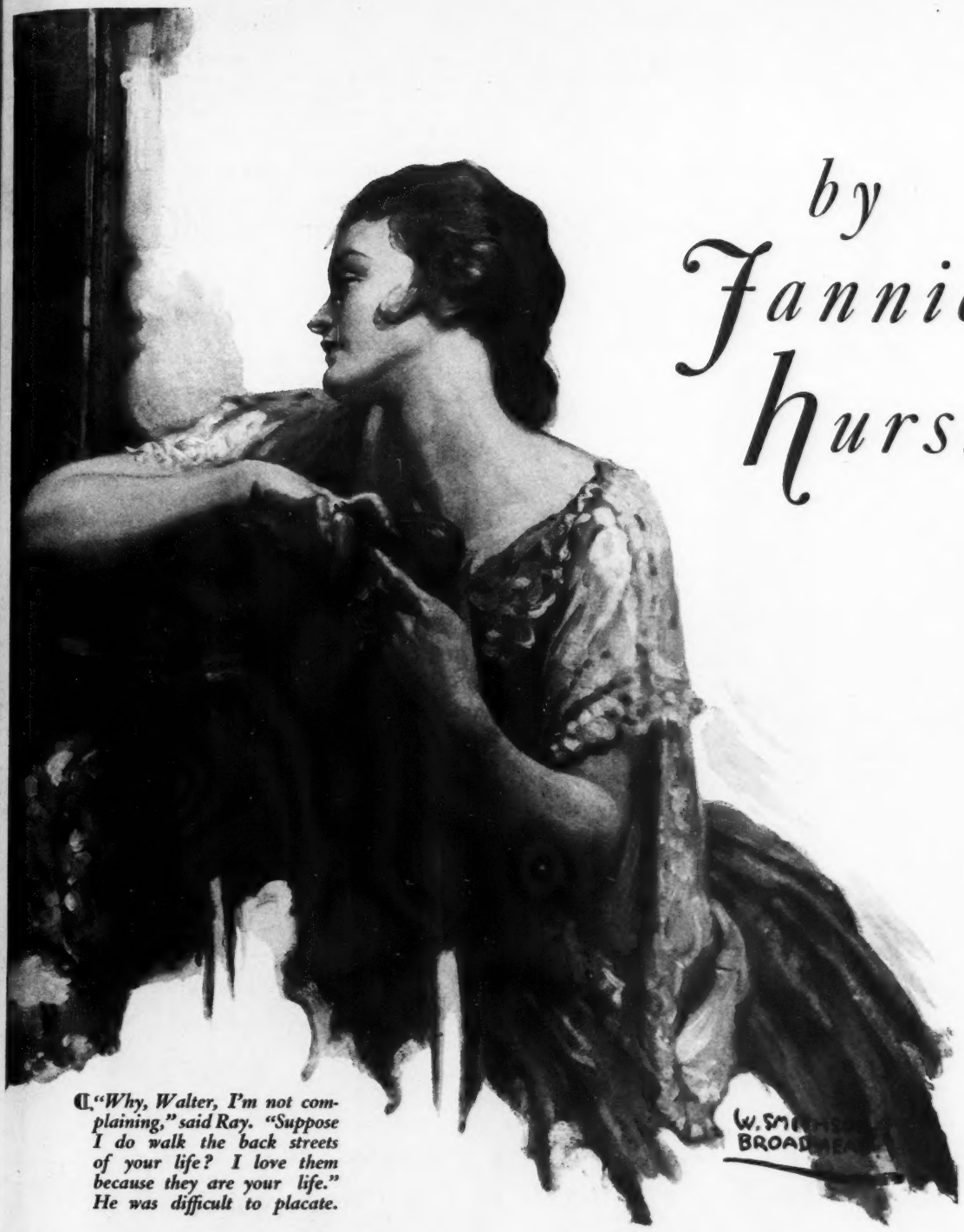
That was the least of the tragedies that seemed all at once to descend upon her. For Tagenhorst sold the old home, after Freda's marriage with Hugo Hanck, nephew of a wealthy retired brewer. In fact, it was Freda's marriage that had cost Ray her own chance for happiness.

Some time before, she had fallen in love for the first time, and color and glamour again filled her life, after the long weeks of sorrow. The man was black-haired, gray-eyed Walter Saxel—a Jew, as Ray had discovered almost at once. That fact had brought with it a sense of foreboding, especially when she learned that he called steadily on Corinne Trauer, a plump, pretty blonde of his own race who had wealthy connections in New York. Eventually, however, Walter wanted Ray to meet his mother, and her heart leaped with joy. That meeting never took place!

At the very moment when she should have been meeting Walter's mother, Ray was dragging a reluctant Hugo to his marriage with a weeping Freda, to save her stepsister from disgrace. Two days later Ray read of Walter's betrothal to Corinne. A useless sacrifice, as Ray learned when the young Hancks returned from their honeymoon, for Freda confessed that she had lied about her condition in order to force Hugo to marry her. Too late, then, for Ray to do anything about it. Walter was already lost to her, and when she saw the announcement of the date of his wedding, she determined to go to New York . . .

It was after five years in New York, where she worked for Longmans-Black, that she met Walter Saxel again. Their coming-together, after that, was inevitable, and the little flat which he chose for her immediately became home for her—and for him. There he could

by Fannie Hurst



¶ *"Why, Walter, I'm not complaining," said Ray. "Suppose I do walk the back streets of your life? I love them because they are your life." He was difficult to placate.*

be himself; that was his home—not the Lexington Avenue house, where Corinne and his two children lived.

A junior partner, now, in the banking firm of Friedlander-Kunz, he often found himself in deep waters. To Ray he came for sympathy and understanding—and advice. Strangely, Ray felt no sense of misdemeanor in her relationship with Walter, she was so sure that what he gave her in no way lessened what he gave his wife of loyalty, affection, even of money. For Walter, incomprehensibly, was always a little close with Ray. That was the thing that most troubled her in the years of furtive living with Corinne's husband.

The only thing, that is, until the night in March when Walter told her of a contemplated trip to Europe for his bank on a matter of foreign loans. It seemed to her at that moment that everything about her just stopped. She felt her lips twisting and hid them against his coat.

"If only it would be possible to take you with me!" he cried, and then: "The time will fly, sweetheart, and next trip you shall come along . . . You won't get into mischief, my sweet?"

The question was rhetorical and absurd and he knew it and she knew it and they laughed and embraced. Mischief! The mischief of counting the days!

Into the torrid summer months of a year which was forever to be branded in fire against her memory, Ray was to cram mental torment of a variety which, she always averred, but laughingly, endowed her with her first gray hair. Walter, too, always regarded this statement as a joke when she related her travail during

the period of his absence abroad. But deep down inside her Ray knew how relentlessly she had aged during those lean waiting months.

The gray hairs were dyed out, but the scars were not dyed out. There were little pools of old terror deep in her heart which were never quite to dry.

It all happened so needlessly. The contemplated trip to France, to confer with a small group of petty plenipotentiaries, took form so rapidly that there was scarcely time to collect her wits. At the last moment—a circumstance devastating to Ray—Corinne did, after all, accompany her husband, causing a confusion, a hurry of events, that precipitated the period of time they had put apart for farewells into a series of jumbled telephone calls.

Practically before she realized it, certainly before she had time to pull herself together for the ordeal, Walter and Corinne, two children and a nurse were aboard ship, bound for France.

It was in a soggy world of rain-soaked March wind, uddery clouds swollen with the threat of more rain, that Ray found herself sitting that morning when Walter's ship was just swinging from dock.

At nine o'clock Walter had telephoned her for the last time, contrite, bothered messages filled with obviously restrained endearments and necessarily cryptic explanations of his inability to come to her the evening previous. Their planned evening.

No possible time. Sudden changes in plans. Felix Friedlander's last-minute decision that Corinne and the children go too. All muddled. Out of the question to get away from the house inconspicuously. Dear, be patient. Not for long. Keep out of mischief. Get on with the china painting. Read books on banking. Best girl ever. Take care of self. Won't write. Conspicuous. Don't you write, either. But thoughts always with you. See you again before you can say Jack Robinson. Wish me luck—— Sweet!

He was gone. Step by step, sitting there in the rain-soaked morning behind the lace curtains, Ray visualized the procedure. Trunks. Bags. Passports. Carriage waiting at the curb. Corinne in veils. Children.

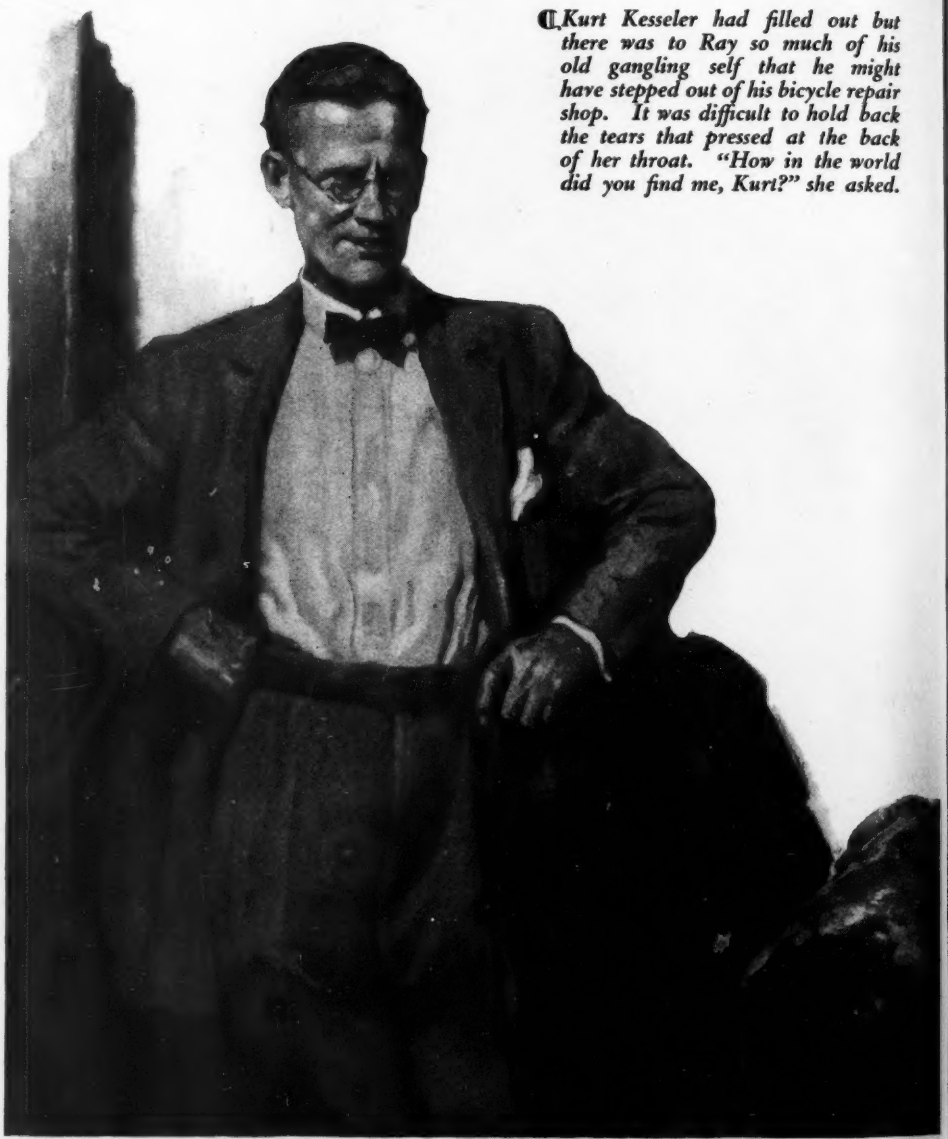
Did Corinne know that for ocean voyages young children should be fortified with extra heavy clothing? There would be the business of choosing steamer chairs on the sunny side of the boat. And did Corinne realize that Walter must not be permitted to indulge too heavily in the exotic foods for which the line was famous?

To Ray, who had never been on an ocean liner, it was all, nevertheless, so clear. There would be messages and flowers and gifts at the boat. There stood her own little tissue-paper-wrapped package on the mantelpiece. A pair of hand-painted lotion bottles and a new pair of hand-painted porcelain cuff links.

But even had it been possible to deliver them, it would not have been feasible. Caution. Caution. One misstep and she trembled to think. Better to accept the heart-breaking edict of no correspondence between them.

As Walter had assured her in one of those last stolen

This Novel *of a* Grand Passion *now Moves in the*



¶ Kurt Kesseler had filled out but there was to Ray so much of his old gangling self that he might have stepped out of his bicycle repair shop. It was difficult to hold back the tears that pressed at the back of her throat. "How in the world did you find me, Kurt?" she asked.

messages over the telephone, it would be possible to have letters from her sent to a secret address, but the unforeseen was so apt to happen. Letters during periods of travel were uncertain quantities. Never tell where or under what circumstances a forwarded letter might overtake. Best to eliminate correspondence altogether. A letter from him to her might tempt her to write.

Dramatic Pageantry *of the Early* 20th Century

Oh, it was better so. Everything was better so. The days would pass. The weeks would pass. The months...

It was a full week after the departure that her strange predicament first dawned upon her.

Walter had left her with no talk of money. At the time of his sailing, what with the slight china-painting income, there were about thirty-five dollars in the house. It was only when this little bank roll began to dwindle that the situation came suddenly upon her.

Although there had been plenty of time for it, Walter had left without provision for her. In the hurry of departure and then the omission of that last evening which they had planned, the matter had slipped his mind. Of course he would cable her funds. If only he remembered! He was such a child in so many things.

The prospect of her little dilemma's developing into an acute situation was simply beyond the thinking. But just the same, she broke briskly into one of her ten-dollar bills for a good supply of china for painting.

"Funny feeling," was the way in which she described those first days of her realization of the state of her funds. Gave you a funny feeling to have a thing like this happen to you. Of course Walter would remember and find some way to cable her money, but that could not possibly be within the next ten days, and what would Mr. Kinsey the agent think on Thursday when he came for the rent and the cup of coffee and slice of cake which she always offered him? Not that he would mind being postponed for a few days, but just the same — gave you a funny feeling.

Thirty-five days later, with the sensation that a steel band was tightening her hands, Ray asked Mr. Kinsey for a second postponement, which he still took with a certain good humor, but of a sort that seemed to chill her. Nor did he wait for his cup of coffee and slice of raisin bun.

Six weeks later, the summer began in earnest its nightmare. Saperlee, to whom somehow she felt she might have turned, had closed her flat and departed for Saratoga Springs, where she maintained a "summer flat" adjoining one of the hotels.

Most of the girls, for that matter, were scattered for the heated months. Hattie, subject to the whims of her friend from Buffalo, remained on, but it had long since been apparent to Ray that much of Hattie's bravado front was pretense. Ray suspected that secretly she indulged in an abominable, yet somehow pathetic, practice of sharing her excess funds with a pale youth who came frequently to the flat. Ray could not quite bring herself to ask a loan from Hattie.

As luck would have it, too, (*Continued on page 165*)

My Grandmother

by O. O. McIntyre

The picture you see on this page is of my Grandmother McIntyre. My mother-in-law brought it to me the other day on her return from a visit to my home town, and what a Niagara rush of pleasant memories it inspires!

She was eighty-two years old at the time this picture was taken and lived more than four years after that. Grandma McIntyre was the only mother I have ever known. Just a flicker of remembrance—like a shimmer in waves of wheat—of my own mother remains.

I especially recall the last time I saw my mother because my father acted so strangely. He took my sister Katie and me by the hands and led us upstairs to my mother's bedroom. She was seemingly asleep—very white and very beautiful. My father hugged us to him and wept; I had never seen him cry before.

A few days later he took us on a long train ride from the little town in Missouri to the little town in Ohio where my grandmother lived. I remember he wore an odd black band around his hat and rarely spoke. Now and then he would quickly wipe his eyes.

I loved my grandmother from the very first. She understood children better than anyone I have ever observed since. She was even then an old lady with a young heart. Everything about her was pretty to me—even her euphonious maiden name of Joan Jones.

She was born in the sleepy little town of Malden, West Virginia, on the tranquil Kanawha. She met my grandfather, a young tinner who had migrated from Scotland, while she was visiting in Gallipolis, Ohio. Theirs was a love match the like of which I have never seen.

Not long after they were married they journeyed to Nebraska in a covered wagon, fired by a pioneer zeal to wrest a homestead claim out of the Middle West wilderness. On their way a son—my father—was born. They staked their claim and my grandmother helped erect a log cabin in the clearing.

There were years of back-breaking toil to salvage a living from the soil, and then a bumper crop seemed a reality. But a devastating grasshopper plague descended and my grandparents made their way back to Gallipolis.

There, shortly after, grandpa died, leaving my grandmother and her little brood, four boys and a girl, to face the world alone. I never saw my grandmother in anything but a cheerful mood. She was not a professional

Pollyanna, for grim reality had seared her and left ineradicable scars. She simply would not bow to adversity. She had as much trouble as the average woman of her day, if not more, but she was unconquerable. She was a God-fearing woman although she rarely went to church. In fact, my grandma rarely went any place.

She had never been to the theater or to the river show boats that came to our town, nor did she ever visit a circus. Once a year she took my sister and me to the county fair for the afternoon, chiefly because she always entered one of her quilts in the competition for prizes, and she usually won, too.

For the house grandma always wore a black wrapper with a capacious side pocket in which she carried her snap purse. That pocket had a great attraction for me, for from it she extracted the occasional penny she would give me for some well-performed service.

Her "company dress," which she made herself and which you see in the picture, was black silk with a white lace collar and a gold brooch. It was a dress like this she always wore on those thrilling Saturday-night excursions to which I looked forward with such pleasurable anticipation.

On such nights grandma went to pay the grocer and other tradesmen for bills contracted during the week. At the grocer's a five-cent poke of candy of my own selection was the reward. Grandma and Mr. Milton Smith, the grocer, would wait patiently while I, with my nose pressed against the show case, wavered between the jawbreakers with caraway-seed centers and the tin skillet with candy fried egg and tin spoon.

As I grew older and more wayward grandma was the anchor in what seemed at the time a storm-tossed life. My maiden aunt, a milliner, who loved me, I presume, in a precise way, was a stricter disciplinarian. She thought, and deservedly so, that now and then I should have a dose of what grandma called "birch tea."

There was that inglorious day when my aunt discovered that I had played hooky from school for an entire term of three months—I still secretly think it was quite an achievement. My father, who was struggling with a country hotel in Missouri, was notified by special post and there were grave family conferences in the front parlor.

I overheard my aunt speak of such terrifying places as "the reform school." She, of course, was saying it knowing my ear was glued to the keyhole. At any rate, that night I tossed in my cot in grandma's room in the manner I imagine a prisoner tries to sleep before the executional dawn.

In the midst of my feverish stirrings I felt grandma's cool hand reach out from the darkness and smooth my brow with a loving pat. "Never mind," I heard her say. "You are grandma's boy!" In the magic of such nepenthe I immediately fell asleep. My father did not come to Ohio; I did not go to the "reform school" and my runaway escapades were never mentioned in our house again. That was grandma!

My grandmother's world was the little world of her Court Street neighbors. She would not listen to gossip about them but was interested in their well-being. If she put up preserves or baked a tasty cake she sent them "samples."

In the evening, my sister and I, scrubbed to a shining cleanliness, would take our cushions and sit on the front steps with grandma. I recall my cushion was embroidered with "Little Pet," which somehow embarrasses me a trifle to this day.

After dark grandma could tell the approach of neighbors by their footfalls. She would say: "There comes General George House!"—or Colonel John L. Vance, Mr. C. W. Henking, Miss Fannie Rathburn, Mr. Ernest Halliday, as the case might be.

She was always right, until one evening my sister and I played a joke on her. I slipped off the stoop tiptoe in the dusk and raced around the block. When I got near grandma's corner, I stamped heavily and made shuffling noises. Grandma cocked her head quizzically and finally said: "There comes some stranger! He must be crippled!"

When she finally recognized my figure looming out of the shadows, she was as embarrassed as a schoolgirl. For want of something better to say, she exclaimed: "Oh, you begone!" And for many years afterward when my sister and I would say, "Oh, you begone!" grandma's cheeks would redden.

Grandma used to tease me about my first and only real love affair with the little girl who lived a block away and who is now my wife. When in the evening I washed behind my ears and gave my hair an extra swipe she would wait for me to come downstairs and would revamp an old couplet and sing:

"Oddie Poddie Puddin' and Pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry!"

And it seemed to me I would suddenly become all knuckles and teeth. Then, as though she had no idea I was anywhere around, she would inquire archly: "Is my little man going girling tonight?" How I suffered!

The last time I saw grandma I had rushed home for a brief between-the-trains visit and was what she called a grown man, trying to make my way in the world. Years of hard work, bearing her children and rearing her children's children, coupled with extreme old age, had left their ineluctable imprint—a clouded mind.

She called me "Georgie," the name she called her youngest son, long dead. With a suffocating lump in my throat, I sat beside her chair, holding her gnarled, withered hand and trying to touch off a spark of memory that would make her recall the boy she had "raised."

It was hopelessly futile. She just rocked gently and clung to my hand. Now and then she mumbled pathetically: "You won't go away again, will you, Georgie?"

The depot hack pulled up at the door and I had to leave. I stooped over and kissed her dry, bloodless lips and she gave me a quick, convulsive hug accompanied by a sudden faint and startled cry. I should like to think that for a brief second in that embrace the cry was an echo of recognition rumbling down the haunting corridors of memory, but I fear that is not so.

I waved to her through the hack window as Tom Holmes clucked to his horses. Grandma lifted a weary hand automatically and with no light of recognition whatever.

It was the nearest my heart ever came to breaking. I was never to see her again in this world.

Theirs was a real love match.

TIGER-

By Rex Beach

¶ *Evelyn was a prisoner here: this was her*

"**Geoffrey** married! Well, I'll be boiled!" Philip Winsby ran a brown hand over his nice light hair, now bleached in rusty streaks by the tropic sun. "Bringing his wife out here! Good Lord! The man is crazy!" He spoke aloud and then held the letter closer to the kerosene lamp.

But there it was, set down in Geoffrey's minute, impeccable handwriting. He and his wife would arrive by the next steamer, a month later. Would Philip have the bungalow made shipshape: walls painted, new matting put down, and the like. He knew Philip wouldn't mind moving his kit into the assistant's bungalow . . .

"Sorry to lose you, old thing, but you understand. Much as I dislike doing it, I'll have to claim Mara for my own house boy. He is quiet and experienced and understanding, and inasmuch as Evelyn knows nothing about housekeeping out there she can't very well get along without him. You can easily break in another boy for yourself . . .

"Please send Ali to Dobo with the launch to meet the Van Baalen and above all things see that Mineh packs up and gets out immediately. Give her some money—be liberal—and send her back to her mother. She mustn't be hanging about the place when I get back. No need to impress upon you the importance of this."

There followed certain instructions concerning the tapping of young rubber trees, details of a proposed addition to the latex shed and the name of the new London agents to whom the copra was to be consigned.

Philip leaned back in his chair and gazed into space. Geoffrey Carleton married! That was almost funny. And a trifle tragic, too—for the girl, whoever she was. Geoffrey was forty-five, twenty years the senior of his assistant, and the most notorious philanderer in the Islands.

On his way out from home to take this job, Philip had heard him referred to as the worst woman-hunter in the Federated Malay States, and from some planters he had learned that his chief had chucked a job in Ipoh and had left Kuala Lumpur between dark and dawn as a result of certain amorous entanglements. Later, he had been driven from Singapore by an irate husband with a six-shooter.

Then, too, there was Mineh, Geoffrey's housekeeper. Even during Philip's time here on Bukit Satu, there had been other Minehs, other "housekeepers." Certainly Geoffrey never had curbed his inclinations in the least. Philip wondered if Mrs. Carleton by any chance suspected how thoroughly shopworn her husband was.

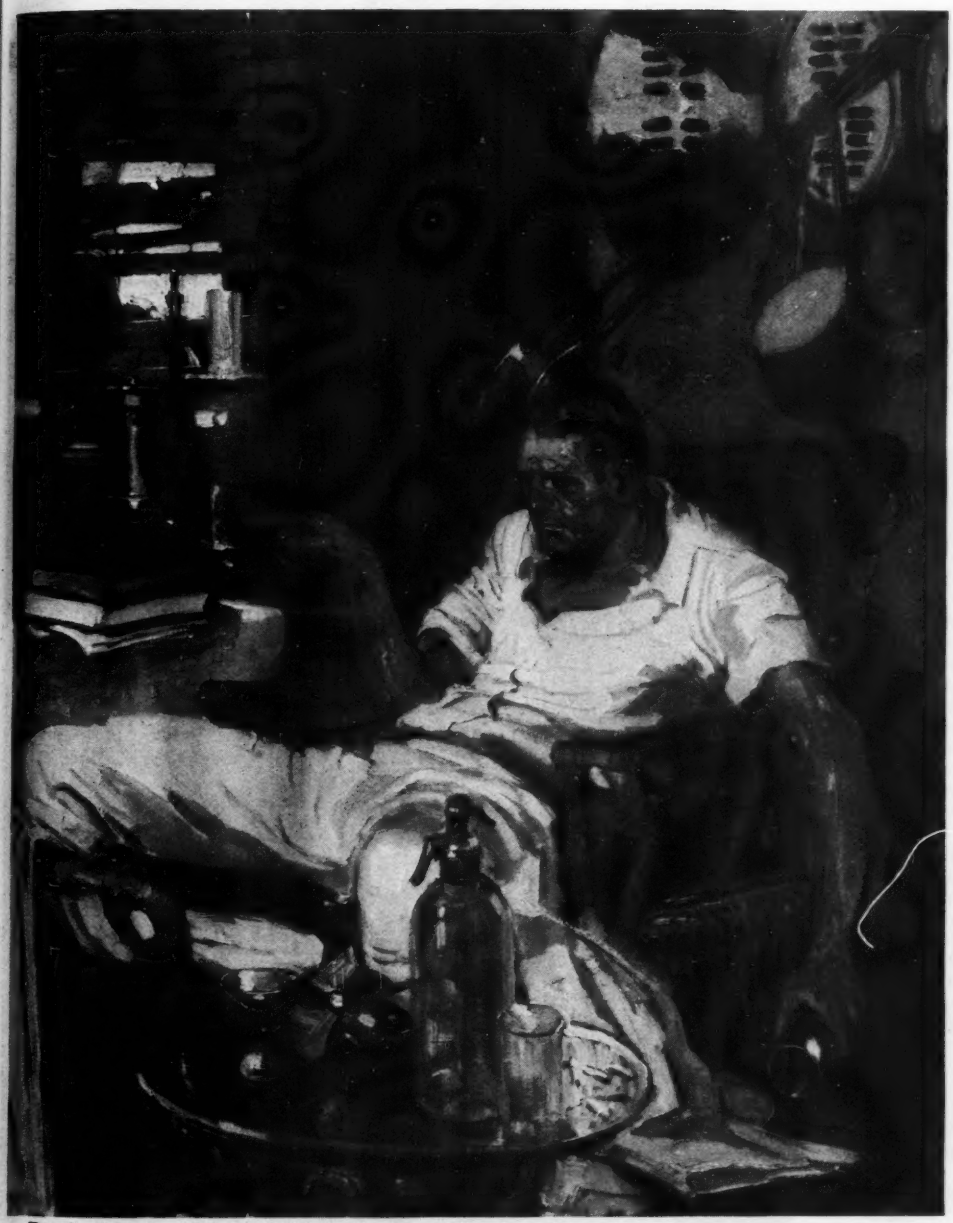
He assumed she did not, but—it was no business of his. He liked Geoffrey pretty well and they had rubbed along satisfactorily these two years . . .

Married? Well, the fellow was infernally good-looking in his way, and women liked masterful men. They didn't seem to mind their pre-nuptial histories, either. No doubt they derived a satisfactory pride in plucking brands from the burning.

But whatever might be said about Carleton's reputation as a ladies' man, there was no denying his ability as a planter, and he had nerve, too. It took nerve to combat a horror of snakes such as his in a place like

snake

A Drama *in* Another *Garden of Eden*



Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

Devil's Island, and her brutish husband actually gloated over her misery.

Bukit Satu. Philip himself had the average man's aversion to serpents but Geoffrey's fear of them was abnormal; it amounted to a fixation.

It was more than fear; the mere sight of one, no matter how small or how harmless, threw him into a painful condition midway between paralysis and hysteria. Even the picture of a snake provoked a strange physical rigor, a mental numbness, and one of Philip's first duties, upon his arrival, had been to go through all the books in the bungalow and pin together the pages upon which were snake pictures.

If by chance Geoffrey encountered such a picture, he would stare at it in fascination, unable to turn the page or to drop the book; he would hold it, gasping and shuddering, until somebody took it out of his hands, and then he would suffer a complete collapse. To hew a plantation out of an East Indies jungle infested with every sort of crawling thing required something more than ordinary physical courage on the part of a man accursed with a prenatal fear of this sort, but that is precisely what Geoffrey had done.

And now he was bringing his wife out to live on the place!

That took courage, too. Or was Geoffrey wholly selfish and indifferent to his bride's happiness?

Bukit Satu was on Penambuli, one of the Aru Islands just west of New Guinea, and while it was all very well for a man it was a ghastly spot for any civilized woman.

There were few whites on the Arus; their European population consisted of two Dutch officials and a handful of pearl shellers who lived either on their schooners or in Dobo, where the steamer called once a month. And Dobo was a half-day's journey by launch.

A woman on Penambuli! She'd go off her bean in six months. It was inhuman of Geoffrey to bring her.

The tall glass in the circular receptacle in the arm of Philip's rattan chair was empty, so he called: "Boy!"

"Tuan!" came the prompt reply in a deep voice and a house boy padded softly into the room. He was clad in a red-and-blue sarong and an immaculate white coat.

"Whisky-soda, Mara."

"Saya, tuan." The glass was taken and Mara disappeared. When he returned Philip said:

"I have a letter from the *tuan besar* and it has big news. He is married."

"So?"

"He's bringing his wife out next month. We're going to have a white woman here in Bukit Satu and you'll

have to wait on her. I'm going to lose you, Mara."

The boy listened with his customary inscrutable expression; he bowed and said: "It is as Tuan Allah wills."

"I don't mind saying I'll miss you, Mara. You're a perfect servant and I'll never get another like you."

"I do my work," the Malay agreed simply.

"You'll probably have double the duties when she comes. But this is a lonesome place for a white woman; you must make things as easy and pleasant for her as possible. I'm sure you'll do that, eh?" Again the native bowed. "And another thing, I'm going to ask you to break in a new boy for me."

There followed some discussion as to candidates for the position; then Mara retired noiselessly to the rear of the bungalow and resumed his work of inlaying with brass the grotesque pattern which he had carved upon the handle of a murderous-looking *kris*.

A perfect "boy," Philip told himself again with some regret; he hated the thought of losing him. To be exact, Mara was not a boy, for he was well past forty, nor was his name Mara, which means angry. That appellation had been applied to him because of his equable temper and unbelievable placidity, this inversion of nomenclature being a popular form of Malay humor. As another example of it, the one-legged storekeeper was known as Kaki Sipasan ("centipede").

Mara's lack of emotion was a source of constant amusement to the more excitable coolies and his philosophical habit of accepting either calamity or good fortune with a raising of the shoulders and a respectful tribute to his deity invariably provoked laughter. When he gambled and won heavily or lost his last *kipping*, he expressed neither joy nor regret—it was Allah's doing; when a razor-sharp parang with which he was splitting wood glanced from a knot and neatly severed his left little finger he merely said wistfully:

"It is as Tuan Allah wills!"

This very imperturbability, coupled with an uncanny efficiency in whatever he undertook, made him an exceptional servant. He was never fussed, never bothered. When Geoffrey and Philip were too busy to shoot meat, he would disappear into the jungle and return with a wild boar or a deer.

He was an excellent barber; he could mend and launder clothes expertly; he could cook, wait on the table, mix cocktails or lead you to the haunts of birds of paradise. He was on call at any hour of the day or night—he seemed never to sleep—and best of all, he knew how to anticipate wants. Mara it was who made life at Bukit Satu bearable.

It was late that night before Philip fell asleep. The mosquito netting over his bed shut out the air, the sheet underneath him felt as hot as an ironing board, and the perspiration from his hair soaked his pillow slip.

Just outside his room a night bird was calling in a maddening monotony; frogs gurgled among the mangroves and the mournful sound of a native stringed instrument came from the coolie lines. The sea barely whispered against the shore.

Geoffrey and his wife would soon be on that sea, bound thither. Her name was Evelyn. A pretty name; and, knowing Geoffrey as he did, Philip assumed that she was pretty, too. But would she be happy in this forsaken place?

Happy! Would she even find contentment here? The

assistant manager doubted it, not so much because of Bukit Satu as because of Geoffrey Carleton. Carleton had never been constant to any woman; he tired quickly of his conquests; he was a philanderer at heart. Can such a man change his nature any more than a leopard its spots?

Philip pondered the question. Love works miracles, of course, but—— It must be wonderful to love, and to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet, simple name. Some sweet, simple country girl, no doubt . . . Philip slept.

The days sped swiftly. Geoffrey's bungalow was thoroughly cleaned and renovated at last and Philip moved into his own smaller quarters. Mara had painted the other place; he had scrubbed and swept and dusted it; he had made new white curtains and bright cushion covers for the *mem-sahib's* coming. He would have looped up the curtains with enormous bows of blood-red ribbon but had regretfully abandoned that project when Philip demurred.

Little Mineh had been disposed of, too. She had not been able to see that Geoffrey's marriage concerned her in the least, but when Philip had insisted that it did and that it meant her immediate banishment she had lowered her limpid brown eyes and archly suggested that she was willing to keep house for him.

She was only eighteen; anybody would tell him that she was the prettiest girl on the Islands. Did she not possess a neat figure, perfect features, tiny hands and feet?

Philip had admitted that she was wholly charming but had asserted that he was not in need of a woman in his house. Mineh wept. She brightened, however, at the sight of a fifty-guilder note and finally departed in the launch for Dobo, sitting in dignity upon the camphorwood box which contained her sarongs, her hair ornaments and the other finery which Geoffrey had provided. So much for that.

Philip heard himself speaking to the bride. This child the wife of Geoffrey Carleton! How incredible! How—tragic!

Mara kept quietly but unremittingly busy around the bungalow up to the evening before the expected arrival of the bride and groom, and early the next morning he shot a dugong, the meat of which he knew was pleasing to the *tuan besar*. He likewise shot some pigeons for the *mem-sahib* in case she should not like the taste of dugong.

Every piece of furniture had been rubbed down; Geoffrey's pipes were cleaned, polished and laid out on a brass tray; the bungalow was gay with orchids; every vase was crowded with blooms of bright red, pale green, mauve, pink, purple and yellow, for he knew that *mem-sahibs* love flowers.

When, some time after sundown, the whistle of the motor launch sounded, Mara appeared, fresh from his evening bath and dressed for the gala occasion in a handsome sarong of silver and blue, with cap and slippers of the same material and a short coat of snowy white. After a hurried visit to the cookhouse—he invariably supervised every meal—he prepared cocktails.

"Hello there, Philip!" It was Geoffrey speaking. "This is Evelyn. Give her a hand up, will you? Evelyn, this is Phil Winsby."

In the dusk the launch had nosed in to the dock, its propeller churning the water into myriads of phosphorescent bubbles; there was a noisy chattering among the coolies as they helped with the craft.

Philip heard himself speaking to the bride and realized when he lifted her to the pier that she was a tiny thing, scarcely larger than a child, but in the uncertain light he could not well make out her features. They were delicate and regular—he saw that much; she (*Cont. on page 104*)

Wanda the mysterious

Sanford, Maine, June 10th, 1910.

Stopping at the Sanford Hotel.....$1.25
Fare ..... .45
Tips (no tips, cutting down) ..... .00

COMIQUE THEATER

No. 1. The Shrine of Venus—(Classic posing, three women, beautiful bodies)
No. 2. Adrienne La Tour and Zaza.
No. 3. Jack Donahue. Tremendous hit here.
No. 4. Plantation Days—(Colored act, 2 men, 2 women)
No. 5. Feature picture.

$18.75 for three days.

Dear Mud:

Well, at last I've come into my own. After dogging along for weeks with all the tough breaks coming at once, I stepped out there this afternoon and positively ruined them. It's very interesting how it all happened. If you noticed at the top of the letter where I always put down the other acts on the bill, you saw who is on just ahead of me. Nobody else but that double-crossing La Tour dame and that little mutt of hers. You should see the look on her face when she lamped me coming into the theater, looking like a million dollars.

The best part of it was I had a nice sunburn from lying on the beach at Biddeford. She felt like about two cents but she had nerve enough to say, "Well, this is a surprise!" just as if she hadn't tried to get me murdered, but I kept right on going. So when she went on she was burning up and she certainly did work hard and I must say she went fairly good. But she made a big mistake by saying, "Try and top that" when she came off.

I didn't answer but I was boiling inside. I didn't bother much about the gags, but got into my dance as quick as I could and believe me I did steps I didn't even know I could do. When I got through, the next act couldn't go on. I tied that show up for fully five minutes.

And what do you suppose the result was? When I leave the theater and step in a drug store for a drink, I see a big sign staring me right in the kisser, "Try a Jack Donahue sundae." It's a great dish too, chocolate ice cream with pistachio flavor, covered with chopped brazil nuts with marshmallow and a razzberry on top.

I'm stopping at the Sanford Hotel. I think it's the only one in town and they're charging me $1.25. It's a shame I have to worry about money when I'm making such a big hit here. I don't think they'll let me spend any money around this town. I know the fellow in the drug store wouldn't take a penny from me.

This is another cut house but I wouldn't be surprised if the manager puts the other $1.25 in my envelope on account of the way I'm going. Outside of that there's nothing much to this town. It was bought from the Indians in 1661, and they must have been pretty good salesmen at that.

Miss La Tour has been trying to make up with me, but she got a fine chance with that posing act on the bill. I never saw such bodies in my life. Oh, yes, I burned two of those pictures up just to please you but it was a crime.

These girls wear nothing but little trunks, flesh-colored and they're cut out in the shape of leaves.

They never move while they're posing, I watch them every show. One of them has a figure like a girl I used to know. She worked at the candy counter and this one keeps looking me over, so it may be the same

Letters *of a* Hoofer *to* His Ma *by* that lovable laugh-maker, *the late* Jack Donahue

one. I'll find out a little later. I hope it is.

This colored act is a great flash. They can't do anything but they've got a lot of pep and the audience would probably like them better if they weren't on right after me. One of the girls is almost white. She was telling me she's an octaroon. She explained to me that she's only got one-eighth colored blood in her.

I don't know if she was hinting, but she asked me where there was a good place to eat, but I can't take a chance the way I stand in this town. Not that I would have anyway, but not one person in a hundred would know she wasn't white. She even stops at white hotels wherever she plays.

I had a pretty nice time in Biddeford, but the moths got at the bathing suit and I had to put a robe on as soon as I got out of the water. I took that German woman out one day with that pig but you can't do it in a little town.

In New York or Paris they wouldn't pay any attention to you, but there everybody stared at us and made wise-cracks. Some wise guy yelled, "There goes three hams down the street" and all that kind of stuff. It don't pay, she wasn't my type anyway.

You were asking why I worried so about paying my commission. Those agents all stick together. Not sending in their dough would be like singing "God Save the King" at a Hibernian picnic. You wouldn't have a chance.

I didn't know it was Joe's birthday last week. I'm sorry I forgot him, but I'm enclosing a dollar here, I'll send you your money at the end of the week. When he came in the other night, and you thought he was sick, I imagine he just clipped some sucker with the shells and the guy got wise and gave him a chase. Tell him to lay low for a couple of days and it will blow over.

Well, I've got to close now, this was a long letter. I'm anxious to find out if that is the girl that used to work at the candy counter.

Love,
Jack

Charlestown, Mass.,
June 11th, 1910.

Dear Son:

That was a long letter you wrote alright but I got no satisfaction from it. All you do is talk about yourself, how marvelous you are but how do you explain the fact that you're getting even less money than you were a few weeks ago? I gave Joe that dollar and he went out and bought two pair of those big red dice and he's been around the house rolling them on the bed ever since. He hasn't been out in three days and I'm sure he's not well.

I notice one pair of the dice no matter how you would throw them it would always come out seven, I told him about it and he says he'll go out and change them. He said to thank you for the dollar. I'm glad you had sense enough not to speak to that woman again after the way she treated you but you'll probably weaken before you leave town.

Never mind if that girl worked at the candy counter or not; anyone that would pose around half naked is no company for a growing boy. Believe me I have a low opinion of show business; after reading your letters there seems to be no one in it but pigs and goats and sporty women.

You ought to know better than to even be seen talking to that woman in the Plantation act. You say that not one person in a hundred would know the difference, but you can bet she wouldn't fool me.

I don't see why you feel so good about having an ice-cream sundae named after you. It sounded like a horrible combination and besides, as soon as you're gone they'll name it after someone else.

Your father has a drink named after him right here in Boston and you can still get it after twenty-five years. And you'd know about it if you had any pride in your family.

They call it a "Donahue Cannonball," equal parts of rum, absinth and rye whisky with a dash of Angostura Bitters. I just took a sip of one the night we were married and your father tells me I did an Irish jig on the corner of Boylston Street.

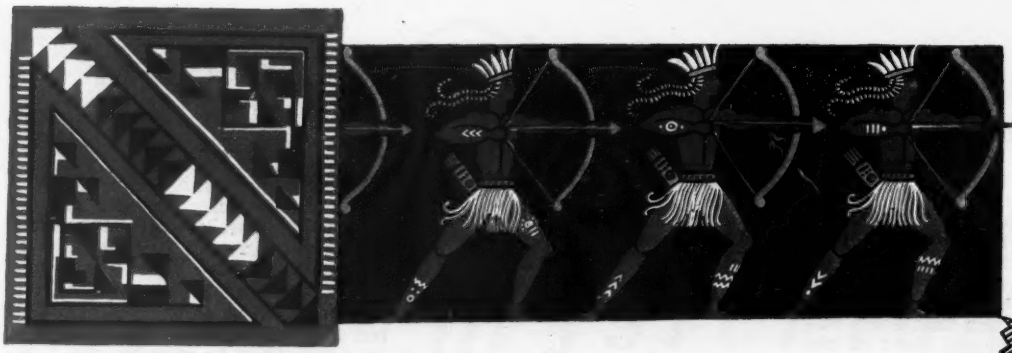
I notice you're not tipping any more; I don't see why they should ever expect anything from you. Why don't you just tell them the truth about how little money you make and that you can't afford it?

Those people probably make more money than you on an average. Don't forget, they work every week in the year. It's too bad about those agents. If I were you I'd go out and look for my own work, and not be so lazy.

Don't forget, I'll have to have some money from you this week. I told the insurance (*Continued on page 161*)

Illustrations by Will Grefé

I took that German woman out one day with that pig but you can't do it in a little town. Some wise guy yelled, "There goes three hams down the street."



The Private Life *of* Pocahontas

Her father was sitting in state under an elm, with his wife's brother on his right hand and his eldest son on his left, for moral support. The princess stood before him, not because there wasn't a seat, but because she looked better standing.

"Daughter," said Powhatan, "it was an error of judgment. You should have let me knock out his brains."

"I don't see why," said Pocahontas. "What has he done?"

"Let bygones be bygones," said her father. "The question is, what *will* he do?"

Under their lashes the princess' dark eyes were dreamy. "He came for our friendship."

Powhatan grunted, as a savage would. "All that distance to find a friend? What was the prejudice against him at home?"

The princess shifted her weight gracefully to the other foot, and let the digression pass. "He is our friend," she insisted.

Her brother was angry. "Then why did he go away and leave you?"

She kept her temper. "He will come back. He is a wise man. He is a god."

Her uncle had something to say to that, but Powhatan stopped him with a lifted finger. "Were he a god, daughter, he would need no protection. When you threw your arms about his neck and stuck your head between the club and his skull, you committed yourself to the theory that he is a man."

"Well," said Pocahontas, "he can be a man and a god at the same time. Anyway, if you don't think he'll come back, why did you let him go?"

"To teach you wisdom, daughter, if that is possible. Everyone knows that a woman may choose a husband by saving a prisoner, but the method indicates a certain desperation. And even the desperate expect the man to stay and keep his part of the bargain. But no sooner did I set free this friend of yours, who covers his face with thick hair, than he up and walked away."

"A temporary absence," said the princess. "He will return and marry me."

"He'd better not," said her brother. "When next we meet, I'll put an arrow in him."

The unrelenting criticism began to tell on Pocahontas. Her eyes flashed. "You don't know him—none of you do!"

"Now we're coming to the point," said her father. "How much do you know about him? During these recent weeks I permitted you to talk with him, more or less privately. In spite of your ignorance of each other's language, I'm told you made progress. Why did he come here in the first place?"

"He likes the climate."

Powhatan shook his head. "No one looks for a climate with a gun. He is hunting. And when an honest man goes hunting, he lets you know—he doesn't pretend he is out for a stroll."

The princess saw a chance to score. "All this distance just to go hunting?"

Her father pursued his thought. "Men hunt for two things—for food and for women. I gave him corn, but he wasn't satisfied. I then thought it must be women, and tried him out by letting you carry on your communications with him, but he wasn't interested."

"I beg your pardon," said Pocahontas; "he was."

"As soon as he could," insisted her father, "he left you. You can't build much on that kind of interest. He may be a god, as you say, superior to the emotions, but I confess I am baffled."

"Don't discuss it further," said she. "He will marry me."

Powhatan leaned forward. "You claimed him for a husband—and the tribe accepted him. Do you really believe he will forsake his people and remove the hair from his face and become one of us?"

She faltered a little. "No—not that."

The three men grunted in chorus.

She pushed on. "We shall live in the fort, but I'll see you daily, or almost. You and we shall be good neighbors."

"You and we!" echoed her brother.

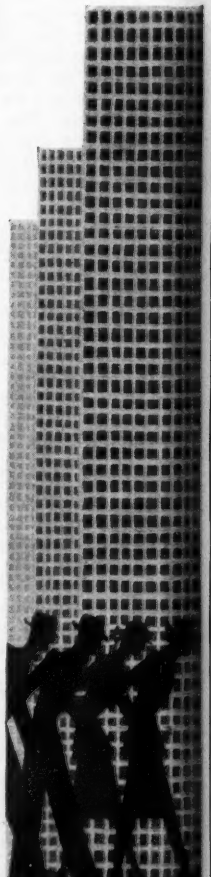
"And after a while his people and ours will be the same—look the same, talk the same, think the same."

"Mongrel!" exclaimed her uncle.

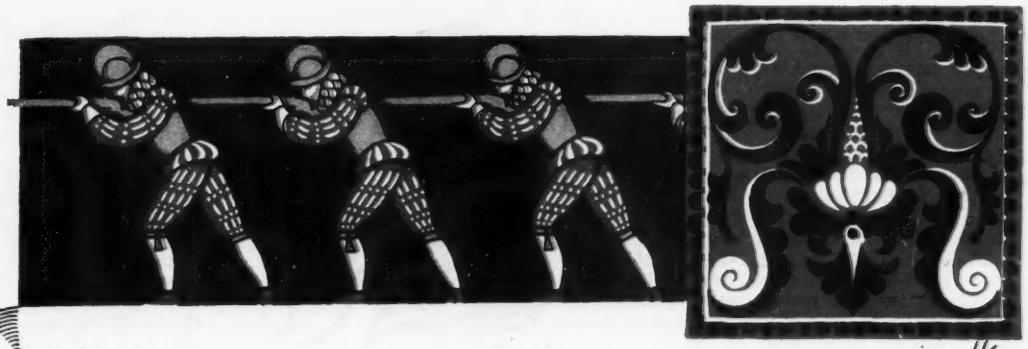
"No," said Pocahontas, "a blend."

Her father glared at her. "You'll marry to make the relatives like each other? They rarely do. Nothing but extreme sagacity enabled your uncle here and me to get on together, and there's

¶ *"After a while his people will be the same—look the same, talk the same, think the same,*



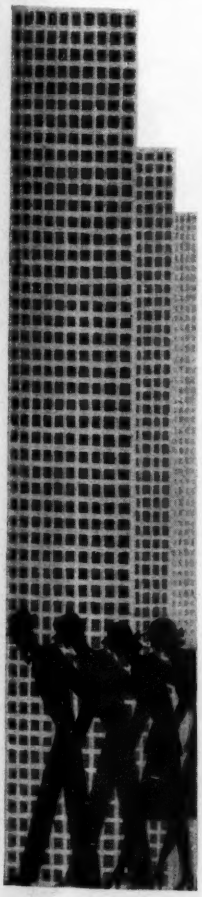
Illustrations



Which includes What Happened Both Before *and* After *the* Episode *of the* Chopping Block

by John Erskine

people and ours —look the same, think the same."



by Erté

nothing wrong with him except that I married his sister. But I waste my breath. Your chosen husband has forgotten you. When he tells of his escape, he won't mention your aid. His people would ask, Where is his wife?"

He rose and stretched himself, ever so slightly. "You are young and can live it down, but in future the men of your family will deal with matters of public policy."

Pocahontas detained him with an eager hand on his shoulder. "I shall see him soon."

Her father pitied her innocence. "If I know him, he will not come."

"If he does not," said the princess, "I shall go to him."

The three stood about her, roused and hostile.

"Daughter, if you are my child——"

She put a hand on his lips. "I am your child."

He turned away from her. "I might forbid it, but why should I? Your brother will see that you are where you should be, at home."

"I thought it better," she said, "to tell you."

He answered over his shoulder. "Don't trouble yourself!"

"I shan't again."

In spite of her brother, of course, she had her way, and she did not trouble to tell her father. When Captain Smith did not come back to marry her, she sought him in his forbidding stockade, and perhaps she brought home other reasons than her father's anger for keeping the visit a secret. She brought home with her a thoughtful mood, bordering upon melancholy.

Within the fort she left behind her a trail of speculation. When the women fetched water that evening from the common well, they paused to do her justice. Mistress Herd introduced the subject—the bricklayer's wife; a capable body of cylindrical formation and a square chin. John Herd never argued with her, not even when she decided to escort him to the colony and bring along her two boys. Mistress Herd did not like Pocahontas.

"No good will come of her," she said, "and so I told my man, but the creature has him under her spell, and the others too. Didn't I see him with a brick in his hand half the morning, gaping at her bare back, or what's worse? Lord help us!"

Mistress Love, the tailor's wife, filled her pail from the bucket and dried her hands on her apron, a tall, awkward woman who made up for it by being conscientious. "My man's the sly one," said she. "'Isn't she the little devil!' says he to me, shaking his head to put a cloak on his true feelings. 'She's no devil,' says I, 'but a naked hussy, and how would you like for me to go about in broad day, with only a bit of grass around my middle?' 'That,' says he, 'I should not enjoy.' 'Ah-ha!' says I. 'Then why her?' 'It's different,' says he, 'in the case of the heathen, and besides, she's a beautiful copper.' And with that he stuck his head out of the door, to see if she was gone yet!"

Mistress Brinto, the mason's wife, listened thoughtfully—a small dark woman from Cornwall. "But she *is* pleasant to look at," she said, "and they call her a princess, but that I doubt."

"Ay," said Mistress Love grudgingly, "she's a princess, if there's any difference among heathen. I asked Captain Smith.

"**Now there,**" said Mistress Love, "is a man of sense! Wherever he went this afternoon, there she was, right underfoot, but he gave her no more notice than if she had been an honest Englishwoman with her clothes on."

"He did notice the somersault," said Mistress Herd, "and sharply did he express disapproval. It was then she went home."

"Somersault?" said Mistress Brinto. "Not really!"

"Didn't she, though! When the captain wouldn't look at her, she followed him to where my two boys were tumbling in the road, and she began with signs to tell them how to do it better, and when they stood away from her, like Christians, she gave a silly giggle and in a second there she was, upside down!"

"The captain would have to notice that," said Mistress Brinto.

"Notice it! He turns on Sam Argal, standing by, and, 'Argal,' says he, 'have you no better way to spend your time?' And Argal turns a guilty red and moves off, and the captain after him." Mistress Herd seized a pail of water in each hand and started homeward, mumbling the

moral of her story. "She needs a tanning, that heathen!"

Mistress Love addressed herself to a single pail. "If my man looks that way at her once again, I'll blacken her black eyes for her, I will!"

Mistress Brinto, after the others were gone, drew up the full bucket slowly, thinking of the princess.

But Powhatan was a good prophet when he said that the prisoner would never return. Captain Smith had other affairs to occupy him, until one day a bag of gunpowder in the fort blew up, and they sent him back to England, badly hurt.

Powhatan's son nursed the grievances of his people; the soldiers in the fort mounted their cannon along the stockade, or fished from the deck of their sloop with their blunderbusses handy; the women met at the well for water and said what should be said about their husbands, and empire, so disguised, marched its irresistible course.

But one day Sam Argal, whose interest in acrobatics had displeased Captain Smith, was coasting along the Potomac in the sloop, looking for fish.

He had with him for crew John Herd, the bricklayer, Thomas Cooper, the barber, and Bill Unger, common laborer, their duties on land being somewhat relaxed at the moment. Captain Argal had his eye on the shore and his gun across his arm, alert for copper-colored danger under the green boughs.

Bill Unger saw the danger first. "There!" he pointed. "To the left of the oak!"

John Herd jammed the tiller down, and the sluggish craft veered off, but Argal had his fuse lighted and was squinting along the barrel.

His eyesight was keen. One good look, and he put the musket down and snuffed out the fuse with his fingers.

"It's just as well, captain," said Unger, "so long as he's peaceful."

"It's not a man at all," said Argal. "You and Herd get into the skiff and bring her aboard."

"What if it's an ambush?" said Herd. "And if she won't come?"

"She'll come. Take your muskets. Cooper and I have our matches burning."

They pulled ashore, none too cheerful, and she stepped into the skiff as though she had been waiting for the ferry. On the sloop Argal escorted her forward, and the men steered for midstream, whispering among themselves.

He saw how little changed she was from the day she visited the fort—no change at all, except that at her age a few months can add depth and dignity.

"We are going up the river," said he. "Will you come for a sail?"

Whether she understood the invitation, he couldn't know. She smiled and glanced around, then sat down on the deck where she could lean against the mast and get the shade of the sail. Entirely at ease she was, and satisfied.

"You alone?" He pointed toward the shore.

Again she smiled. He really needed no other answer—her eyes and her white teeth were delicious.

"You came to the fort." This time he motioned toward the stockade, and she must have understood, for she nodded but didn't smile. He thought her eyes went suddenly keen. "You come again soon?"

She stared till he repeated the gesture toward the settlement. Then she nodded quickly. He gave up the difficult conversation, and watched her, conscious of unusual privilege. John Herd had put the sloop on another tack, landward, and the girl was in full sunlight. He had not known there could be such a woman, so smooth and rounded, and under the copper skin a delicate blush, as of living blood. She gazed dreamily across the water, and he watched her slow steady breathing.

"Captain," said John Herd, "shall we put her ashore now?"

Argal looked back at him. "Why should we?"

"What if her folks come after her?"

"Well, let them!" But after a second he caught the girl's eye and motioned to the bank. "You go now?"

She glanced in the direction of his hand, then back at him, then smiled.

He tried again. "Are you tired of the boat?"

She continued to smile, rather foolishly, as he thought.

"All right," he called, "we'll put her ashore."

Because she was leaving him, his eyes took their fill of her. She still rested indolently against the mast, her knees drawn up sideways, one long black braid falling across her to the deck. She raised her head suddenly and faced his gaze. And while their eyes were upon each other, an arrow struck the mast, with a stinging vibration, just above her head.

"Veer off!" he shouted, but Herd didn't need the command. Till the sloop was safely away, they crouched low, with their eyes on the forest edge. In the scare they forgot Pocahontas. When Argal remembered her, she was standing up, examining the arrow. Then she sank down again, in her indolent posture.

"Your people did that!"

From his anger she guessed what he meant, and nodded pleasantly, as if all were as it should be.

"Brother," she said.

Argal thought a minute. "Oh, your brother tried to kill you—or kill me! . . . You didn't know it was coming, I suppose? No little family trap?"

Cooper and Unger came forward to hear what she would say, but after that one word she was silent again, statuelike, serene.

"We might as well go back to the fort," said Argal, "and we'll take her with us."

He worked the tiller himself, glancing at her from time to time to be sure she was still there. But she submitted to capture as she had accepted the arrow shot, and when they came in sight of the stockade, she looked content, as though she wished that harbor.

The sentinels could not overlook her, displayed as she was on the deck, and when the sloop drew to the landing, a crowd was gathered, eager to ask questions, but awed by the presence of the governor himself.

Master Dale, too, had thought it necessary to inspect this arrival, and with him stood a guest of his house, newly come from home, a slender young man, sober beyond his years, who disguised his immaturity under a soft, well-trimmed beard.

Argal reached his hand to the princess, and she stepped out of the boat.

"What," said the governor, "is this?"

Argal cleared his throat. "This is Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter."

"I know that well," said the governor, "but what does she here?"

"Her brother shot at me from ambush." He pointed to the arrow, still sprouting from the mast.

"And you captured her?"

Since his men knew the truth, he told it. "She was aboard when he shot at us. We had found her on the river bank and brought her off."

The governor frowned. "And why, pray?"

"Out of courtesy. She wished it."

Mistress Herd was sifting through the crowd toward her husband, and Mistress Love's voice communicated audibly with Cooper's wife, who looked distressed. "Courtesy, is it? The four of them in the boat with her —the trollop!"

The governor followed the intricacies of her prejudice.

"Mistress Love," said he, "inquire of your husband if he have a suitable garment."

Mistress Love departed on her errand of mercy. In the pause the sober young man pulled the governor's sleeve.

Whatever it was he whispered, the governor was annoyed. "Eh? More delicately, say you, Master Rolfe? And why should she not be clothed in public?"

So Mistress Love, assisted on the other side by Mistress Herd, pulled the woolen smock down over the dark head and copper slenderness, and Master Rolfe and Captain Argal thought what they would of this eclipse, and then the crowd proceeded within the stockade to the center of their clustered houses.

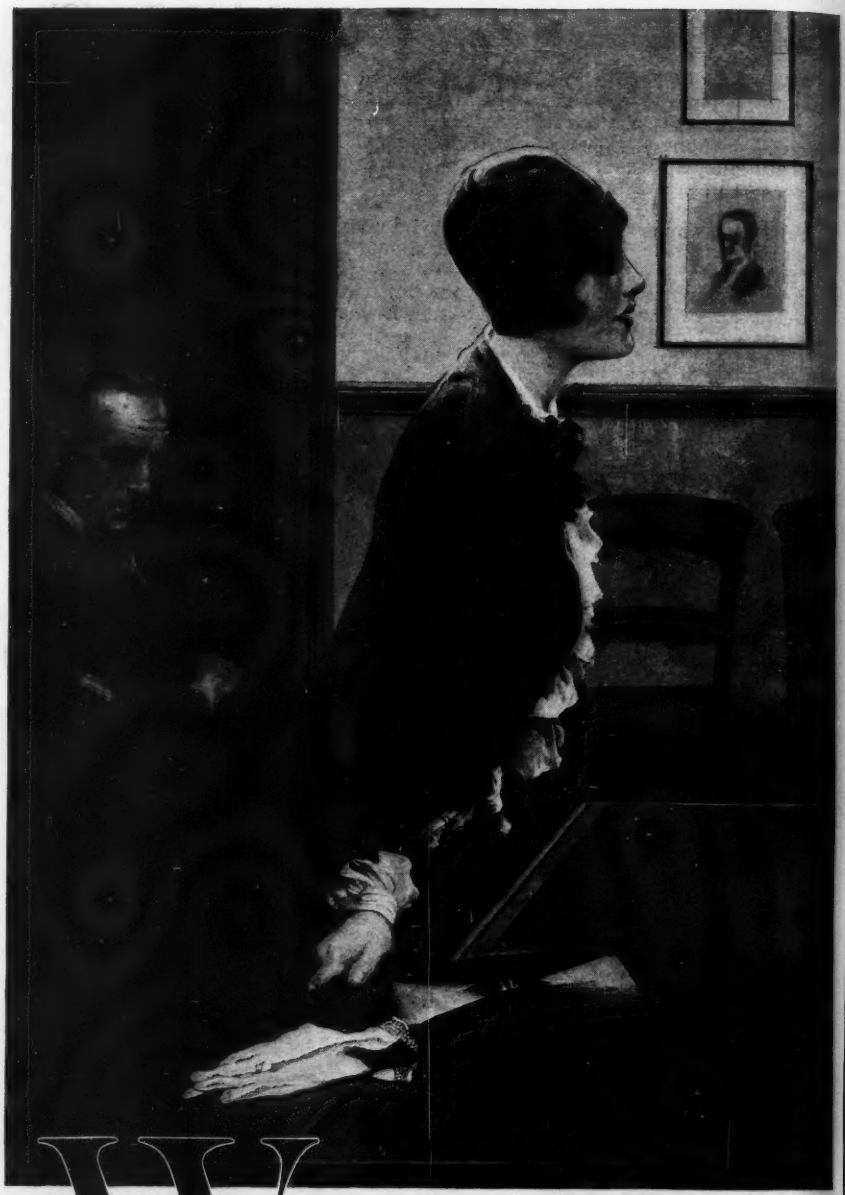
Argal spoke to the governor. "What disposition shall be made of her?"

"At present I know not—the (*Continued on page 100*)

The great world made much of Pocahontas and sought occasion to do her honor, and among them came the captain, with his beard though gray still full.

by

Edgar Wallace



WHITE

The Story So Far:

Through the purlieus of Endley Street it was whispered that the Devil of Tidal Basin stalked abroad, for an unknown pedestrian had been stabbed to death by someone who was not even seen.

The first lucid account of what had happened came from Doctor Marford, who as the "penny doctor" of Endley Street was respected even in Gallows Court, where only his friend and patient, the elderly but pugnacious taxi driver, Gregory Wicks, could live safely with no more company than a solitary lodger.

That very evening Doctor Marford had been visited by an unidentified woman who evidently had anticipated the murder, or at least the curious incident that preceded it. This the doctor was able to describe accurately, for he had been looking out of his surgery window after she had gone, and across the street had noticed another woman talking with a man in evening dress. As he watched, they parted: then he saw the man struck down by a shadowy assailant, only to rise when the latter had fled and chat with Hartford, the policeman on the beat.

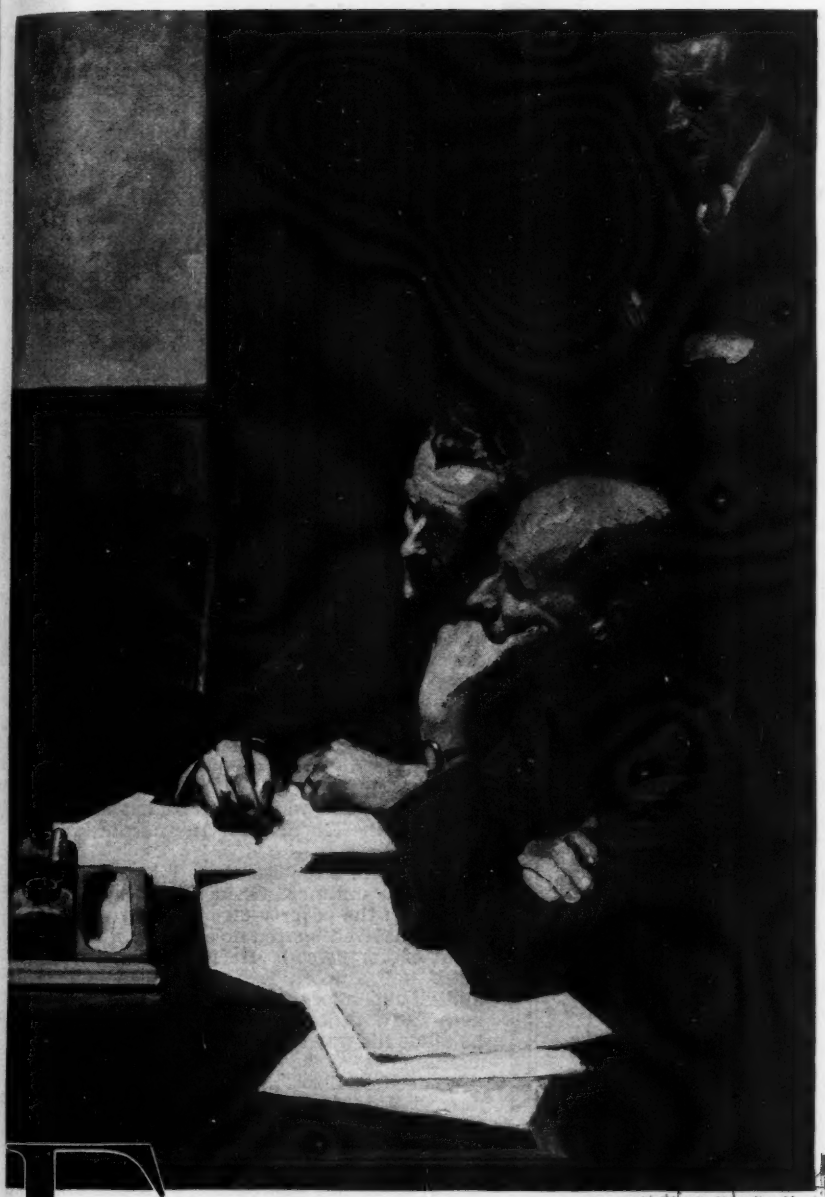
At this point the police had the reluctant testimony of a prowling thief named Harry Lamborn, who saw the man in dress clothes walk as far as the great gates of the Eastern Trading Company, where without warning he staggered and fell a second time. Further than this Lamborn would say nothing, for though he had seized the opportunity to steal the stranger's watch and note case, he had thrown them away when Constable Hartford came running to arrest him on suspicion of robbery. It was while he was struggling with the policeman that the doctor, crossing the street to investigate, disclosed the ghastly murder.

A few minutes after Hartford had sounded his whistle for Detective Sergeant Elk, who was at the end of the street, Chief Detective Inspector Mason arrived with Doctor Rudd, the police surgeon of Tidal Basin. From Hartford's testimony it appeared that the mysterious assailant seen by Doctor Marford had fled in the belief that he had killed the man he hated. The initials "L. L." on a bloodstained but empty knife sheath found under the body linked the attack with Louis Landor when two bank notes in the recovered note case were traced to their source. Further, the testimony of Mrs. Albert, who had also seen the man fall, made it clear that Landor had escaped into the Eastern Trading Company's yard through a wicket gate left unlocked by her husband, the night watchman.

Before these facts had been ascertained, however, Inspector Mason found a possible motive for the crime in the incoherent statement of Lorna Weston, a woman of mystery in Tidal Basin, who pushed through the crowd when the excitement was at its height.

"I warned him—of the danger," she gasped. "You see, I—I know my husband. He's a devil!"

Mason started to question the woman, but at sight of the body she collapsed, nor could the restorative Doctor Marford procured on the way to the police station bring her back to consciousness. At the station the doctor, at Mason's request, exhibited two tiny punctures on



A Mystery of London Town

FACE

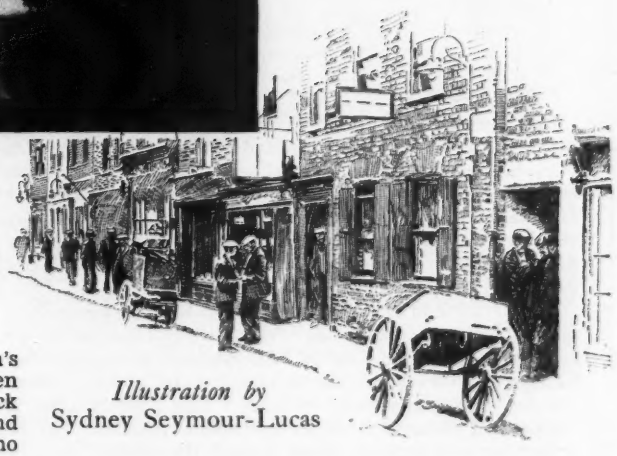


Illustration by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

Lorna Weston's left arm, but while the drugged woman's secret thus lay hidden, Mrs. Albert, who had once been her landlady, told what she knew, mentioning a black box with a leather-framed photograph of the husband who had meditated revenge and the friend or lover who had met his death in Endley Street . . .

The story of the murder that Michael Quigley, an enterprising young newspaperman, telephoned to his paper featured the Devil of Tidal Basin. Michael himself had invented the legend of a devil in that region of unsolved crimes. He had even found in Doctor Marford's account of a white-masked, disfigured patient of his a clue to White Face, the night-club marauder, whereupon White Face had promptly become the Devil of Tidal Basin.

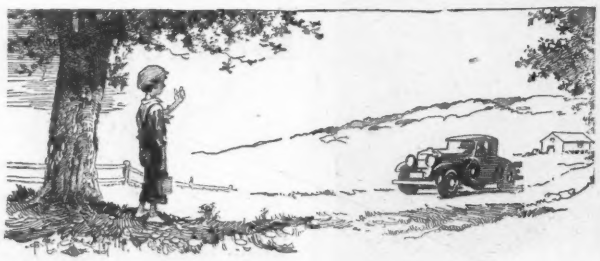
This particular crime was more than a newspaper story for Michael Quigley, however. Visiting the scene with Inspector Mason, he discovered first a glass capsule which might or might not have a bearing upon the murder, and then a ruby ring which brought it home to him in a peculiar way.

Michael recognized the ring as belonging to Janice Harman, whom he had met and loved when she was Doctor Marford's volunteer helper in the baby clinic of Endley Street. Immediately he guessed that the dead man had been Donald Bateman, the romantic stranger from South Africa who had recently come between them; but he kept his own counsel until he encountered Janice herself outside the police station and in the privacy of her apartment heard her story of disillusioned love.

About the time the murder was committed, Janice had received a cablegram from South Africa describing Donald Bateman as a confidence man and ex-convict. It was therefore not so difficult as it might have been to break the news of his death, and when Michael had done this as gently as he could, he came back to Tidal Basin to find the streets alive with police, for two new phases of the drama had been enacted in his absence.

A framed photograph is not a difficult object to find, and black boxes in which ladies keep their treasures deposited beneath their beds are far from being rarities. Mr. Mason would have liked to have Elk with him, but the gaunt sergeant had gone on

A Barefoot Boy *from the Virginia Mountains*



HE was a ragged, undersized, undernourished hill boy of the Virginia Alleghenies. For a half-dozen generations his ancestors had been isolated here in these high, narrow valleys until good roads, schools and radios let in a little hope and ambition.

He stood on the side of the paved highway and waved an appeal for a ride. I stopped and let him in.

"Where you headed for, buddie?" I asked.

"'Bout fifteen mile' daoun the trail," he answered.

"How old are you?"

"'Levin."

I stole a look at him. He was about the size of a normal eight-year-old. His face was thin and sallow; his overalls were patched and torn.

"What's your dad do?"

"He's daid."

We rode along for some minutes in silence. Then I asked, "When did he die?"

"When I was less'n a year old. Got killed in the mine."

"What's your mother do, buddie?"

"Washes fer folks."

"Got any brothers?"

"Nary a one. But I got three sisters."

"What do they do?"

"Help Maw."

I asked the question I had been leading up to: "What are you going to be, buddie, when you grow up—a coal miner?"

"Nope—I'm gonna to be a doctor," he answered, proudly.

"That's fine!" was all I could say.

And as we drove along on that lovely fall morning I could not get my mind off this ambitious lad and his relation to the America of the future. Suddenly it occurred to me that, despite droughts and financial depressions and political incapacities, so long as fatherless hill boys are dreaming of pulling themselves up by their own boot straps, this great country of ours is sound. Our proudest crop is not corn or cotton, or stocks and bonds, but imaginative, high-hearted boys and girls.

In no other land in the world would this lad have aspired to a position higher than his father's. But here an eager mother, or some farsighted school-teacher, had taken him to one of his own hilltops and shown him the beckoning world of achievement that lay in the misty distances below. This, it seems to me, is the peculiar genius of America—and only of America. No one is born too humble or too lowly to reach the heights.

"This hyeh is my town," he said a little later as we entered a tiny village clinging to a brown hillside. Perched high above the single row of stores and miners' shanties stood the new red-brick community school. It was the living symbol of the life that is being opened up for these neglected Americans. It is the greatest symbol of hope in the land.

Frazier Hunt

to join Inspector Bray, for a watch was being kept on the block in which Louis Landor's apartment was situated.

Bray had telephoned that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Landor was yet at home. Evidently something was wrong here, for the servant, who had returned and was awaiting admission, told Bray that she had been sent out earlier in the day—that there had been some trouble between the couple hitherto happily married. She had been told that she need not return until late. Bray had found her waiting disconsolately outside the apartment and had persuaded her to spend the night with a sister who lived in the neighborhood.

"One thing she told me," said Bray over the wire—"the apartment is packed with South American curios. If this girl's story is true, there are two knives similar to the one with which the murder was committed—they hang on a belt in the hall. She described the sheaths exactly, and said they both had Landor's initials on them, and that he got them as prizes in South America, where he lived for some years."

"Hang on," were Mason's instructions. "Elk's gone up to join you. Report to me here or at Scotland Yard. I am making a search on my own."

He had on his desk the contents of Mrs. Weston's bag, including the worn hypodermic case that Doctor Marford had produced. This case puzzled him, because it was old and the syringe had evidently been used many times. And yet Marford had given it as his opinion that the woman was not an addict and that it was only the second time the needle had been used.

There were a few letters; a bill or two from a West End milliner. Evidently Lorna Weston, in spite of the poverty-stricken neighborhood in which she lived, spared no expense in the adornment of her person. He found two five-pound notes, half a dozen Treasury bills, a little silver and a bunch of keys, and it was with these keys that, in company with Sergeant Shale, he made his way to the mystery woman's apartments.

What Mrs. Albert had described as "the grand part of Tidal Basin" consisted of two or three streets of well-built villas. There were several shops here, and it was over one of these, a large grocery store, that Mrs. Weston had her apartment, which was approached by a side door and a short passage. From this ran a flight of stairs to a landing above.

The place was fitted with electric light, and had, Mason saw, a telephone of its own. He climbed the stairs and was staggered to find that the landing had been decorated in the West End style. Parchment-covered walls, white metal wall brackets and soft-shaded lamps gave the approach to the apartment the appearance of luxury.

The front room was the parlor and was tastefully furnished, and this was the case with the other rooms, including an expensively fitted kitchenette.

Mr. Mason was essentially a man of the world. He knew that this style of living was consistent with the earnings of no profession, reputable or otherwise. Either Mrs. Weston had a private income of her own or else . . .

He remembered that the woman at the police station had spoken of her coming into a lot of money. That might be an explanation. But why did she choose this ghastly neighborhood in which to live?

There was a small writing table in the drawing-room, but a search of this—the drawers were unlocked—revealed nothing in any way satisfactory to the searcher. It was in the bedroom

that he and his assistant decided to make their most careful scrutiny. This was the room next to the drawing-room and the last to be visited.

As soon as he had switched on the lights, Mason realized that something unusual had happened. The drawers of the dressing table had been pulled out; the plate-glass door of the wardrobe stood wide open. On the floor was a medley of garments and wearing apparel, and amidst them Mason saw the corner of a black box. He went quickly to this.

It had been locked, but somebody had broken open the lid. Scattered about the floor were oddments and papers. There was no framed photograph. What he did see was a small cardboard cylinder. He picked it up and squinted through it: it was empty.

The cylinder interested him, because he knew it was the kind in which marriage certificates are kept; and however unhappy a marriage may be, no woman willingly parts with that little slip of paper.

"Get the men in and we'll dust the place for fingerprints," he said. He had hardly spoken the words before he saw on the bed a pair of white cotton gloves. The intruder had taken no risks. He examined them carefully but they told him nothing.

When had the burglar come, and how had he entered? The door below had not been forced; only the black box, which, he guessed, had been in the bottom drawer of the bureau when it was found, for nothing in this drawer had been disturbed, and there was a space which such a box might have occupied.

Of clues by which he could judge the time, there were none.

"There's somebody knocking on the door down below," said Shale. "Shall I see who it is?"

"No, wait; I'll go."

Mason went quickly down the stairs and opened the door. A woman was standing there with a shawl over her head to protect her from the rain. She looked dubiously at Mason standing in the light, and edged farther back. It struck him that she was ready to run.

"Is everything all right?" she asked nervously.

"Everything is all wrong," said Mason. And then, recognizing her timidity and guessing the reason: "Don't worry. I'm a police officer."

He saw she was relieved.

"I'm the caretaker of the house opposite; the lady is away in the country; and I was wondering whether I ought to go to the police or not."

"Then you saw somebody go into this apartment tonight?" asked Mason quickly.

"I saw him come out," she said. "I wouldn't even have taken notice of that if it hadn't been for the white thing——"

"What white thing? You mean it was somebody with a white mask?" Mason snapped the question at her.

"He had white on his face. I saw it as plain as can be in the light of the street lamp."

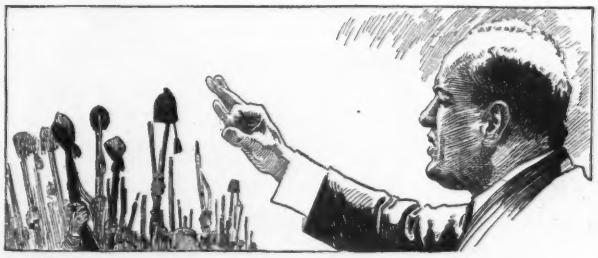
"When did you see this somebody come out?"

It was less than a quarter of an hour ago. She had also seen him and Shale enter and, believing that they were police officers, she had ventured to come over and knock at the door. He questioned her closely as to how the burglar had been dressed, and the description was a familiar one: the long coat that reached to the heels, the black felt hat and the white mask.

He learned one characteristic which had never before been noticed: the man limped painfully. She was sure of this. He had walked away, disappearing round the corner of the block in the direction opposite to that from which the two detectives had come to the apartment.

Shale came down and took a shorthand statement, then the (*Continued on page 199*)

This is Why Mussolini Has All *Europe* Worried



WHAT is a nation's reason for being? Shall it thrive on the earth and then pass away? Should it assume national sloth, endure for a time and then remain forgotten?

The power of a nation, even more than any political, economic or territorial considerations, is rooted in its ability to **expand.** Its destiny is bound up in its capacity to increase, and when that capacity ceases, woe to that nation in its future generations.

The price of expansion may be difficult to meet but if there be any value either in individual life or in national life, that value is attained by living that life to its greatest possibilities that in the end it may be said that its purpose has been fully achieved.

The nation that is not willing to bear the burdens and face the hardships of expansion is living a useless national existence.

Italy takes her place today on the threshold of a new era, wherein she will surely and unfailingly assert her potential nationalism and take her place amongst the "nations that expand" and "dare to be great."

There is no standing still; the watchword of expansion has permeated the soul of our people and a united nation is in motion to reestablish its rightful claim to empire.

Italy must expand in order to fortify her position amongst the other European powers. What if the birth rate of the other nations is decreasing? They have already a much stronger position than Italy.

Italy, of all the European nations, is the one nation which is alive to the dangers of national decadence. The backbone of Italy has stiffened against any threat of national suicide.

The trend of decrease, which had begun to show itself, has turned, and evidences are appearing on every hand that the Italian nation will continue to hold its place with increasingly greater resolution.

Italy of the twentieth century is the Italy that will expand, that will live and hand to posterity a glorious heritage. We have the century before us and while other nations are content to recline on the accumulated riches which the ardor and vigor of their ancestors brought them, or to repose in their splendid traditions and glorious past, handed down to them by their hardier forbears, we forge ahead facing the future with incorruptible faith in our destiny, imbued with the burning ardor that as a nation it was worth while to have lived and to have created a place and civilization worthy of a great people.

We have but commenced.

Benito Mussolini

By Irvin S. Cobb

"Ole Miss"

In which Judge Priest observes a change in the course of Nature

Not until Judge Priest resigned—and that was after the Volstead bill had been enacted and he was well on past his eightieth birthday but still quite spry, age and weight considered—did the masses of his recent constituents begin to realize how efficient a political dictator he had been.

Here became manifest a curious thing: For upwards of forty years this man had been making slates and running conventions and guiding elections, and nobody, it seemed, except a few discreet lieutenants had known much about it. Indeed, his retirement to private life dated back several months before it was apparent that his hold on his home county and, to a lesser degree, on his judicial district and his Congressional district had been as certain as, in the main, it had been unsuspected.

Still, his had been almost altogether a one-man machine, a beneficent single-handed despotism. He headed no visibly functioning organization. Excepting from the bench in the pursuance of his duties, he rarely made speeches. Even on those infrequent occasions when he had opposition for renomination to succeed himself, he was amply content to ride about the country in his old side-bar buggy, taking potluck at some farmhouse, halting by some roadside for a confab with any ruralist who at the sound of the judge's falsetto hail had come hurrying forth from his tobacco barn or across his corn rows or through his truck patch.

"Yes, Jim," the judge would be saying presently, "it looks like I've got a hard tussle ahead of me this time, it most shorely does. That boy's makin' a strong fight; I have to admit that. I wouldn't dare take the stump ag'in' him. He's a spellbinder and a silver-tongue frum away back, whereas I ain't got the gift of language. So I'm doin' whut I've always done before when I had a race on my hands—jest joggin' round visitin' with the folks and distributin' a few campaignin' cards."

"You mout pass me out one of them cards whilst you're about it," the resident would say. "Fur a keepsake, sort of—to stick up over the chimney jamb ez evi*dence* of my senti*ments*. I ain't needin' no reminder to make me vote fur you, jedge. Me, nor my boys, neither. We're fur you, world without end!"

"Is that so?" the old man would wheeze. "Well, thanky, Jim. Mebbe I'd better deal you a full deck of them cards—ef you'd care to pass 'em round amongst the neighbors. Even ef I am beat I'd like to make ez good a showin' ez possible and 'specially in this precinct."

A mile or so along, it would be something like this: "Tell me, son, don't old man Timothy Sheffield live up this here lane a piece further on?"

"Yas, suh, about a long half or a short three-quarters."

"I thought so. I aim to drop in on him. Me and him rode together and fit together under old Bedford Forrest. Let's see, now, son, wuzn't your late lamented daddy in Forrest's command, too?"

"I'll so state." This with pride.

"I seem to remember him ez a mouty gallant trooper. He came frum down acrost the Tennessee line, didn't he? Ah-hah, I thought so. And your mother wuz a Tuckerman of the well-known family of that name in this county, wuzn't she?"

"She shorely wuz, suh. Amelia Tuckerman wuz her maiden name."

"Well, well, well! I knowed Amelia Tuckerman ez a young girl—sweet girl she wuz, and purty ez a picture, too. You favor her, I see. Well, son, I'm glad I met up with you. To me, it's been almost like meetin' kinfolks. But I better be pushin' along. I'm sort of countin' on imposin' on old Timmy Sheffield fur dinner."

"Where're you figgerin' on eatin' supper, suh?"

"**Well,** I'll be prowlin' through this creek bottom sort of 'lectioneerin' till 'long towards sunset. It mout be I'll git back by this way about feedin' time."

"We'd set big store by it—my wife and me—ef you'd be with us fur a meal of vittles tonight."

"Well, now, son, that mout be done. Ez I recall, your dear mother made the best sweet peach-pickles that ever wuz. I don't know how 'twuz she got that particular spicy flavor into 'em—nobody else could."

"She taught my wife how to do it—yas, suh! Judge Priest, there'll be plenty of pickled peaches on the table tonight."

"Son, that bein' the case, why, you couldn't keep me away with a whole regiment of soldiers."

At another stop Judge Priest would remember to ask So-and-so how his little daughter who got hurt in the runaway year before last had come out of it. Or he would beg to be allowed to see a certain locally famous Spanish jack, the sire of many splendid mule-colts. Or he would talk crops or weather or family connections.

It would seem that he never forgot a face or a name or a historical fact associated with the owner of the face and the name. He knew what elderly woman was a master hand at making rag quilts and, passing her place, would halt to admire—in her hearing—examples of the lady's handiwork where they dangled for airing on a clothesline. He knew which man was esteemed to be the champion ham-curer of the Clark's River section, and would question that genius touching on the intricacies of his art.

"Of course it's got to be a ham off a razorback hawg, to start off with?" Judge Priest would deftly prompt.

"They can't fool you, jedge; I kin tell that. I wouldn't tech it without it wuz a ham off a razorback fed on nuts and oak-mast in the lowlands."

"The kind that the fat ain't spread on in layers but is kind of marbled through the meat—I know."

"You betcher! And you want to start your curin' flame with corncobs and then work into the hickory gradual. And about onc't in so often throw on a few chunks of green sassafras."

"And let her hang there in the smokehouse mellowin' up fur not less'n two years, eh?"

"But three years is better."

"I reckin nobody that'd ever tasted one of your hams could wait longer'n three years."

After that, wild horses couldn't have dragged that gratified specialist away from the polls before he cast at least one ballot for Judge Priest.

And after a while people quit trying to beat Judge Priest out of his job.

For campaigns wherein he had no direct and presumably no selfish concern, the old man employed a different strategy. Here he liked to bide behind the scenes, giving counsel almost with an air of shy timidity but making sure that his seed was falling on fruitful soil.

Since to him, out of all these undercover machinations, no material profit accrued, it would be fair to presume that he played the game for the sheer love of the game, for the fascinating feel of the power and the influence—and, of course, the achievement which resulted when a ticket of his picking carried through.

¶ *"Papa always said that old Judge Priest was the smartest man he ever saw, nearly," the fatherless Sally Lacey told her lover.*

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

Anyhow, the secret battle was always within the ranks of his own party. In that bailiwick in those earlier days, a favorite story was the story of the disgruntled Democrat who turned Republican and nominated himself for an office and ran for that office and made a spirited canvass, and on election day received two votes and that night was arrested for repeating. So the war was always at the primaries or the conventions; since 1870 the general election had been merely a ratification.

Naturally, the judge's paternalistic operations were most potent and most frequently exercised in Red Gravel County, his home county, but on occasion this overseership was broadened to include the two remaining counties of his judicial circuit—Greeley County, lying in the interior away from the abundantly threading waterways, and, farther west, Bland County, which, if so be you saw in the map of Kentucky any fancied resemblance to a roughly outlined foot, was the very tip of the toe of the sock.

For instance, it was in Bland County once upon a time that Judge Priest played a cryptic part in a certain heated race to fill a vacancy in the office of sheriff—a part which it is the purpose of this narrative in some degree to describe.

The occasion of that vacancy was a thing written in tragedy. It was punctuated by pistol shots, was underscored with blood. Funerals were its second chapter. A bitter disputation was its third.

On a genial morning when there was spring in the air and a bluebird or so calling, an old quarrel between one T. J. Lacey and one Oliver Highplace suddenly renewed itself, and when the March wind had carried away the powder smoke, both these men were dying where they dropped.

Lacey was the sheriff, a popular man serving his second term. Highplace was a farmer, a man with the reputation of having an itchy trigger-finger, also a man of substance. They met face to face in front of Lovelace's general store on the main street of Lovelacetown, which was the county seat of Bland. It had been anticipated that such a meeting might beget trouble, which immediately it did.

Whether words passed, no one could say. Whether Highplace first offered to draw was afterwards a moot question; some saying yes, some saying no. There was no doubt about his having fired first. He drew and fired and the other spun about and went sprawling head-forward into a sidewalk display of racks containing garden seed in those gaudy little envelopes. There was red on some of these envelopes—bright red for tomatoes and dark red indicating beet seed—and in a minute some of them were redder still.

Seemingly, Highplace was satisfied that his one shot had been enough for his purpose. His enemy lay there among the overturned racks, back up, legs twitching, trunk heaving feebly. Highplace swung away and started off.

At that and slowly, the stricken man got on his elbows and knees and twisted himself over and sat up, and braced himself on his stiffened left arm, and with his right hand brought his revolver from its shoulder holster under the flap of an unbuttoned waistcoat and leveled it, its muzzle nodding like a little sleepy thing.

A bystander cried out then, a sharp involuntary cry of warning, and Highplace looked over his shoulder and turned. At forty feet, the sheriff's bullet took him squarely in the throat and he dropped his own gun and now it was his turn to whirl violently around. He stooped and with both hands grasped the palings of a fence and when they got to him, people running up from every side now, he was in a squatted posture, still gripping two of the whitewashed pickets, and he peering between them, a curious querulous look on his face.

That soon, though, he already was dead. They had to pry his fingers loose. But Lacey passed out with his head in his daughter's arms, she at the sound of the shooting having come running out of Lovelace's where she clerked. Just a minute before it all started her father had been in there, talking with her.

So that was how the vacancy occurred, and three weeks later, when Judge Priest and Commonwealth's Attorney Jerome Flournoy came to town, the judge to sit in circuit court and Mr. Flournoy to prosecute for the state, this situation had grown out of the double killing: The sweetheart of the late sheriff's daughter, a young fellow named Emery Holt, was an announced entry for the nomination to succeed to the post, and the only other candidate was the late Highplace's younger brother Jason Highplace, who already had declared his intentions. And that, as the political

Even when he had opposition for renomination to succeed himself, Judge Priest rarely made speeches. "I'm just joggin' round visitin' with the folks and distributin' a few campaignin' cards," he would say.

wiseacres of Bland County agreed, was certainly a complication and one fraught with dangerous possibilities.

That pestered gentleman Mr. Wyatt Penny, chairman of the Democratic County Committee, lost little time in seeking a private conference with Judge Priest. They sat together in the judge's room on the second floor of the Bardlow House, and from the window could look over the way to that same fence whose palings one of the duelists had clutched while he passed out.

"It's a tough proposition to wrastle with we've got here, judge," said Mr. Penny, "and no matter which way the cat jumps there's bound to be hard feelin' and maybe there'll be downright trouble. The way things are, you could get a regular feud started up mighty easy.

"There's a big connection of these Highplaces scattered all over this stretch of country, as you know, and they're a clannish and a spiteful outfit." (By "spiteful" Mr. Penny meant "tempery.") "Tom Lacey didn't have many kinsfolks but those he did have are a spunky lot. Get one of 'em overhet and he's liable to start cuttin' and shootin' both at the same time.

"And both sides are actin' like they want to make a family issue out of this thing. Jase Highplace is runnin' to vindicate Ollie's name. He's as good as sayin' so. If he wins—and he's liable to win, havin' money to spend and a strong personal followin'—he claims it'll be proof that Ollie didn't start the row but pulled down on Tom Lacey in self-defense.

"**On the** other hand, it'll mean a heap to Emery Holt—and a whole heap more to Sally Lacey—if Holt should win. Tom Lacey wasn't the savin' kind. Exceptin' his good name, he didn't leave much to Sally besides debts, his little home place mortgaged right up to the hilt and all. When the estate's cleaned up she won't have but mighty little to live on.

"That's one thing. Here's another that makes a big appeal to me: Her and Emery Holt are powerfully in love with each other. They'd like to get married the worst way. And unless the youngster should win the race they won't be able to do so, not for a long time, anyhow, and maybe not ever. He practically ain't got a red cent to put up for his campaignin', which is where there's a big handicap against him because the Highplaces are willin' to spend money a-plenty.

"Come right down to cases, judge, this Holt boy has just about got two things to depend on and only two—the fact that he's well thought (*Continued on page 112*)

In EUROPE with
those Honeymooners—
Early and Nanny

FOREIGN

David Robinson's

Travel broadens one. It rounds one out. The broadening and rounding, as well as the flattening, process is at its best in Paris night clubs.

Here you pay for nothing less than champagne and learn to dance up and down instead of round and round as the tables stealthily filch the dancing space. For this a mysterious tax is added to your other taxes; but if your irate French is fluent enough, the English-speaking head waiter will cross it off your bill. French arithmetic is indeed confusing to American tourists.

ENTANGLEMENTS

Romance in Pictures

But it's worth it. You can drink in peace by hiring a gigolo to dance with friend wife. So why worry?

"I'm not worrying," says Nancy. "I'm just thinking."

"Thinking and worrying—same thing," says Alan.

"No, darling, not if you're used to thinking," says she. An unintentional slam. Nancy is not herself these days. The future generation is on her mind . . .

Next month's picture is another impression of Americans "Seeing Europe"—then home.

He *was a* STRANGER *in Hollywood— No wonder he thought he*

As Hollywood's favorite philosopher, I had won an enviable place in the hearts of my fellow citizens, but it was my position as Czar of the Barco Murder Case that brought me to the notice of the outside world (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss). My connection with this dreadful affair (Cal Barco had murdered seven women) came through my interest in Viola Lake, the little movie queen, and my efforts to protect her from the vitriolic pen of that unfeeling newspaperman, Lansing Marshall.

It was because of Mrs. Geiger, Viola's one-time housekeeper, who was one of Barco's victims, that the shadow of scandal hovered over the little film star. While she was in Viola's employ Mrs. Geiger had kept a diary which might reveal to the world that the beautiful young motion-picture actress was a drug addict, and this diary was now in the hands of the district attorney! Bravely I resolved to stop at nothing in my fight to save the poor child.

Under my influence, on the very first day of my czarship, Viola drew a packet of the drug from her stocking and in front of Goldmark, her employer, threw it away. And at my request she permitted us to send for her aunt, Miss Minnie Horsefeather, to chaperon her. It was thus that we learned Viola Lake's real name was *Ruby Horsefeather*—a fact which caused Goldmark much anguish. But when I pointed out that though the name sounded peculiar, it also sounded *real* and *honest*, he was amazed at my ability to find, in any cloud, a spot of silver lining.

So matters stood on the opening day of the Barco Murder Trial, which broke over Hollywood, sunny as usual.

Bright and early, I arrived at the court room and tasted for the first time the deference which the czarship was to bring me. A special desk and chair had been arranged for me, and I was told to ask freely for any amount of assistance I desired from the polite court-room attendants.

Then, quite naturally, I had to go back into the yard behind the jail and pose for photographs for the newspapers.

By a quarter to ten the court room began to fill up—it seemed as if half of Hollywood was filing in.

Lansing Marshall arrived—Hollywood's enemy—who was sure to turn everything which occurred into something detrimental to Hollywood, if he could. Well—let him try! For *I* was there to protect our city's name.

Mother came in and was courteously shown to a chair in the center front. Naturally I went over to greet her, causing some little flurry of interest among those already seated.

Then the newspaper boys noted us and, as I had feared, insisted that Mother and I repair to the yard to be photographed together.

On our way out I was astounded to see Viola Lake entering the doorway, for I had told her not to come near the trial until called as a witness.

"Viola!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Elmer," she said, "I didn't want to come! But Auntie Minnie got in night before last from Manitoba."

"Yes? Well?" I asked.

"Auntie Minnie *would* come to the trial, and I didn't dare let her out alone!"

"But why?" I asked.

"Elmer," said Viola, her face flooded with worry, "I'm afraid we're going to have trouble with Auntie Minnie.

I was extremely annoyed by Viola's Auntie Minnie tossing Hinkle a rose.

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

More about
ELMER BLISS
and
The Better Things of Life
by
ANITA LOOS

was in Paradise

I let her out yesterday, and she went down to Hollywood Boulevard and got her hair bleached."

"What!" I cried.

Viola nodded worriedly. Then, "S-sh!" she said. "Here's Auntie Minnie now!" And a bright little old lady with dancing brown eyes bobbed up, her cheeks aglow with excitement. Her newly bleached hair provided a most incongruous, not to say disturbing, note in a chaperon.

Viola first introduced her aunt to Mother. She grasped Mother's hand with enthusiasm, but I could sense that Mother stiffened up.

Then, not noting Mother's snub, Miss Horsefeather turned to me, heartily grabbed my hand, and cried out that she didn't *need* an introduction to *"Elmer,"* for Viola talked of nothing else.

Viola gazed up at me with such a look of pathetic appeal that I was in the act of throwing her an answering glance of encouragement and forgiveness, when Mother grabbed me by the arm and jerked me violently away.

"Elmer," said Mother, dragging me toward the photographers, "I hope you'll see no more of that girl than your duties require!"

Now, I had felt this attitude of Mother's accumulating, but unexpressed, ever since she had first heard details of Viola's unhappy past. I scarcely knew how to combat it—woman's inhumanity to woman is something which mere man has never yet found means to mitigate.

We reached the yard where the newspaper camera boys were waiting. While they were trying to figure out something new in the way of mother-and-son poses, I ventured to ask:

"Mother, will you let Viola come to dinner tonight and hear her story?"

"I will *not!*" said Mother, as the newspaper boys, now inspired with an idea, started seating us close together on a bench.

"But Mother," I put in, "that is nothing but prejudice on your part and you know it!"

"Well, she's not going to make a fool out of me, whatever she does to you!" said Mother, as the boys arranged our arms affectionately about each other's neck.

"Don't be bigoted, Mother," I argued. "You don't really know anything about Viola."

"Oh, Elmer, shut up!" exclaimed Mother exasperatingly.

I could not express the answer which arose to my lips, for at that point the boys placed my head on Mother's breast and we had to smile into the cameras.

The latter had scarcely ceased clicking, when a court attendant rushed breathlessly into the yard and called out: "Hurry up, Mr. Bliss. Judge Olah is entering the court!"

So Mother and I had to hurry back into the court room.

We got there just as the judge took his seat and rapped for order.

The Barco Case was open!

My attention was now drawn to the famous defendant, Cal Barco. He was seated at a table with his attorneys, and I was struck with the surprisingly mild and inoffensive appearance of this murderer of seven women! Indeed, the camera boys, who had previously posed him with the various weapons he had used, found his expressions so flat and his attitudes so ineffective that some of the more sensational newspapers actually refused to use the pictures as detrimental to interest in the case.

The morning was spent in selecting a jury. It did not take long, for naturally each and every talesman called was more than anxious to get his little share of the generous limelight of the Barco Case.

After luncheon followed the first testimony, which revealed that the offense which ultimately led to the arrest of Barco was, strangely enough, *not* murder, but the mere theft of an automobile rug.

On February seventeenth Barco, leaving the scene of his seventh murder (of Amelia Cannondale) at Santa Monica, had started to motor to San Diego. Going through Hollywood at the noon hour, he had stopped the murder car near the crowded corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue, and descended to a drug store for a refreshing orange drink.

On starting to walk back toward his car, he noted the sport roadster of Miss Lillian Swan (the motion-picture star) parked by the curb, with an ermine lap rug tossed carelessly across the back seat. Barco walked furtively over to Miss Swan's roadster, guiltily picked up the ermine rug, gazed anxiously up and down the crowded street, then nervously took it over to his own car, tossed it into the back, entered and started for San Diego.

Now, it may seem unbelievable that anyone could steal so large, bulky and *white* an object as an ermine rug at high noontide, on the busiest corner of one of the world's busiest thoroughfares, and not be caught in the act. Yet such had been the case.

One man actually stood at the hood of Miss Swan's car

and watched the theft take place. Yet he had made no move to report it at the time.

This witness, an elderly man by the name of Hinkle, was called to the stand. And as he took his place, one began to sense, as one does at a trial, that his testimony was going to be important to the case.

A quaint type was Hinkle—one of those wrinkled old fellows from the Middle West who come to southern California in the evening of their days to expand in its life-giving sunshine.

He was sworn in, and the prosecuting attorney asked him where he lived.

The old fellow looked a trace confused, thought a moment, and finally spoke, with a quaver. "Mr. Prosecuting Attorney," he said, "I think I live in Paradise!"

Well, this cryptic reply stunned the Court for a moment, but the prosecuting attorney, a man of keen wit, who is never long at a loss for words, now said: "That's a very nice compliment to us as a community, Mr. Hinkle, but what I meant to ask was your street address."

Hinkle now gave his street and number and apologized to the Court for the vagueness of his first reply. Then he started to explain.

"Mr. Prosecuting Attorney," he began, "the reason I said I lived in Paradise is because sometimes I ain't at all sure that I haven't died, and this is Heaven." A murmur of sympathetic curiosity swept over the court room.

"Folks," continued Hinkle, encouraged by this show of interest, "I came out here to southern California two months ago to get away from the heavy winter where I lived back home in Pin Hook, Indiana, and when I got off the train in the dazzling sunshine in the middle of winter, it almost blinded me!

"Why, the glare of the sidewalks was so bright I had to squint, and I thought at first they must be mother-of-pearl, and it seemed so much like what I'd always heard about Heaven, I actually thought I must 'a' died back there in a blizzard in Indiana.

"Well, on my way up from the station, the street car passed a sight that I just couldn't hardly believe. I nearly barked my shins getting down off that car to take another look. And folks, do you know what it was?" (A pause.)

"It was a gigantic billboard," explained Hinkle, his voice aquiver with awe, "advertising a movie called 'The Hollywood Revue.' And it had twenty-four *actual, living, breathing* girls, all posed around artistic in their underwear on the lettering!

"Well," said Hinkle, "I stayed there for a long, long time, just gazing up at them, until one little thing in a pink lace shirt called down and asked me to toss her up a cigaret. So I got kind of confused and thought I'd better be moving along." (Laughter in the court room.)

"But," continued Hinkle, a little annoyed, "them beautiful girls was so much like angels, hovering up there over the street traffic, that I had to pinch myself to believe that I was still on terry firma.

"About that time I begun to be hungry, so I started to look for some place to get myself a snack. And I finally bumped into one of these here cafeterias that was right next door to a movie-picture studio—but I didn't know that at the time.

"I went in the door, and then I stopped. For blamed if that cafeteria wasn't full of more beautiful girls than I had ever even dared to dream of back in Pin Hook, where we only had one that I ever knew about, and she was such a novelty she got a job in a circus. And while I stood there in a stupor, wondering if they mustn't all be angels, the door opened and in walked Napoleon Boneypart! And—well, I *knew* he had died!" (Laughter.)

"And then," continued Hinkle earnestly, "I looked over at a table in a corner and I seen Abraham Lincoln having lunch with Clara Bow. And, thinks I to myself, if anything *could* compensate poor old Abe for the trials he had on earth, it would be Clara Bow—so I guess it's Heaven, all right!" (Laughter in the court room.)

"No, folks," went on Hinkle, "*I'm telling you the truth!* And that afternoon after lunch I got another shock that just about floored me. I was making my way to a cheap hotel I had the address of, when I turned around a corner, and blamed if I didn't see coming down the street, plain as day, robes, beards and all, the Twelve Apostles!

"Well, I begun to git kind of faint standing there watching them go by, laughing and talking, in twos and threes. And maybe I didn't begin to worry in dead earnest if I *hadn't* really passed on to the other side! When I 'came to' a little bit, I sort of wavered into the corner drug store to ask for a drink of water.

"And then I got another shock! For sitting up there at the soda fountain, plain as any picture I ever seen of her, and all covered with jewels, was the Magdalen, having a drink of soda. And sitting beside her was some more beautiful girls in gorgeous robes that I figured out must be her coworkers. Well, they drink their soda water while I'm standing there gasping, and then they all troop out and up the street after the Twelve Apostles.

"Of course, in due time, I find out that they was only folks taking part in the Passion Play the citizens hold every year, in a big outdoor theater they built up a gulley, that's responsible for the spread of the living Gospel in Hollywood. And I soon got used to seeing them Passion Play actors all over the place, but I don't mind telling you that the first sight of them was a terrible shock to a fellow in my state of mind!

"I was still more or less shaky by night-time, when I wandered uptown to see what I could see. And I came to a beautiful glittering building that's got more architecture jammed onto it than any I ever see in all my life, and I've been to Coney Island! I thought at first it must be the entrance to the Pearly Gate itself, but I found out it was only one of Sid Grauman's movie

The High Cost *of* Keeping Clean

SOME day I'm going to attempt to figure out what proportion of one's income must be spent just in trying to keep clean.

The most costly room in the average home is the bathroom. A big part of our taxes goes for sewers and clean streets.

No equally small surface in the world is the subject of so much expense for scrubbing and polishing as the teeth. Costs of advertising tooth-cleaning preparations run into millions of dollars each year.

The same is true of soap. Laundry bills are an important item in every household. In short, life is a constant struggle against the forces of dirt.

True, in many respects our fight is carried on with noteworthy stupidity and inefficiency.

Much of our clothing is unwashable, because of the need of wearing articles of more expensive design and material than washable goods, to meet demands of fashion.

However, while we might be more cleanly than we are, a vast industrial army is constantly at work, at a daily cost of millions of dollars, trying to keep ahead of dirt.

With the spread of industrial centers this army, of course, becomes greater each year, for such places mean soot, grime, congestion and perspiration.

But while it is costly, cleanliness is worth the price.

Cleanliness is civilization. It is decency. I'm half inclined to coin a phrase and say that cleanliness is next to godliness.

FRED C. KELLY

palaces, so I bought myself a ticket for twenty-five cents and I went in the lobby.

"And blamed if the lobby hasn't got even more architecture stuck onto it than the outside—and all different kinds, at that! Gorgeous Assyrian lions is standing on Queen Anne pedestals, with that famous World War motto carved over their heads, 'They Shall Not Pass.' Why, it just jerks you clear through Art and History, right at one clip.

"Well, I was standing there in a daze, when some other customers came up behind me and pushed me into the theater. And while I'm trying to get my bearings there in the dark, the most beautiful blonde I ever saw floats up to me, dressed in a grass skirt, *à la* Hawaiian, with an electric bulb concealed in her bosom that throws a spotlight smack into her beautiful face. And blamed if she don't say, 'Follow me!' *So I followed!*" (Laughter.)

"But she only takes me to a seat, because she ain't nothing but an usherette! And there's a dozen or so more of them, just as blond and beautiful, with their faces lighted up by electricity, so that a fellow can't hardly look at the movie!

"'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'nothing on *Earth* could be as gorgeous as this is! The first touch of mother-of-pearl, and I'll *know* it's Heaven!'

"Well," continued Hinkle, "the movie that night was about father love, which is just as beautiful as mother love, if you know how to tackle it like they do here in Hollywood, with plenty of hard times and Sonny Boy sick as a pup, with hardly no chance to pull through. However, it ended happy at last. But when I got up to go out, I felt kind of dizzy.

"I staggered up the aisle, and drifted into a place I found out later was only the gents' retiring room, but I didn't realize it then, because I'd been used to the kind we have in Pin Hook. And this here place was all pink satin clouds with angels hovering around on the ceiling. The furniture was solid gold, and the ash trays was pure white alabaster.

"And then, folks, I had to rub my eyes and look twice, for blamed if the cuspidors wasn't *mother-of-pearl!* 'That settles it,' said I. 'It's Heaven!'

"And I want to tell the Court here and now that I ain't never going back to Pin Hook, 'cause I've bought myself a home in this here Paradise, *and here I stay!*"

Well, the quaint old fellow's tribute to southern California was too sincere and convincing not to have official recognition. The district attorney arose, awaited a lull in the applause, and finally said:

"I, personally, feel that Mr. Hinkle ought to be commended officially on his testimony. Does anyone wish to second the motion?"

At this point Lansing Marshall jumped to his feet and, strange as it may seem, he made a charming little speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should like to second the motion. But before doing so, I wish first to say to Mr. Hinkle that, if there are still left in his mind any traces of doubt as to whether this *is* Heaven, I advise him to attend the Annual Picnics of the Indiana Society, the Iowa Society and the Kansas Society, where he will have the thrill of meeting thousands upon thousands of residents of southern California, all exactly like himself, of the same mental caliber, aspirations, religious ideals, and appreciation of the Arts. Such a swarm of them that they have given civic life here its predominant tone and color.

"And Mr. Hinkle," continued Marshall, addressing the witness, "if, when among those seething thousands of your very counter-self, you do not feel that this actually *is* Heaven—then, Mr. Hinkle, all I've got to say is that you are criticizing the handiwork of your everlasting Maker!

"I SECOND THE MOTION!"

Marshall sat and the motion passed in due order amid general cheers.

Hinkle, now a little "puffed up" over the honors which had been heaped upon him, started to go off on a tangent of thanks to the Court, but the judge rapped for order and directed the prosecuting attorney to proceed with the case.

The prosecuting attorney now said to the witness: "Mr. Hinkle, you stood and watched the defendant, Cal Barco, steal an ermine rug worth five thousand dollars out of Miss Swan's sport roadster?"

"Yes, sir, I did," admitted Hinkle.

"And you did nothing about it?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"No, sir," answered Hinkle, beginning to worry.

It *was* a pretty damaging admission, and by now the quaint old fellow held so warm a place in the hearts of us all that some little suspense began to grow up as to his position in the matter.

"And yet," pursued the prosecuting attorney, "you must have known that the auto belonged to Miss Swan, as it has her name, address and telephone number in luminous paint on the door."

"Yes, sir," murmured Hinkle.

"Now," said the prosecuting attorney, "can you explain to the Court your negligence in not reporting this theft?"

Hinkle remained silent a moment as if in a daze. Then finally his senses seemed to rally. He squared his shoulders and launched into a defense of his actions.

"Mr. Prosecuting Attorney," he began, "I'll tell you why I didn't pay much attention when I seen that auto rug get stolen! I'd been standing there on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue for about an hour, watching the sights go by. The first thing that struck me was seeing two automobile trucks speeding down the boulevard at a good clip, with the sawed-off half of a fair-sized furnished house on each one of them! And it was sort of flabbergasting.

"Why, when we move a house in Indiana, we do it in one piece, and it ain't no fun! But this here family was *inside* the house, giving a going-away party to friends, while their home was being whisked along from Glendale to Venice. It fair staggered me.

"And I ain't no more than half recovered when I see, coming down the street, a fellow who's the living spit of Mussolini. So I begin to look him over with interest, and then I begin to think I'm seeing double, because another Mussolini suddenly appears. Then blamed if I don't look down Hollywood Boulevard and there's a whole string of Mussolinis coming down the street!

"Well, I think I've gone plumb daffy, till a fellow that's standing near by tells me some movie director that's making an Italian picture has advertised for a Mussolini. But it's very amazing, just the same.

"And then I begin to realize that some movie-picture company is taking traffic pictures, with a cross-eyed traffic cop. And it causes me no end of confusion, 'cause I can't figure out which is the boney-fide accidents and which is not.

"And about this time all the famous film stars begin to arrive at the Embassy Club for lunch, and seeing so many famous people I ain't never seen before, except away off on the screen, is like seeing a ghost story with the ghosts suddenly coming to life before your very eyes. And as I'm standing there dazed, the little breath I've got is knocked out of me when I see an automobile go by and in it was actually sitting *Greta Garbo!*

"And so, when I notice this here Mr. Barco steal that ermine rug, it's come to lose its sense of proportion, so to speak, and I don't even pay it a second thought. In Pin Hook I'd 'a' yelled for the sheriff. But in Hollywood a fellow feels that a thing like larceny is sort of humdrum.

"That's why I didn't tell the policeman on the corner. And anyway, I didn't know whether he *was* a policeman or only a movie actor, so I let the matter go! That's the whole story from A to Z, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney, and you can do what you like with me!"

We all leaned forward, breathless. The prosecuting attorney finally spoke. "Explanation accepted. Witness excused!"

A loud round of applause greeted Hinkle's vindication. Highly relieved, he smiled broadly and started in to nod his thanks to one and all.

But I was extremely annoyed at this point by Viola's Auntie Minnie standing on her chair and tossing Hinkle a rose. It not only pushed Miss Horsefeather into the limelight, but it attracted attention toward Viola herself, and I began to sense that the chaperonage we had counted on from her aunt was not going to be all that might be desired.

Hinkle left the stand, and of course was taken out to pose for the newspapers.

By this time the old fellow's head had begun to swell, and he was "acting all over the place," as the saying goes. I was "tipped off" that the newspaper boys were getting him to substitute for Barco in a series of murder attitudes with a fire ax. So I hurried out and stopped them—my first act as Czar being to prevent sensationalism entering the case.

Of course, poor old Hinkle was bitterly disappointed, but his disappointment was more than appeased when a scout for a big producer suddenly appeared and arranged with him for a picture test.

When I got back, court had been adjourned for the day, with Lillian Swan's chauffeur to be called to the stand the next morning.

However, all thoughts of my accompanying Mother home for the evening meal had now fled. My duties had taken an unforeseen turn, for advice and warning must be given Viola's chaperon *at once*.

I went to Viola and told her that she and her aunt had better dine with me for a conference. Both accepted with pleasure.

I sought out Mother to ask if she wished to accompany us. She did not.

"And I want to warn you, Elmer, for your own good," declared Mother irritatingly, "that it's not going to be any great help to this case for its Czar to be seen in public gazing into the eyes of a foolish little blonde whose testimony is likely to crowd the seven murders of Cal Barco right out of the headlines!"

"Oh, Mother, that is too absurd!"

"Just remember I've warned you," said Mother. "That's all!" Mother turned and flounced out of the court room.

Some way, I did not like her implication. Could it be possible that the world at large would misunderstand, as Mother did, the pure relationship which was blossoming between Viola and myself?

Would it, perhaps, be safer for the czarship, if Viola and I held conference only in seclusion?

Would it, perhaps? Further developments in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

The Eternal Microbe *by Royal Brown* (Continued from page 61)

of the fifth day of Nancy's stay. It was perfect. A table for two had been set on a terrace overlooking the sea. Another memory to take back to Slogan City, Nancy might have said. The rest of the summer was going to be dull, she realized.

This was all so different. It was like a play. Or almost like being in a novel. Even Pat. He didn't work at anything, just played tennis. He had a line, but he didn't marry. The first man of that sort, certainly, she had ever met outside the pages of a novel.

"It's all so lovely," she murmured. "It makes my part of the United States look insipid. The West may be golden but Slogan City isn't—very."

"You are coming back East for college this fall?" he asked.

Nancy nodded.

"What are you going to do after college?" he added.

"I wish I knew," she answered. "It isn't the easiest thing for a girl to get something. A man——"

"Can pick and choose," filled in Pat. His lips twisted wryly. "Or can he?"

"But you don't have to work, anyway," ventured Nancy.

"I live not by the sweat of my brow but the sweat of my paternal grandfather's," he acknowledged. "Who, I suppose, turns over in his grave at the thought of me. He believed in the gospel of hard work."

"Fortunately for you," said Nancy.

"Do you really think so?"

Nancy didn't, of course. Slogan City standards again. But she was saved the embarrassment of saying so.

"The trouble with me, I suppose, is that I can theoretically pick and choose a job," Pat was saying. "I've never had to hustle for one. If I had inherited a business I would have stepped into it. But I inherited bonds. And one doesn't step into bonds, although in a way I did. I tried selling them for a while."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much. It was just after college, and everybody I knew seemed to be selling bonds. When I went after a prospect it was like a college reunion. The picking wasn't so awfully good for anybody, and—well, some of the others *had* to sell bonds to live. I didn't." He grinned ruefully. "And so I didn't sell many."

"But there are other things besides bonds," Nancy suggested.

"I know. I've tried several. Advertising, for instance; writing copy."

"What was the matter with that?"

"My warped sense of humor," he replied. "It seemed to me a farce they were all playing with deadly seriousness. I don't mean advertising itself, but the way they went at it. It seemed to my untutored mind that all that was necessary was to find out how good an article was, and then tell the world about it. But, believe me, that's only the beginning. There's psychology and atmosphere and a whole lot of stuff that seemed like bunk to me.

"I tried to play the game their way, though, until I was put to work on some copy for a mouth wash. The stuff was all right and I thought the copy was. But it wasn't. It lacked something. Guess what."

Nancy couldn't.

"Sex appeal," he told her grimly. "You've got to have that in everything nowadays. No matter what you're advertising, the thing to do is to work in a girl who looks like Miss America. You must have noticed it."

Nancy had. "Still, they are experts and they've studied it."

"They certainly have. They can tell you just what the average consumer is, and how he reacts. Well, maybe I'm not an average consumer. But I do buy things. And so far as advertising is concerned, if somebody should advertise an automobile, for instance, and say, 'This isn't a five-thousand-dollar car for one thousand but it's as good a car as we can build for one thousand and stay in business. Come around and look it over,' I'd be tempted to do just that. It would at least sound like sense to me."

Nancy saw his point and did not disagree with it. Yet there was something in her mind that could not be put into words. Slogan City stuff. Suppose she should return home and announce that she was engaged to a man like Pat who just played tennis. "Father would have apoplexy," she realized.

In Slogan City men worked. Her father would have been ashamed not to work when he was Pat's age, no matter how much money he had. This was in her mind, when:

"Isn't there anything you'd like to do—except tennis?" she asked.

"I should like very much to feel that I was doing something that you approved of," he said deliberately.

Nancy blushed beautifully. But he saved her from even a momentary awkwardness by signaling the waiter. He glanced at the check and placed some bills with it. Then he turned to Nancy, smilingly. "Shall we move on?"

She acquiesced. As they drove he talked casually of many things all the way to the Taylors'. Then he brought his car to a standstill.

"Aren't you coming in?" asked Nancy.

"Not tonight," he said.

He did not explain. But Nancy did not stir. She had the feeling that they had come closer tonight than they ever would again unless——

"Is—is this part of your usual line?" she heard herself asking in a voice that sounded odd even to her.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Oh, love them and leave them," said Nancy recklessly.

It was the sort of thing that might be said lightly, flippantly. That had been her intention. As it came out it sounded horribly flat. She felt her cheeks burn.

"I'd better go," she announced. "I—good night." She would have slipped out of the car but he caught her.

"It's not been a line at all, not from the start," he was saying, almost savagely.

"Well, what was it, then?" she asked.

"I wish I had the right to tell you," he said. "If I were in any way worthy of you!"

"Don't be silly! It's no question of being worthy of *me*. I'm not anything much. But I *do* think you could do something better than just play tennis."

"I feel that way myself," he admitted. "Some before I met you—terribly since. Because I knew you wouldn't be satisfied with——"

"You must be awfully gone to think *I'm* anything special," she protested.

This time his arm went swiftly around her. Somehow her head was on his shoulder. She shut her eyes—and her mouth. Quickly. And just in time.

Presently he spoke. "That wasn't fair. I haven't the right to—yet. But I couldn't help it."

"Neither could I," said Nancy.

"You darling!" he breathed. Then, his eyes adoring her, he went on, "I believe the usual thing to say is that I'd sweep streets or something like that for you. And I would, but perhaps I can get something better than that."

"I know you will," she prophesied. "Something you'll like, too."

It was after midnight when Nancy finally went in. She hoped she would not meet Estelle. She knew she must look like an angel whose wings had been all torn off. An angel, in fact, whose hat was a bit off-side and whose hair was rumpled. A very rosy angel, she might have added, could she have seen herself stealing in.

Estelle did. But she was not satiric. She had a telegram for Nancy. "It came for you just before dinner," she said.

Nancy took it. It must be from home and she felt foreboding.

Your father has just had stroke we hope for best but doctor advised wiring you

"Not bad news, I hope," said Estelle.

Nancy handed her the wire. "Could somebody drive me to New York?"

Somebody did. In New York she had to wait for a train and she hastily wrote Pat, enclosing the telegram.

In Chicago there was a wait between trains and she got her mother on the long-distance.

"He's resting comfortably but his whole right side is paralyzed," her mother's voice said. "He's conscious, but he's worrying about the August sale."

The August sale! Nancy could remember that annual event from earliest childhood. It was a yearly Rubicon to be crossed. Her father always wrote the ads himself, toiling over them incessantly.

Yet they never varied much from year to year. Not even the heading:

OUR ANNUAL AUGUST SALE

And then something about "Greatest in Our History. Prices Slashed. Unsurpassed Values. The Opportunity of a Lifetime."

Then a page of such items as "$275 Three-piece Mohair Living-room Suite—a bargain at $169. Odd lots of Dinner Sets at ½ Price. $75 Solid-mahogany Poster Beds at $39.50," and so on. The beating of a feeble drum to arouse Slogan City to action.

And now her father was worrying about that!

"I could almost write them myself if he'd let me," thought Nancy, as the train took her on toward her destination.

SLOGAN CITY! The train came to a pause at the familiar station. The porter assisted her from the car. And:

"Pat!" she gasped.

Her eyes were at their widest. It was like seeing a ghost. Why, Pat—*Pat* was back on Long Island. She had been reckoning that she couldn't hope for an answer to her letter for a day or two unless he wired. Yet here he was.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"Chartered a plane and flew," he explained, taking her bag and hailing a taxi.

"Oh, I never thought of that."

But it was sweet to have him here! In the taxi her fingers clung to his.

"That was *my* idea of it," he commented. "One of the times when a fellow needs a friend."

"Have you been to the house?"

Pat nodded. "Last night and again

... and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother? ... No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that this bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? ... Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing. Dad's shirts will last longer now. Junior'll get more mileage from his rompers.. Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift — even if you're not a Christmas gift!

• • •

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now ...

FELS-NAPTHA HAS A GIFT FOR *YOU!*

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Send only four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Write to-day! © 1930, FELS & CO.

C.—12-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

this morning. Your father is better. All he needs now is a complete rest."

"And that is the one thing he won't take, ever," mourned Nancy. "Mother said he was worrying about the August sale, even now."

Pat hesitated a moment. "I don't think he is so much—*now*. I told him I was an advertising man and——"

"You didn't!" gasped Nancy.

"But I *was*," Pat reminded her.

"You mean that Father is going to let you write the advertising? Why, he never in his life let anybody else!"

"You don't know how persuasive I can be—sometimes," put in Pat.

Nancy blushed. "I suspect I do," she retorted. "But weren't they surprised to see you? How did you explain?"

"I didn't have to—much," Pat grinned. "Your mother seemed to think it wasn't so unnatural that, having met *you*, I should fly half across the country to offer assistance. And why not?"

Nancy blushed again, then realized she was home. "You're so sweet!" she murmured, with a rush of feeling. And as Pat did not dismiss the driver, she added quickly: "Aren't you coming in?"

He shook his head. "I'm going back to the store. I've got the ads to write. The sale starts Monday, you know."

And this was Saturday.

"But I'll see you soon?"

"Try to escape me!" he suggested.

Nancy's mother was at the door. "Oh, Nancy!" she sobbed. "It's just that it's been such a terrible strain," she explained presently, wiping her eyes.

"I know. Can I see Father?" asked Nancy.

Tears again filled her mother's eyes. "He won't be able to see you," she warned Nancy. "He's not blind, but something has happened to his eyes. It's only temporary, the doctor says, but——"

Her father was in bed. He had always seemed old to Nancy; the type that ages young. And now——

"It's Nancy," fluttered her mother.

His expression hardly changed. He had never been an emotional man. But as Nancy came to the bed his left hand moved a little. As she took it in hers and impulsively kissed it she was surprised at the vigor with which he held on to her. She realized a great deal in that second. It sent her to her knees beside the bed, her cheek against his hand.

Later she had another talk with her mother.

"The doctor wants us to go to California for the winter," her mother announced worriedly. "But I'm so afraid your father won't. Business hasn't been doing so well of late years——"

"And yet you sent me to college, gave me everything," broke in Nancy.

"Your father was set on that. I don't think anything could have changed him."

It was after seven when Pat arrived. "I've rented a car and I'm taking you out for a little ride," he announced.

"Have you written the ad?" asked Nancy, as they drove off.

"It will be in tomorrow's paper," he assured her.

"Oh, I thought you might bring me a copy of it."

Pat grinned. "Like a proud parent exhibiting his offspring?" he suggested. "Not tonight. I'm a tired business man and I didn't bring you out to talk shop."

Nor was he in any mood to. This had been his first experience with a furniture store. And he felt that it was not to be wondered at that a man who had spent his life in one should end up with a stroke. Furniture in a home might be cheerful but in the mass it had struck him as curiously depressing.

"A cross between a cemetery and an orphan asylum," had been his first impression.

The man temporarily in charge might have been the first gravedigger in "Hamlet." "Business has been very poor for several years now," he assured Pat.

"What's the matter? Aren't people still buying furniture?"

"They're buying automobiles more," replied the manager dolefully.

"Well, the majority aren't living in them yet. They must buy some furniture. How did the sale go last August?"

"Poorly, very poorly."

Pat could understand that, anyway. He felt that a furniture store was not the place anybody would visit unless he definitely wanted furniture. As for an August sale—well, Pat could not blame the citizens of Slogan City for not feeling furniture-conscious on such dog days.

"And try to give *this* stuff sex appeal," he mused. "Even a flock of Miss Americas wouldn't help. People might come but they'd look at the girls, and the big idea is to have them look at the furniture."

Meanwhile, he himself was doomed to look at it. Piece by piece. The manager took him from one floor to another.

"These were offered last year," he announced dismally, stopping before a pair of Provençal oak dressers. "We'll never sell them. I don't know why Mr. Pray ever bought them."

"That makes it unanimous," said Pat—but to himself.

This was the sort of stuff he was supposed to make Slogan City clamor for. After luncheon he settled himself to that Herculean task. Copies of the announcements of August sales in other years had been brought to him. He thrust them aside. There was no inspiration in them, no record even of past successes. He was desperate. What Henry Pray and Son—the original Pray being long dead and the son suffering from a stroke—needed was a miracle. And Pat had no miracles in stock at the moment.

"I wonder if it would be any harder to write an ad for an August sale of gravestones," he murmured.

An ad, that is, that would pull people in—make them want to see the gravestones. Of course, he meant the furniture. Something that——

He came to his feet with a bang. An idea had hit him. A mad idea, but at six o'clock his ad was written. He had worked harder over it than he had ever worked over anything before in his life. But he did not care to discuss that ad with Nancy yet. And he had a bad moment when Nancy remarked wistfully:

"Perhaps if the August sale *should* come out well Father would go to California. The doctor doesn't say so, but I think he fears a second shock."

It struck Pat then that Henry Pray might get a second shock very soon unless he bestirred himself. "I suppose your father will want to know what the ad is like," he suggested.

"If you knew Father as well as I do you wouldn't ask," she replied. "What have you up your sleeve, anyway?"

"You talk as if I were a magician," he protested. "I need to be, at that, but it's not up my sleeve. It's being put into type. And I'll come around in the morning and go over the ad with your father myself." Before she could speak, he added swiftly: "*Please* let's forget business now."

They did. But it was not after midnight when Nancy returned home. Not in Slogan City.

There was but one Sunday paper published in Slogan City and everybody read it. It was delivered at the Pray home before breakfast and Nancy saw it without even a cup of coffee to prepare her for what met her eyes. She blinked and hastily sat on the paper. Her mother was coming.

"Your father seems much better this morning," her mother announced happily.

Pat arrived before they finished breakfast. Nancy saw his roadster stop and slipped from her seat to meet him.

"Oh, Pat!" she protested. "I wish you hadn't written it! That way, I mean."

"Why not?" asked Pat.

"Why, it's enough to give Father another shock. He'll hate it!"

"Then let's not say anything about it to him," suggested Pat. "I've got something different prepared for his special benefit. I'll read it to him and he'll never know the difference."

"But of course he will! Why, everybody will be talking about it!"

Pat eyed her quizzically. "And is *that* such a bad thing?"

"But you practically tell them that——"

Her mother interrupted. "Mr. Pray heard the car; he wanted to know if it was you," she said to Pat. "And he wanted to see you."

Pat gave Nancy's hand a little squeeze. "Don't worry!" he whispered.

As if she could help it!

They went up to her father's room. And there Pat read him something not at all like the copy Nancy had seen. It was something Henry Pray might have written himself. In fact:

"Sounds like my last year's ad," he murmured, almost as if he were disappointed.

Nancy's mother had left the room, to help the maid clear up, probably. Nancy rose swiftly. If her mother had discovered the ad——

Her mother had. "Why, this isn't what Mr. Noyes read to your father," she protested as she glimpsed Nancy.

"He thought it might bother Father," explained Nancy. "It's—it's rather unusual for Slogan City, you see."

Her mother was again studying the ad. The black letters at the top read:

AUGUST AGAIN—AND GOSH HOW WE HATE IT!

Beneath that, in smaller type, was:

Another annual furniture sale! But stop yawning—this is serious. To us, anyway. We don't know who said autumn was the melancholy season but we'll bet it wasn't a furniture dealer.

August is *his* Black Friday: the time when he must check up his stock and try to sell you something—anything. Particularly his mistakes. We all make them, you know.

Perhaps you think you know just what we have to offer. But do you know about our historic relics? We thought not! The list below is only a fraction of what we have to show you.

Every piece has a history, you see. We know it all by heart. Some of them almost break our hearts too.

Then came the list—an eye-arresting list.

"It seems so unusual," murmured Nancy's mother. "This thing about the iron coffee stand, for instance."

Nancy had seen that too. It read:

$49.50 Wrought-iron Coffee Stand, genuine onyx top. This was imported from Italy. We wish the Italians had it back! We thought it choice once

The Loveliest Women in the World... follow Pond's 4 steps to Beauty

TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . . It is the four delightful preparations that keep their skin always flower-like, radiant . . . The Duchess of Marlborough says: "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisite" . . . The Marquise de Polignac exclaims: "I have got the Pond's habit!" . . . Charming Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. is "devoted to the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisite Tissues, the invigorating Tonic" . . . Lady Buchanan-Jardine finds Pond's Method "easy, satisfactory, complete" . . . Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps faithfully followed every day will keep one's skin fresh and clear" . . . Your own experience will prove this . . . Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the pore-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning, the exquisite protection from wind and weather . . . that are essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

POND'S METHOD: 1. For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure; pat in with upward, outward strokes. **2.** Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent—they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white. **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish oiliness, tighten, tone. **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection.

Send 10¢ for Samples of Pond's Four Delightful Preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
112 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

—perhaps you will now. If so, that's your hard luck. It will cost you just $19.85.

"And those Provençal dressers," added her mother. "They were in last year's sale—remember? Your father said they were a rare bargain, but——"

But what Pat had said was:

$37.50 Provençal Oak Dressers. Two only—and, oh, why did we buy them? Take a look at them. If you can stand them you can have one or both for $21.50 each.

There was item after item like that.

$11.75 Mahogany-finished Fernery. We loved it once but it's an eyesore to us now. You take it and look at it for $5.95.

$10.50 Mahogany-finished Magazine Holder. At least that's what we thought it was. But perhaps it's a poultry feeder. If so, class for the chickens and it must be worth $2.98.

$165. Two-piece Bed Davenport set in Jacquard velvet. A customer once said, "It's lovely but more than I want to pay." Where is she? She can have it for $119.

$100 Wardrobe, Canopy Top, walnut veneer. If you don't need a wardrobe, this is big enough for a garage. Think of it—combination wardrobe and garage for $44.50!

This was but the beginning. But before Nancy and her mother got further, Pat appeared.

"Mr. Pray seems to think my efforts aren't original enough," he remarked.

"Original enough!" breathed Nancy. "If he could see this!"

"Let's wait till we can tell him how it works out. The truth is that I'd have followed his copy if results in other years had been satisfactory, but they haven't been."

"Oh, I'm sure you know your business," said Nancy's mother.

Nancy was not so optimistic about that, naturally. But she couldn't discuss it until they were in Pat's car.

"Of course I'm no expert," admitted Pat, then. "But do you think that ad won't be read?"

"It's amusing," Nancy granted. "But it just pokes fun at everything. And if you want to sell things——"

"I certainly do," he told her fervently. "But have you ever considered the psychology of under-advertising?"

Nancy hadn't.

"Put it this way," he suggested. "You hear about somebody who is wonderful. Then you meet him. At first you agree. Then, as time goes on, aren't you apt to find little flaws—things that you wouldn't ever have thought of if the person wasn't supposed to be so wonderful?"

"Y-yes," admitted Nancy.

"On the other hand, suppose you have been told that So-and-so was simply awful. Or just homely, let's say. You may agree to that, too, at first meeting. But in time haven't you found that So-and-so wasn't so bad, after all?"

"Of course. But——"

"Think it over," he interrupted. "Human beings are contrary and they are apt to form their own opinions, no matter what you tell them."

"You mean that you think——"

"I *hope!*" he corrected. "Call me up at ten o'clock tomorrow and I'll know."

Instead, Nancy went to the store herself a little after nine. She had never in her life seen so many people there. But were they customers, or just curious?

Two women stood in front of the wrought-iron coffee stand. Nancy loitered, deliberately eavesdropping.

"I don't think it's bad at all," one was saying. "I saw one just like it in New York last spring. It would just fit between the dining-room windows—and it *is* a great bargain."

And that was a sample of the human psychology that, before the day was ended, was to give Henry Pray and Son the biggest single day's sales total in its history. In August, at that.

"Let's just drop into Pray's a second and look at the things they said those funny things about," was what one woman was saying to another that day.

Few had any intention of buying.

"But coming to scoff they remained to—well, you finish it," suggested Pat with a grin that evening. "The word 'Pray' comes in too pat."

They were again in his car. It was late, because he had had his confession to make to her father. The way the latter had taken that had surprised Nancy. He had always seemed a serious, humorless man. But as he listened, a smile hovered around his wan lips.

"I've often felt like saying something like that myself," he had confessed. "But I never dared to. I only wish there were some way of keeping you here."

Pat had taken Nancy's breath away. "I'll stay on one condition," he promised. "That is, that you go to California and take a real rest."

"But I can't imagine you content in Slogan City," her father had said.

Nor could Nancy. She was thinking of that as Pat drove through the prairie night. Just as they had driven through the Long Island night less than a week before. She had hardly known Pat then; she wondered if she knew him now. He had grown swiftly in her estimation.

She felt humble; she had had so little faith in him. And now——

"I think you're wonderful!" she announced impulsively. "I do. Oh, Pat, how did I ever get you?"

"Get me? It was my impression I got *you*—with considerable effort."

"Not so very much. I fell fast. But I'm scared now, Pat. I never expected you to stay here. Won't you miss Long Island and all your friends?"

"But I've got you."

"I know, but I didn't mean for you to give up everything."

"What do you mean, everything?"

"Well, tennis, for instance."

"I should worry about tennis!"

"That's what you say now. But after a while——"

Four-wheel brakes did their stuff; the car stopped with a jolt.

"Good Lord!" exploded Pat. "Is *that* worrying you? If so, figure it out from another angle. Can't you realize that today has given me the thrill of a lifetime? To see all those people come trooping in—what is tennis compared to that? I don't know this game yet; there's a lot to it and I'm like a tiger that has tasted blood. I begin to see why men refer to their business as a game. Tennis? Say, this game——"

Nancy found her voice. "Oh, Pat! You mean it? You *really do!*"

"A funny taste for Pat Noyes," he admitted, "but I do. And"—his arms tightened about her; he tilted her head back—"even if I didn't, I'd do it for you."

Love is like that. A disease, perhaps; possibly contagious. Perhaps something should be done about it.

On the other hand, what price a serum for it, even if one could be discovered?

The Private Life of Pocahontas (*Continued from page 79*)

Council will decide. You have brought home for us a hard question."

"I meant, shall we lodge her in the jail?"

The governor was startled. "We desire her father's good will," he began.

"Then, since I am to blame for her coming, perhaps my own cabin——"

Mistress Love gave forth a loud and uncomplimentary laugh, which seemed to be intelligible to the crowd.

The governor frowned at her. "We shall ask Master Dale to be her guardian," he said.

Master Dale bowed austerely, but John Rolfe fell to stroking his soft beard.

Pocahontas, meanwhile, was watching the crowd as though she expected someone.

"It will be well," resumed the governor, "for this maiden to continue with us until we have come to settled terms with her father, but she must have such a remembrance of her sojourn as will assure friendship with her people. See to it, all of you, that the accident of her coming hither prove, under Providence, a happy omen for this plantation."

As he spoke the princess' eyes were on him, and he saw the blankness of her gaze.

"She must learn our tongue," he added. "You, Master Rolfe, instruct her."

That was how he became her teacher, and in a month or two her vocabulary was adequate for any intimate or domestic theme. She seemed likely to stay until her mastery of the tongue was complete, for Powhatan and his fiery son made no offer to rescue her, and she disclosed no ambition to go home. Sooner or later she would, of course, but John Rolfe was glad the date remained indefinite.

Her cheerfulness was extraordinary. She was of an expansive temperament. Mistress Herd's two boys ceased to be afraid of her, and she would have assisted them further in their gymnastics, at their own request, had not Master Rolfe explained that decorum was related to the perpendicular. William Love, the tailor, gave her one lesson in sewing, but no more, and since this art made little appeal to her, she never asked why he did not return.

But well in the middle of the second month, the English lessons reached a climax. He had just explained for the twentieth time the difference between "when" and "where." To the princess the spatial and the temporal relations were practically identical.

"'When' for time, 'where' for place," he repeated. "Say that after me."

She said it.

"Good! Now don't make that mistake again."

She leaned forward eagerly. "When—is—he?"

He thought she was trying out the rule. "When is he what?"

She looked troubled. "He—is not—here."

"Oh! In that case you say '*Where* is he.'"

She nodded. "Yes; I say, *Where* is he?"

There could be no mistake—she expected an answer.

"Where is who?"

With her hands she described a heavily bearded face. "Captain," she said. "My father let him go."

"Captain John Smith?"

Of the name, he saw, she wasn't sure;

Clear away Body Poisons, and the *Skin Clears up*, too . .

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED VIENNA DERMATOLOGIST

DOCTOR ALFRED BRANDWEINER, author of a number of important books on skin diseases, is head of the department for skin diseases in the Vienna General Policlinic.

POISONS that form here cause most skin troubles, doctors say! "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of these poisons," Dr. Brandweiner explains.

WHAT wouldn't you give to be rid of those ugly complexion blemishes . . . to restore your skin to lovely smoothness . . . to recapture the delicate coloring of youth!

Then will you follow the advice of one of the world's greatest dermatologists—Dr. Brandweiner, of Vienna?

"Skin troubles," Dr. Brandweiner says, "are usually the result of internal disorders, including constipation.

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean and free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

Simple advice, yes. But how sensible! Just a remarkable *food* treatment —3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that tones up and purifies your intestines . . . that aids digestion . . . that actually corrects the *cause* of your complexion ills.

Try it—and see how much better you feel—how much better you *look!* Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

"I was worried about my appearance," *writes* Mrs. Maebelle Thompson, *Winnipeg, Man.* "My doctor suggested eating yeast. Soon everyone remarked how much better I looked."

(Right) For glowing, clear-skinned health eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (cold or hot), or any way you like.

Purify the System with Fresh Yeast, Skin Specialists urge

DR. KROMAYER, of the Kromayer Sanitarium for skin diseases, in Berlin, says: "Fresh yeast purifies the intestines . . . helps clear the skin."

DR. PEDICONI, of Rome, noted skin hospital director, says: "Yeast corrects boils, pimples and other manifestations of faulty digestion."

Follow these doctors' advice! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

he imitated the swinging of her father's club.

Her face lighted. "*Where* is he?"

He could not guess how vital the question was. "Oh, he's in England, if he's anywhere. He may be dead. He was badly hurt."

His words were uttered too casually; she could not follow. When he saw her bewilderment, he helped her again with pantomime. "The gunpowder—exploded—boom!—blew up Captain John Smith."

She stared, wide-eyed. "Killed—dead?"

He nodded. "Very probably."

She read his gesture, but missed the qualifying words. For the rest of that lesson she was an indifferent pupil, and the next day also, and the day after that. She was no longer eager to learn. It grieved him to watch this deterioration in a promising mind. The explanation, of course, was that she was homesick. He began to give thought to her future, and one evening he opened the subject to his friend Master Dale.

"It were a pity," said he, "that she should revert to what she came from. I have remarked the unfolding of her soul, and she has aptitudes for a high calling. She should continue among us."

"Perhaps she will," said Master Dale. "Her father has not required her return."

"But merely to stay, with no proper duty in our enterprise, is not good for her. She languishes in the idleness, if not of a captive, at least of a child."

Master Dale reflected. "The womenfolk say she is a witch."

"She is very comely," said John Rolfe. The two men smiled at each other.

"What course for her would you propose?" said Master Dale.

John Rolfe delayed as though the problem were new to him. "It might be well," said he, "if one of our number took her to wife."

"A poetic phantasy," said Dale, "befitting your youth."

"I am prepared to marry her myself, if you and the governor approve."

Dale frowned. "When the governor appointed you her tutor, I foresaw distress of heart."

Rolfe reddened. "She is a noble woman, with the roots of intelligence in her."

His friend studied him gravely. "This desire of yours may not be for her intelligence. She is pleasant to the eye, yet she is a heathen; little better, as the tailor's wife likes to say, than a naked savage. Friend John, you may be deceived by subtle temptations of the flesh."

Rolfe took no offense. "I have considered carefully," he said, "the grounds and principal agitations which provoke me to love, and I protest before God and my own conscience that I am no way led by unbridled desire. That is, so far forth as man's weakness may permit."

"Precisely!" said Master Dale. "And just how far forth is that?"

"Well," said Rolfe, "no man should take a bride unless he experience a modicum of carnal affection, but I repeat, my chiefest intent and purpose is for the good of this plantation, for the honor of our country, for the glory of God."

Master Dale's patience gave out. "These be abstract notions," he said, "not germane to the purposes of wedlock. No lover ever gave sound reason for his madness, and it is best not to try. Doubtless you need a wife, but not a savage. Should you make an alliance so unequal, where would you stand in the regard of your fellows?"

With some heat Rolfe answered him. "I am not in so desperate a state that I care not what becomes of me! I have chosen with an eye to my own advantage. I desire to marry her, first, I admit, for my own happiness, but also for the glory of God, for my own salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of Christ this creature who is yet unbelieving."

Dale was not impressed. "Some parts of your purpose are admirable," he said, "but you have hit upon a cumbersome method. To convert the heathen we need not marry them. Contain yourself, friend Rolfe. The girl had best return to her father, who would welcome such a marriage no more heartily than would your friends. She ought to have gone home this many a day. I will speak to the governor."

"I pray you, do nothing of the kind! Had I not trusted your friendship, I had not sought your counsel."

Dale held out his hand cordially. "Forgive a plain man, and an old one. What I do, I shall do as your true friend."

"Well," said Rolfe, "what I do I shall do as her true lover. If she must return, I will go with her and ask her father for her hand."

Master Dale smiled grimly. "Please God her father have not that club within reach which so narrowly missed the skull of Captain John Smith!"

With the threat of her departure hanging over him, Rolfe grew as impatient with grammar as the princess herself. He interrupted his own instruction next morning.

"You are going back to your father some day?"

She nodded her head.

"Why not stay here?"

She fixed her dark eyes on him. "Why?"

"Will you marry me?"

Her eyes, dark and cold, did not waver. "Why?" she asked again.

"I love you. I will always take care of you. I will——"

She shook her head. "I do not love."

John Rolfe was a persistent man. "You don't know me," he said. "When you do, you'll love me. I shall make you. What sort of life would you have if you returned to your father? Marry me, and I'll take you to England."

This time she understood at once. "No! Not England."

"Then we'll stay here, and when you wish, you can visit your people."

She smiled, recalling her own words and her uncle's comment. "Mongrel!" she said.

Rolfe rallied from the shock. "Rightly considered," he said, "a marriage such as ours would be noble. Your people and mine, because of us, would be friends."

"The family are never friends."

"Nonsense! My people are here to stay. Yours were always here. They will be one."

She looked at him not unkindly. "No; I go back to my father—some day."

He could not give her up. "You mustn't think that way about the children. They would be like your people and like mine—the best of both."

A gleam of fun flashed in her eyes, and with both hands she touched the smock. "Your people wear this; mine do not. What shall our children wear?"

"Whatever you think best," said John Rolfe, "or we can let them decide."

"No," she said, "I do not love." Perhaps meaning to be merciful, she added, "Not enough."

John Rolfe dismissed the class in English. "We'll talk of this again," he said.

But when he talked of it again, it was before the Council. Master Dale had done his work. The governor laid the matter bare in brief words.

"She will return tomorrow, and that will be the end. Argal should not have brought her hither. The complaints of the womenfolk against her I care not much for, but since she addles the brains of our men, home she goes. I will take her myself, with Argal to put her ashore where he found her."

John Rolfe stood up in his place. "Is it my brains which are addled?"

"That may well be," said the governor. "Is it your intention to ask Powhatan for her hand, as though he were an English squire?"

"It is."

"Well," said the governor, "may I live to see you make that request in the sign language! Hark you, John Rolfe, we are here to found a state, not to fall in love. Such accidents may come by the way, but our main purpose shall not be imperiled. I speak for the Council."

"Is it the Council's will that I should not marry Pocahontas?"

"One thing at a time," said the governor. "It is our will that the girl return to her people tomorrow. Thereafter, the question of her marriage will lie not in our decision, nor in yours."

Master Wingfield leaned across the Council board. "I would ask one thing, Master Rolfe, which no one here has certain knowledge of. If I pry too close, forgive my zeal. What is the young woman's disposition toward you?"

"I am hopeful that with time she might have me," said Rolfe.

They stared at him.

"But," said the governor, "the savage would not decline if you asked her!"

"I asked her yesterday morning," said Rolfe, "and she declined."

The governor was speechless.

Master Dale spoke for him. "What reasons did she give?"

"She said she does not love—not enough. And the marriage, she fears, would not, as I hope, bring our peoples together."

"My peace of mind," said Dale, "is greatly increased. That young woman may yet save you from yourself."

"I do not abandon my purpose," said Rolfe, "but I submit to the immediate will of this Council. In return, I ask to accompany the governor when he restores the princess to her people."

The governor laughed. "I have already commanded Argal and the men who were with him, and Master Sparks, but there is still room in the boat, and you can plead with her till she swims ashore. This Council will meddle unduly with no man's private madness."

When the boat pushed off next day, the princess looked dangerous no longer. There she was, leaning against the mast as when she arrived, but the smock made a difference.

"She doesn't look happy," said Mistress Brinto. "From the first I've felt sorry for her."

"You needn't," said Mistress Love. "We haven't seen the last of her yet."

Then the wind filled the sail, and the sloop pulled out of hearing. The governor outlined his campaign.

"Argal will find the spot," he said, "and two of you can take her off in the skiff, precisely as you brought her aboard. The rest will stand by with the guns, but there's small danger. If a savage or two should appear, we'll meet them friendly. Bid the girl say, John Rolfe, that she came to us of her own will, and we return her freely. She might mention the rascal who shot that arrow."

John Rolfe tried to keep his attention on the governor's instructions, but his eyes were on the princess' face. His heart ached with the beauty he could not

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fathom. Perhaps it was true, as they said, that none of his race could ever read what passed in the heart of hers.

Captain Argal was pointing toward the shore. "Look yonder toward that hill!"

The hill was worth looking at. On it were Powhatan's men, with their bows and arrows.

The governor spoke quietly to John Herd. "Steer in; we'll land there."

As the sloop drew slowly to the bank, Master Rolfe made his way toward Pocahontas. She too had her eye on the hill, but with no great curiosity.

"What do they mean?" he said. "Will they fight?"

She shook her head. "My father want to see me."

"Where is he?"

"Not here. My brother here."

Captain Argal was listening. "The one who shot at me?"

The princess smiled. "At me."

When they went ashore in the skiff, the savages made a circle, orderly enough, and her brother advanced toward her. For a moment he stared at her costume, then he asked a brief question, to which she replied more briefly.

"What did he say?" asked the governor.

"If I am married yet."

"He expected you to be?"

Instead of answering, she turned to her brother and spoke with sudden earnestness.

"What was that?" said the governor.

"I told him he was dead."

None of them caught her meaning, and Rolfe had his mind on his own affairs.

"Pocahontas, tell him I wish to marry you."

She looked embarrassed. "Not the same."

"But tell him!"

She spoke to her brother again, and the young chief, before he replied, took a good look at Rolfe.

"He says you go to my father yourself —ask him."

John Rolfe stepped forward. "I will."

"You will not!" said the governor. "You'd never come back alive."

Pocahontas laid her hand on the governor's sleeve. "He will come back. I stay here."

They settled it so. The savages withdrew from the shore, Pocahontas returned to the sloop with the others, and Rolfe with Master Sparks for company disappeared into the woods, following her brother. It was noon the next day before they returned. When the three appeared on the bank, the governor went ashore again with Pocahontas, but the crowd of Powhatan's men were not in sight. John Rolfe looked discouraged and weary.

"Did you see the chief?" said the governor.

"Not a glimpse of him! He sent an old fellow in his place—his wife's brother, or something of the sort."

"What did he say?"

"We don't know. He mumbled a few words, and our guide here brought us away. We have walked all night."

They turned to the young chief, but he ignored them. He was talking to his sister in harsh and voluble accents. When he had finished, he faced about toward the forest and disappeared.

The governor looked sharply at his companions. "What trick is this?"

Pocahontas answered to John Rolfe, as though no others were present. "My father says I am no more his child—I am yours. He will not see me. I will marry you."

For a moment the others looked at her and at him.

"Governor," said Captain Argal, "this pleasantry goes too far. We will not have an English gentleman mating with a wild woman. The Council has ordered her to depart from our settlement, and she must abide in her forest. If Master Rolfe cannot live without her, let him abide here also!"

"If it come to that," said Rolfe, "I will abide here with her, but meanwhile, since her condition is altered, I will appeal once more to the Council. Her father now entrusts her to us."

Since he would not return without the girl, the governor took them both home, and since the Council could decide on nothing better to do with her, they let Rolfe have his will. When Argal objected to an alliance with a heathen, they added this condition, that she must first become a Christian.

The princess took it as part of the wedding ceremony, and was baptized Rebecca. And when Mistress Love with her own hands had made for her a stiff gown, with a high collar, and an unbecoming hat, John Rolfe gave her his hand and his name at the altar rail, in the presence of them all. All except Captain Argal. Because of his scruples against marriage with the natives, he spent the day fishing.

Once married, the princess got back the gay manner of her childhood, and was noted for playfulness and for a certain untamed daring. She refused now to accept her husband's doctrine that propriety forbids horizontal or circular exercise, or that one should put on a garment when one swims. But though she debated the theory, in practice she followed his wishes, and he loved her dearly.

No doubt Captain Smith would have passed from her thought forever, had not Master Dale taken her and her husband to England with him. The great world made much of her and sought occasion to do her honor, and among them, in gratitude for her ancient kindness, came the captain, with his beard though gray still full.

He found her with her husband at the inn at Branford, with the company admiring her quaint wit. When she saw him, she ceased to speak, so that he asked John Rolfe if she yet had the language.

"He desires to hear your English, Rebecca," said the proud husband.

"They told me," she said, "that you were dead!"

At this sally the company laughed loud, and Captain Smith the loudest.

"Not yet, God be praised," said he.

"I am glad," she said, and in a short while she was so witty again that as the captain reported to the Queen, in one of his best letters, no lady could excel her.

Tiger-snake *by Rex Beach* (*Continued from page 73*)

had a nice voice and a nicer laugh; the grip of her hands was warm and friendly. Then he and Geoffrey were greeting each other with British restraint.

On the way up to the bungalow, Geoffrey did most of the talking and Philip had no opportunity for appraising the newcomer further than to note with renewed surprise how tiny and how youthful she appeared.

Their entry into the large living room, comfortable with its rattan furniture, was Mara's cue to appear with a tray of superlative cocktails. He bowed and smiled with a dignity that instantly won Evelyn, and her enthusiastic appreciation of his efforts to beautify the place in her honor as promptly won his liking.

Like a humming bird she skipped daintily from one bouquet to another, from orchid to orchid, and for the first time Philip had a chance to observe her closely. She was a revelation.

Mechanically he drank to her health and happiness; he voiced the customary felicitations but with a strange feeling of dismay. She was much lovelier than he had expected, lovelier even than those delicately tinted blooms that so delighted her. This child the wife of Geoffrey Carleton! How incredible! How—tragic!

Dinner was a perfect meal and Mara served it with dexterity. The talk was of the Derby, Ascot, Henley, the voyage out and the plantation. Evelyn was no country girl. Not until the coffee and liqueurs arrived did it occur to Philip that he and the bride had hit it off instantly and that they had practically monopolized the conversation, while Geoffrey had done most of the drinking.

Three or four whiskies with dinner, on top of as many cocktails, was rather stiff even for him and rather more than a home-coming called for. As a matter of fact, the husband seemed absent-minded, almost bored. Nor did he brighten up during the evening.

As Philip lay awake in his own bungalow, deeply stirred, unaccountably excited by the incidents of the past few hours, he told himself it was rather rotten of Geoffrey to fling a wet blanket over his wife's first evening on the plantation. But probably he was tired. That was a long, dull trip on the Van Baalen.

Evelyn, too, had seemed tired; there were faint crescents of weariness under her eyes. Lovely little birdlike creature: frank and clean and ingenuous. Surely she couldn't know her husband's history.

To Mara, the beautiful *mem-sahib* soon became a goddess. The moment she had entered that living room and smiled at him he had become her slave and as time went on his devotion grew.

Evelyn entered into the life at Bukit Satu with an admirable zest. In boots, khaki shirt and sun helmet she went shooting crocodiles or deer with Geoffrey and Philip. With them she fished for sharks, rock cod and pink parrot fish; not once did she complain of the heat, the mosquitoes or the torrential rains. She was a good little sport and a charming companion. Often she insisted upon taking Mara along on these trips, to his great delight.

Despite Evelyn's buoyancy of spirits, however, Philip was not slow to realize that she was unhappy. Frequently there was a pained look in her eyes, a look of bewilderment and of fear; often she was unnaturally quiet and a plaintive, inquiring pucker fixed itself between her brows.

Geoffrey, too, had changed. He was no longer the genial pal Philip had known. Frequently he was bitter and morose. Around the bungalow there was more than a hint of tension. Philip felt rather than saw these evidences of trouble and he suspected the cause, but neither husband nor wife mentioned them.

Mara could have told him something, for he had heard stifled sobs in the *mem-sahib's* room late at night, but Mara never talked. Nor could anyone have divined the nature of the Malay's thoughts, for his was a peculiarly Oriental brain.

As time went on, Geoffrey's disposition grew worse rather than better and without apparent reason. He appeared to take a malevolent satisfaction out of making

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life unpleasant for everybody on the place, and more than once Philip and he came close to quarreling.

Evelyn's gayety had given way to a pensive listlessness and she avoided Philip when she could do so without risk of hurting his feelings, a fact for which he was both sorry and glad. His mind was ceaselessly preoccupied with thoughts of her; when he beheld her wandering alone along the beach, a tragically lonely and pathetic figure, he had to fight down an almost irresistible impulse to run after her and—and take her in his arms.

Yes, he was wild about her. No blinking the facts: he was a traitor to his chief, and he hated himself for his treachery.

Whatever the nature of Geoffrey's grievance against his bride, he was behaving like a swine. It was a confounded shame, the assistant told himself, and Geoffrey needed a good hiding. Evelyn was a prisoner here; this was her Devil's Island, and her brutish husband actually gloated over her misery.

Then, one day, Philip saw Mineh near the coolie lines and a gasp of amazement escaped him. She could not have returned without Geoffrey's sanction. The man was out of his mind; he had cast off his last shred of decency and, row or no row, he was due to be called.

Philip found his chief finishing the inspection of some new fish traps down by the lagoon and together they walked back towards the house.

"I got a bit of a shock just now," Philip began. "I ran into Mineh. Did you know she was here?"

A flush of annoyance rose to the older man's face. "Naturally I knew, since I sent for her."

"Sent for her!"

"Exactly! What of it?"

"I—rather imagined you were through with that sort of thing now that——"

"Look here." Geoffrey controlled his anger with an effort. "Where do you come in to meddle with my affairs? D'you imagine I'll ever 'be through with that sort of thing,' as you put it?"

"Lord knows you should be."

"It shows how little you know. You could be happy with one woman; I can't. Now mind your own business, will you?"

"All right!" The assistant's voice shook with rage. "But first let me tell you that you're a dirty rotter."

"I've been called worse," Geoffrey said with a shrug. "Really, I'm not interested in your opinion of me."

"Hang it all!" Philip swallowed his resentment and sought to launch a frank talk that might lead to some good. "I don't understand you, any more. You've entirely changed since you went on leave."

"Yes?"

"Evelyn is a wonderful woman; she's far too good for you. She's a game little sport and you brought her out here to this jumping-off place. Now——" The speaker's indignation rose again and choked him. "Well, your behavior smells to heaven."

"If the odor offends you——"

"It does."

"Then why don't you get a job that smells better?"

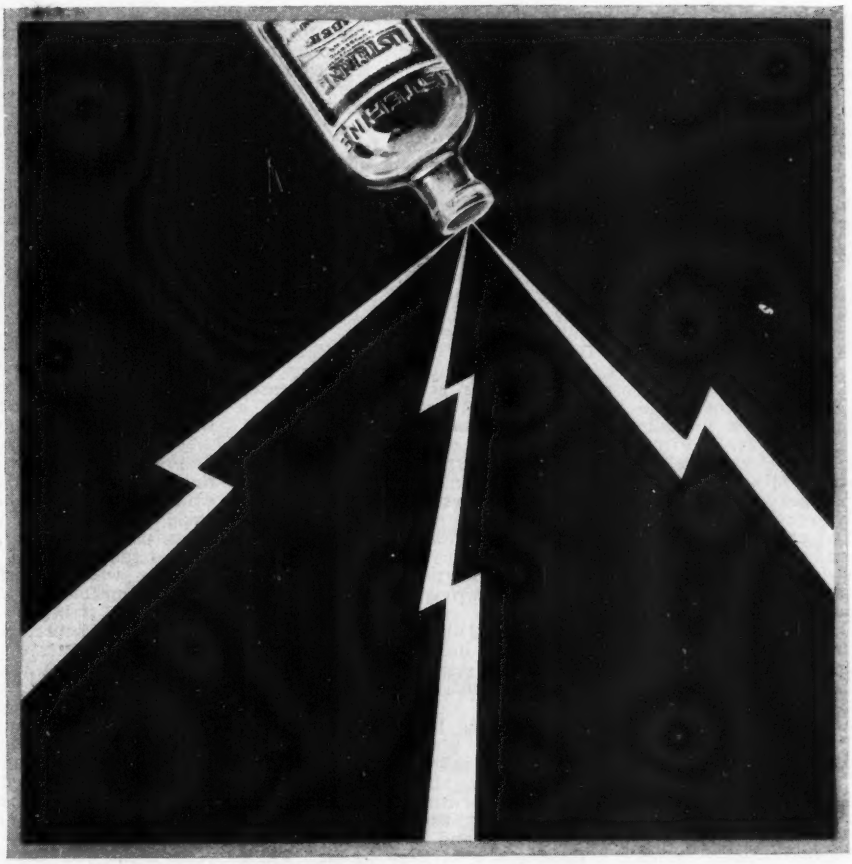
"D'you mean that?"

"It's up to you. I don't propose to be crossed. Frankly, I'm not a one-woman man and there's no use pretending I am. As a matter of fact, if I were the usual jealous husband I'd have fired you long before this."

"Indeed?"

"Don't you think I've noticed how you feel towards Evelyn?"

"That's a—lie!" Philip exploded. "If that's how you look at me, to the devil



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with you and your job. I'm off today."

"Oh, no, you're not! Your contract calls for three months' notice. You'll stay till I get a man to replace you."

"Very well! Three months it is!" The younger man turned and strode away.

This scene had reached its climax as the two were crossing a patch of long lalang grass near the plantation boundary; heedless of the direction he took Philip made off through it. But he had not gone a hundred feet when he heard a choking cry behind him and whirled about to behold Geoffrey frozen rigidly in his tracks, his eyes fixed in a horrified stare, one hand clutching his collar as if he were strangling. A rigor had seized him, his face was ghastly; all he could do was call feebly to his assistant.

PHILIP knew the meaning of this phenomenon and his fury died; it was succeeded by pity and by a swift apprehension for Geoffrey's safety. Involuntarily he shouted and charged back whence he had come.

The rush of his approach frightened the serpent upon which Geoffrey's eyes had been hypnotically fixed. When he arrived at the stricken man, only a rustling in the grass betrayed the direction the snake had taken.

Geoffrey came out of his daze as a man awakens from a hideous hypnotic spell: he shook, his muscles jerked, he seemed about to faint.

"It was—coiled!" he stammered. "Another step and—I would have been on it. Good Lord!"

"Pull yourself together, old man. No danger now."

"One of those infernal tiger-snakes——"

"Tiger-snake! We haven't seen one in months."

"Confounded things attack when they're aroused; tear a man like a dog." Geoffrey shuddered and clung weakly to his assistant. "Lend me a hand, will you? Up to the house. Thanks! Rotten luck for a chap to have such a failing. Out here, of all places! Paralyzed! Can't move! Utterly helpless." He was trying to apologize for his behavior.

"I was born that way, and it makes no difference whether the cursed things are venomous or not. Or how small they are. My mother was the same. Voice leaves me—everything! I'm petrified.

"It's—worse than a physical fright. It's something abysmal; it goes down into my soul. Now I'll be done up for days. Lord! I need a drink." With uncertain hand the speaker wiped his face.

He gabbled on hysterically while Philip helped him to the bungalow; then he collapsed into a chair and called for Mara.

The boy appeared instantly.

"Whisky, quickly," Philip directed. "The *tuan besar* nearly stepped on a tiger-snake."

Mara disappeared and returned in a twinkling with glass and decanter. It was some time before Geoffrey allowed Philip to leave, and then it was only after he had mumbled a half-hearted apology for his part in their recent quarrel.

"Try to forget it," he said. "We can manage to get along somehow."

Philip made no comment.

In the days that followed, the younger man ceased to drop in at the Carleton bungalow and only went there when definitely asked. At such times he treated Evelyn with the most rigid formality, for her husband's words rankled in his mind.

It was true that he loved her, madly, passionately, hopelessly, and it did no good to deny it. He was impelled to flee the place, but under the provisions of his contract he was chained there for another three months and while the situation was almost intolerable there seemed to be no escape from it.

Philip was sitting in his small mosquito-proof porch one night, when he heard the screen door of the large bungalow slam. He looked up in time to see Evelyn flying down the path towards the beach.

It was a moonlight night; there was no mistaking her figure as it flitted through the shadows. Strange! Why was she out at this hour? It was nearly midnight. And running!

Urged by some disquieting fear of he knew not what, Philip rose and hastened after her. He breathed more easily when he found her crouched upon a fallen palm tree near the water's edge.

At the sound of his voice she turned her head in his direction, then stared out to sea again. Philip looked down at her with a feeling of boundless compassion; it was a moment before he could trust himself to inquire:

"Is—anything wrong, Evelyn?"

She raised her head; their eyes met. "Everything's wrong," she said.

"I'm so sorry. Can I—help?"

"Thanks, old boy. There's nothing anybody can do. It's all my fault for——" She stopped suddenly with a catch in her voice.

"For what?"

"For marrying him in the face of—of everything. My people warned me, but I wouldn't believe them."

There was a silence; overhead the feathery palms whispered; there was a soft hissing as tiny wavelets ran up the hard sand and drained away.

"Geoffrey's a mystery to me," Philip confessed at last. "I can't understand him these last few months."

"I understand him. He's bored."

"Bored?"

"Maddeningly. Insufferably. He's that sort. He couldn't love one woman—not more than a week or two, anyhow. Possession! Satiation! Boredom! That's the course he runs. Rather humiliating to a wife, isn't it?" Evelyn's lips twisted in a brave effort at a smile. "He's not to blame for it, I suppose, any more than for his terror of snakes. It's a part of his make-up."

"Does he know you left the house?" Philip inquired.

THE wife shook her head. "He's asleep now, drunk as usual. He was beastly. Said things that—drove me out. I'm about ready to chuck it."

Evelyn's meaning was plain and Philip protested gruffly: "Don't talk like that."

"You see, I was utterly inexperienced," the woman resumed after a while. "It may do me some good to tell you how it all came about. I met him when he was on leave the time before last and we ran around together: golf, tennis, theaters and night clubs. Father is hard up and it was a great treat for me.

"When he came home this time we took things up where we'd left off. I was flattered by his attentions. He proposed one night after we'd been punting on the river. A night like this.

"Father was a bit upset, I thought, when I told him; spoke about Geoffrey's age, the life out here and all that. I assumed he'd be relieved to be rid of me, with three other daughters coming on, and I told him so. Poor old pater has only a few hundred a year and a bit of a pension and it's hard to make ends meet. But he wasn't relieved.

"He told me finally that he'd had a report on Geoffrey from an old friend who used to be a planter in the Federated Malay States and—it was awful. Affairs with women and scandals by the hatful; he'd kept mum about it, hoping Geoffrey wouldn't propose or if he did that I'd refuse him.

"We had the usual row; in fact, the whole family came down about my ears in a swarm. There's no use going into all that. I taxed Geoffrey and he pleaded guilty. He held me in his arms and promised it would never happen again; he'd never look at another woman; I was all he wanted. He begged me to marry him at once.

"What could I do? What would any girl do? Pater took it the best of all, gave us champagne after the wedding and treated Geoffrey like a prince. The rest of the family refused to join in; they went off to the golf links."

"How filthy!" Philip broke out.

"Pretty poisonous, I thought. Dad finally slipped me a fifty-pound note, which I knew he couldn't afford, and stood out in the road waving farewell to us, poor old dear!

"You can imagine I had regrets. But Geoffrey was wonderful—for a while; he made up for everything and I adored him. Then it began. I refused to see it at first. I pretended to favor his attentions to other women. But—something happened on the way out.

"There was a married woman on shipboard . . . I thought I'd die.

"Geoffrey and I had a scene, the first of many, and he told me that I wasn't his jailer; he'd spend his time in his own way. He ordered me to mind my own business. I was horrified, stunned. He began drinking, after that clash, which made it worse; he was saturated every night. Oh, it was horrible!

"You know how things have gone on here. Everything was smashed before we arrived and now—Mineh! I can take a wallop without crying but——" Her voice died away in a hopeless sigh.

"You can divorce him," Philip declared savagely.

"How? By naming Mineh? In a court thousands of miles away? Where is my proof?"

"At least you can go back to your people."

"I'd rather be burned alive after the way they behaved! And besides, I couldn't come down on Father's allowance. Tonight Geoffrey told me that you were leaving, and why."

"'Why?'" Philip echoed.

"Yes. He said you loved me."

"The—unspeakable swine!"

"He accused me of loving you, too." When her listener exploded incoherently Evelyn gestured listlessly. "What of it? It's true."

"Evelyn!" gasped the man.

"Oh, yes! I've known how you felt for a long time, and of course Geoffrey read me. He's no fool. It wasn't an accusation exactly; he rather enjoys the situation, in some perverted way. This solitude, or something, has made a devil out of him; his love for me, if he ever had any, has turned to hate. Men hate their jailers, you know."

"By heaven, this can't go on!" Philip cried. "I'll take you away. I'll——"

"Don't be silly, dear. There are some things that just can't be done."

"There's one too many of us on Bukit Satu!" the man cried sullenly.

"And I'm the one. Not you; not Geoffrey. That's why I was staring at the water when you came. But—it takes nerve. You and he were friends until I came; I spoiled it as I spoiled my own life. Oh, my dear, why wasn't it you

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Did you know that, with a thick, cold-stiffened oil in the crankcase, your engine gets more wear in a few minutes of hard starting than from many miles of ordinary driving?

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to soothe your car's cold weather tantrums

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Push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the starter from the "drag" of the transmission in most cars.

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who came home on leave instead of——?"

Evelyn's wail of protest was interrupted by a voice which issued from the inky shadows of the coconut palms, and Mara materialized.

"Please!" he said quietly. "I have brought the *mem-sahib's* coat. There is fever in the night mists."

"Thank you, Mara." Evelyn took the coat and smiled at him. "I'm going back in a moment. You're very thoughtful."

"Mara thinks always of the *mem-sahib's* health and happiness." With a bow that was almost a salaam, the speaker turned and shuffled away into the gloom. When the soft "clack, clack" of his toe slippers had died away, Evelyn said:

"What a jewel he is. I couldn't have held together this long except for his devotion. He loves me like a dog."

"Mara is priceless," Philip agreed. "I —wonder if he overheard what we were saying."

The woman shrugged indifferently. "Suppose he did? He knows everything, anyhow. Mara has brains. Good night, dear." She rose and put her small hand in Philip's; her eyes looked up wistfully into his. "It's a wretched situation and there's no way out that I can see. We're all in a trap, Geoffrey as well as you and I."

Philip pressed his lips to the cold fingers that lay in his; huskily he said: "Good night, Evelyn. Be brave. We'll find a way out, somehow."

He turned away, for he could not trust himself to look longer into her eyes. A moment and she was gone.

The next week was the most trying period that Philip had ever endured. He scarcely knew where or how to turn. Geoffrey's behavior to his wife provoked in him a murderous resentment; his own love for her and the knowledge that she loved him were maddening; life here in daily contact with each other was a torture to both of them, and Geoffrey gloated malevolently over their misery.

He was utterly inhuman, utterly unlike himself. Incapable of loving Evelyn to the exclusion of other women, he nevertheless resented her change of feeling towards him; she bored him and yet he could not give her up. He had been free all his life and she had stolen his liberty, and this was his revenge. Doubtless he was a bit unbalanced, for no ordinary man, no white man at least, can endure life in a place like Penambuli for six years and retain his mental and moral poise.

As for Philip, he brooded over the situation hourly. His time at Bukit Satu was limited, and yet he could not bear to contemplate leaving; his departure would doom Evelyn to a living death. Nevertheless, she steadfastly refused to go away with him; neither would she listen to his offer to send her home and provide for her.

Pride and inherent decency had something to do with her attitude, and besides, she was too crushed, too hopeless to make a determined revolt. Philip dreaded to contemplate what she might do when she found herself alone here with Geoffrey.

On her part she more than once implored the latter to let her divorce him, but he only laughed at her. He asserted that she was his and he proposed to keep her; she was necessary to his contentment and he seemed to derive a Sadistic satisfaction in forcing his unwelcome attentions upon her.

She kept the door between their rooms locked, but it was impossible to evade him altogether. Nearly every evening he drank himself into a stupor and during certain stages of this process he was likely to do anything. His bronzed skin had turned a sickly yellow; heavy pouches had formed under his eyes. Much of his time he spent with Mineh.

Life for the three Europeans on the plantation grew into a nightmare; daily the strain increased. The powder was dry; any spark would have ignited it.

Their restlessness communicated itself even to Mara; he, too, changed his habits. For many years he had been used to his after-tiffin siesta—heaven knows he got little enough sleep, for Geoffrey called him at all times of night and the two hours at late midday when life in the tropics stops to drowse were about the only ones he could really call his own; nevertheless, several times when the household was asleep, Philip saw him leave his quarters and wander away into regions out of sight.

The heat was stifling; Philip wondered what the boy could be doing. Had he felt impelled to follow he would have been surprised and mystified at the fellow's actions, for Mara appeared to occupy himself in idly exploring the unkempt fields of lalang grass near the plantation boundaries and even the scrubby thickets along the jungle's edge.

He walked slowly and with extremest caution but without apparent purpose. Day after day he braved the blistering heat, returning to the bungalow with nothing more than a handful of flowers for the *mem-sahib's* room.

At last, however, he found what he was looking for and the discovery rooted him to his tracks for several minutes. He stood rigid, staring in mingled fear and fascination; his nostrils dilated and the breath hissed between his teeth.

Finally he retreated, slowly at first, until he had put some distance between himself and whatever it was that had challenged him; then he drew his knife and cut a forked stick which he trimmed, then tested carefully. As silently as before he stole forward.

He paused at last and poised himself; beads of perspiration appeared upon his coffee-colored face and his muscles were tensed. A full minute, two minutes, passed while his eyes measured distance and took note of many other things.

Then, imperceptibly, the stick was outthrust, lowered, and he lunged. The breath issued from his lungs in a savage grunt; fear, triumph, ferocity blazed in his face.

A scuffling and a threshing began; the grass was beaten flat. Mara leaned upon his stick and uttered words unintelligible to European ears.

After a while he slid his right hand down the stick and closed his fingers over what it pinioned. When he rose, a scaly, wriggling, five-foot serpent was wrapped about his arm; it looped and writhed and whipped against his body.

Its head protruded an inch or two beyond his rigid fist; its horny mouth was spread wide and a flickering, forked tongue, incredibly active, licked his knuckles. Strangely enough, those open jaws exposed not the usual pair of hideous, venom-laden fangs but rows of teeth, sharp, wicked, poisonous teeth curved for tearing.

There was a light of victory in the Malay's face as he seized a straining loop with his left hand and subdued its struggles. Bearing his captive before him, he picked his way back across the field to a thicket where he had concealed a wooden box with a hinged lid.

With the utmost circumspection he managed to untwist the snake's coils, thrust it into its prison and bang the lid shut. He fastened the lid securely.

This done, he breathed deep with relief. Having hidden the box in a hole and covered it with dry leaves, he returned to his quarters and lay down upon his sleeping mat, well content with himself.

That evening, as usual, he spread out his master's evening change of white clothes, supervised the preparation of the dinner and set the table with care. He put an orchid at the *mem-sahib's* place, a fragile flower of heavenly beauty. He hoped she would pin it on her breast.

The dinner he served, as always, silently and with meticulous attention to detail; then he saw to Geoffrey's drinks in the living room and methodically began his homelier evening tasks. When the last of these was done he retired to the back porch of the bungalow and fingered the strings of a queerly shaped musical instrument of Malay design. It gave forth plaintive sounds which soothed him.

There was a scene in the living room again that night, angry words and accusations, some of which Mara overheard. The *mem-sahib* ran sobbing to her chamber finally, followed by a derisory oath from her husband. Mara strummed the wire strings and sang softly to the yellow moon.

Not until the *tuan besar* lurched out of the bungalow and off in the direction of the quarters where Mineh roomed did the house boy cease his singing. Then he laid down his instrument and went to fetch the wooden box.

Geoffrey came in after midnight and called, "Boy, whisky-soda, quick." When this was brought the master inquired thickly: "Did you put a new wick in my lamp?"

"It has been done, *tuan*."

"Good. It burned short. It went out last night and I woke up in the dark. Can't stand the dark. Too many—*things*, in the dark. Crawling things. Don't let it happen a second time."

"*Saya, tuan.*"

"And be sure I have plenty of cool water. I'm going to be thirsty."

"*Slamat tidor!*" Mara bowed and went for the water jug.

He placed it upon the table at the head of Geoffrey's bed, lighted the night lamp; then he returned to the back porch, lifted the wooden box and shook it vigorously. Instantly there came a hissing and a movement from within.

Mara continued to shake the box until it jumped and creaked and vibrated as if from the pent-up fury of its occupant. He stole down the hall.

With his foot he forced open the screen door to the empty bedroom, then he oscillated the box again until the straining coils inside threatened to burst its sides. He unfastened the lid and deftly dumped the snake out upon the floor; quickly he closed the screen door between it and him.

When Geoffrey staggered off to bed ten minutes later, Mara locked up the living room, put out the lights and departed for his own quarters. He could hear a queer gasping and groaning in the master's bedroom, but it was not loud enough to disturb the *mem-sahib*. Soon he would be quiet for all time.

Happily, the door between his room and the *mem-sahib's* was closed and locked, so she was safe from that snake that bit and tore like a tiger. In the morning, when he, Mara, brought in the coffee he would kill the thing.

The house boy stretched out upon his mat and composed himself for an untroubled and refreshing sleep. All things are as Tuan Allah wills.

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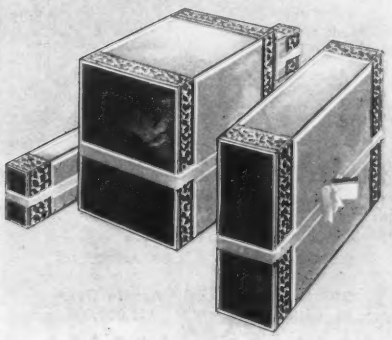

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"Ole Miss" (Continued from page 87)

of, and the fact that he's Sally Lacey's sweetheart and if he's the winner it'll be keepin' the sheriff's office in the Lacey family, so to speak.

"And here's a third item and I reckin it's the one that counts the most with Sally. Let a Highplace get the nomination and to her and her friends it'll be just the same as a slap in her dead daddy's face. Let the man she's engaged to marry get it and accordin' to her lights it cleans any possible stain off Tom Lacey's memory. She loved him a whole heap, bein' the intense kind."

"Frum all of which I gather that you're on her side in this here present argumint," said Judge Priest.

"I ain't denyin' it," said Mr. Penny. "Not to you I ain't. As county chairman I'm supposed to be fair to all factions, but naturally, feelin' like I do, I'm honin' for Emery Holt to win. And yet I've got to sing soft and low. It gravels me to have to do so."

"And so that's why you're fetchin' your problem to me?"

"Exactly. Judge Priest, I don't know anybody that's got the respect of all the people in Bland County the way you've got it. Folks here lean heavy on your judgments. If you was to come out as indorsin' Emery Holt, why, it'd go a long way towards——"

"Hold on, son, hold on there! I ain't a voter of this county. Fur me to be caught stickin' an interferin' thumb into your pie—would that be becomin' now? And wouldn't it be resented ez the officious act of a plum' outsider? Wouldn't it do more harm than good?"

"But judge, if you only knew that little motherless, daddyless Sally Lacey!"

"I do know her a little bit. I aim to know her better before I leave town," said Judge Priest. "I liked her paw. Me and him always got along together first-rate, both officially and otherwise.

"Tell you whut, son, fur the time bein' let's leave it be. Ef I git to mullin' the matter over in my mind and kin think of anything that might be helpful to your friends without exposin' me ez a partisan, why, then I'll take you into my confidences further. Not that I've got a glimmerin' yit ez to whut shape that helpful idee, ef any, mout take. Still, a feller never kin tell, kin he?

"Anyhow, ef you and me air goin' over to the big river fishin' this evenin' you'd better be puttin' out to see about some poles and a couple of buckets of fresh minnows and a couple of darkies to pull the skiff fur us. It's gittin' close to dinner time now. And while you're doin' them things I'm goin' to drop into Lovelace's casual like and renew my acquaintance with Tom Lacey's girl.

"To the best of my recollection I ain't seen her since she wuz in short dresses with her hair down her back. This is liable to be my last chance, whut with court convenin' in the mornin' with a heavy docket."

Judge Priest dearly loved going fishing. He was in high spirits as he rode in a buckboard with Mr. Penny through the heavy timber in the early afternoon of this balmy April day, bound for that swampy frontier of Bland County which breasted on the Mississippi. Behind, in a jouncing spring-wagon, trailed their black oarsmen with the minnows and the long bamboos. Rowboats would be waiting for them at Bristow's Landing, where the Mississippi united with the almost equally impressive and only slightly less yellow Ohio.

The judge's thoughts seemed fixed on the exciting business in hand; or when not fixed there, on the character of the terrain they traversed as they neared the shore line. The bottom here differed markedly from the bottoms in his county. The salmon-colored glacial deposits which gave to Red Gravel County its name were missing from this 'scape and likewise the rolling weed-fields and brown-sedge pampas of its uplands.

Instead, there was everywhere here a deep alluvial, pleasantly soft under the foot in fine weathers but a terror for sticky mud after the seasonal overflows or even after a hard rain. The cypresses grew bigger and thicker and the wild cane grew taller and the jungles of wild grape and love vine were denser than at home. And once they saw, skittering and splashing along a bayou, semitropical wading birds that must have followed the great river upstream all the way from Louisiana; and before their team splashed down into the miry flat nearing the ferry landing, their route flanked one lonesome-looking cotton patch—undoubtedly the northernmost outpost of the Cotton Belt.

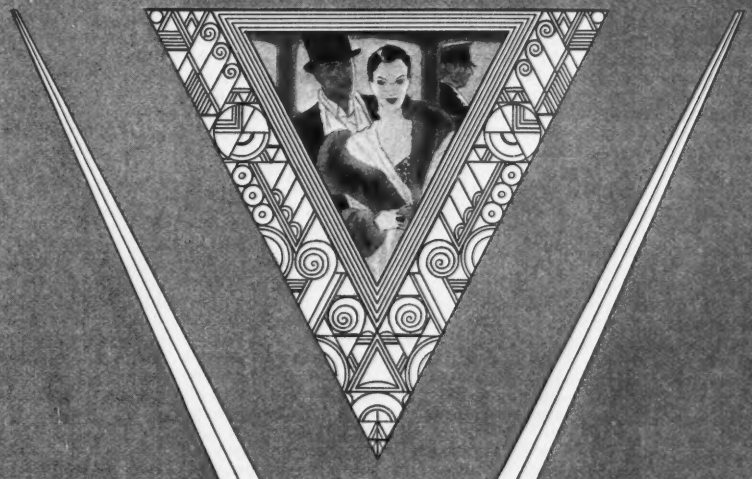
Only Spanish moss to beard the trees and the grunts of rutting bull-gators to come from across the wet lands were needed to create the illusion that all this was of the Farther South and not what really it was—a stretch of the top skirmish line of the Border South.

A little farther along, having emerged from the timbers, they paused on a narrow and sandy strip beyond which the Almighty River rolled past. They stopped at the margin for a spell, looking out with fascination and a touch of awe upon a spectacle which never grows stale to lovers of this temperamental, unguessable grandmammy of waters with her fickle habit of so suddenly shifting her course that before this many a man who went to sleep on one side of that restless old lady's bed had awakened next morning to find that as he slept he had been transported to the other side, and thus the restless main stream ran east of him where yesterday it had run west of him, say.

It was a habit which had made islands and had unmade them; which had moved state boundaries and then a year later or maybe a century later had put them back as before; which had created lakes and after a while had obliterated them, as witness the cases of vanished towns swallowed up, and thenceforth buried under the silt of the bottom: as witness the case of Vicksburg, a city now sundry miles remote from the same Mississippi upon which her founders set her; as witness the emergency statutes aforetime devised to meet the cases of landowners whose holdings had, per one example, been abruptly wrested from Tennessee's domain and annexed to Arkansas' territory, or vice versa.

These local oddities, familiar though they were to him, moved the old judge to frequent comment when he was not discussing the prospects of good catches of crappie and perch and, if they had good luck, maybe a few prime black bass —only our two anglers spoke of these last as "trout." If at intervals the older man turned his mind to his short interview of an hour before with his dead friend's daughter, he said nothing of her or of the tangle of her small destinies which he had that forenoon discussed with Mr. Penny. It was as though he had closed the book on this issue.

It was otherwise with the girl, Sally Lacey, though. A somber small shape in her black mourning gown, she was



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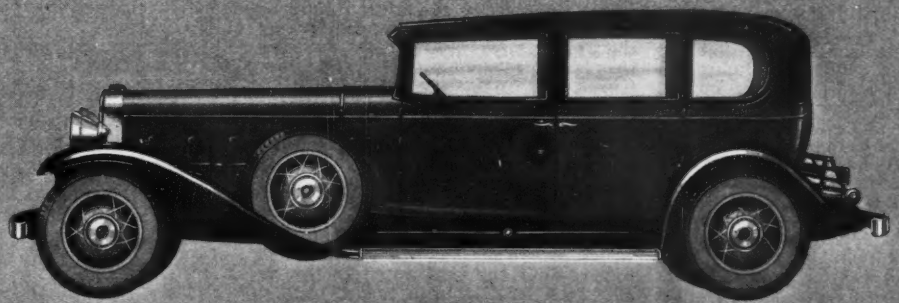

sitting at half-dusk with her lover on the porch of the cottage from which, unless her luck took a turn for the better, she soon would be ousted; and she was talking of her venerable caller.

"It wasn't so much what he said; it was the way he said it that showed me how sorry he was for me. And Emery dear, I got the feeling that he was anxious to help both of us; that he wanted you to be the next sheriff; that he wanted me to be happy again."

"But you've already said he didn't commit himself in so many words."

"No, he didn't."

"I wish he would. I'm afraid, honey, unless something happens, I'm licked."

"Don't keep saying that; it might put bad mouth on us." Being a southern girl, she had her superstitions and some of these superstitions no doubt had an African ancestry. "I'm cheered up tonight; I guess Judge Priest coming into the store to see me did it for me.

"I tell you, Emery, I've got a feeling about old Judge Priest. I've got a feeling that we can count on him; that he's working for you in this race. Papa always said that when it came to figuring out a political tangle, he was the smartest man he ever saw, nearly."

"Speaking of angels with bald heads and chin-whiskers, yonder he comes." Young Holt was peering through the thickening twilight. "That's Mr. Penny with him, looks like. It is. I reckin they've been fishing. They generally do go together the first thing after Judge Priest gets here for spring term."

With her eyes the girl followed the laden buggy. "I hope he caught all the fish he wanted—that nice old man," she said softly.

As a matter of fact, the judge had not caught much of a string. Undoubtedly it was his own fault that he had not.

Setting out, their goal had been a string of three wide but shallow lakes behind the bulge of a certain sharp bend in the river. Sloughs linked these lakes and, at the top of the crescent which their connecting bodies made in the loamy bottom lands, and again at the foot of it, other sloughs extended through to the river, thus forming a continuing water-chain and making practically an island of the loop of land between it and the river proper—a common-enough phenomenon in these parts. In flood times the roily angered river invaded this back-passage, and then when the freshet receded and the Mississippi had shrunk to her normal bulk, great shoals of fish were imprisoned there until the next rise freed them.

IT WOULD seem that Judge Priest's black boatman was by way of being a chronic grumbler. He complained that the mire was unusually sticky where they launched the skiff and that the buffalo gnats were unusually pestiferous, and after they had quitted the river and entered the lower slough he discovered that the drift setting against him was unwontedly swift.

"Sho' is runnin' hard heah, boss," he panted, sinking his oar blades deep into the yellowish swirl. "Heap harder den common. Look deeper, too, an' darker den she oughter fur dis season w'en de Ole Miss' is drappin' back down whar she belong." He brought the broad-butted rowboat up to a stake which marked a favored spot for anglers. "Try it heah, suh," he suggested.

"I believe you're right about the swing of the water," said Judge Priest presently. "My bait keeps on slidin' away from me like somethin' down underneath was draggin' on it." His cork bobbed and went under, and with an exultant grunt he hoist a flapping fish in.

"Yas, suh, da's a fact," agreed the darky. "Hit's sho' a funny thing dat she should be doin' so w'en de last of de backwater is done s'posed to be all gone out of dis place three-fo' weeks ago. Effen she keeps on scourin' de mud away at de bottom lak she must be doin', dem w'ite folks over yonder-ways"—he waved toward the west—"is liable to have to keep on usin' a john-boat gittin' back an' fo'th 'stid of fordin' de upper slough past Middle Lake, same ez dey usually kin start doin' by dis late in April. Dat'd be hard on Mist' Highplace, busy 'lectioneerin' de way he is."

"Who did you say?" asked Judge Priest, his ears pricked.

"I furgot you wuz a stranger to dis piece of bottoms," explained the Negro. "Mist' Jase Highplace is de one I means—de same one w'ich his brother got killed on him last month. He owns all dis yere prop'ty to de left betwixt us an' de river. Effen we wuzn' so low down under dis bank you could see de roof of his house above de bushes."

"He lives over there, then?"

"Yas, suh, lives over dere an' farms over dere, too. Raises a sight of corn, too. And watermillions big round ez a washtub, mighty nigh it. Dat soil yonder is sho' rich and deep. Me, I don't know whut he want to be sheriff fur w'en he got fo' hund'ed acres sich ez dat. Gimme 'bout ten of 'em acres fur myse'f an' I'd be corntent."

For a practiced fisherman Judge Priest did a curious thing. He became so preoccupied that he lost several fish in succession. Pretty soon he was reefing in his tackle altogether.

"Tell you whut, boy," he said, "you pull me on up ahead a piece. I'll tell you when I want to stop ag'in."

The darky obeyed, shaking a puzzled head the while. The sudden vagaries of white folks were past fathoming. As a philosophic person he long ago had given up trying to fathom them.

Mr. Penny, following along behind, was surprised that he did not overtake Judge Priest's skiff in Lower Lake, or in Middle Lake or in Upper Lake or in any of the narrows between. He began to grow worried. So he made his man tug straight through until they came to the head of the farther slough where they could command a view of the Mississippi rolling ponderously past.

"Well, I'll be derned!" exclaimed Mr. Penny. Quartering toward him came the missing boat, plainly returning from some mysterious voyaging well over in the direction of the Missouri shore. Behind the nearing skiff the low tawny spine of a newly formed sand reef showed; it must be one newly formed or one that had moved downstream during the winter; anyhow, Mr. Penny was sure that last fall it had not been where now it was.

Well, that emotional monster, the Mississippi, was forever doing such freakish things—bodily shifting a sand bar, bodily wiping out a towhead, changing its channel overnight, even changing its entire course. Strangely enough, this mill-race influence seemed to extend even inside the entrance to the slough, where Mr. Penny's oarsman had to maneuver the skiff over into the lee of a shoulder of sharply angled bank.

"Now, don't that beat all?" fumed Mr. Penny, addressing himself. "Why, he'd do well to hook a stray cypress trout or a gar away out yonder where they've been. Well, his skiff's shore riding back at a good clip, I'll say that."

It was, too. It was as though the nearing craft slid before the pressure of some invisible power. Driftwood skidded along with her and before her bow the foam, curling up, showed in twin streaks of brownish white. The boatman had only to keep her headed straight, steering first with one oar, then with the other; an unseen crosswise force of water kept them coming on an even keel.

"Where in the world have you two been gaddin' off to?" demanded Mr. Penny when the runaways were within hailing sound.

"Oh, jest projeckin' round," said Judge Priest airily. "I taken a notion to sort of explore about and see how things look over on the other side."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," said Mr. Penny. "You've missed some sport, and so have I—lookin' for you-all."

"More or less satisfied, son, more or less," stated Judge Priest, casting a farewell look rearward. He vouchsafed no further explanation for his truancy.

MR. PENNY held himself in until he and Judge Priest were once more in their hub-deep buggy splashing back out of the slash.

"Go on, judge, please, suh," he said, then. "I can't stand this a minute longer."

"Can't stand whut, son?" countered Judge Priest innocently.

"I've got to know what's pressin' down on your mind. Somethin' is—I'll swear to that. I figured you wanted to wait until we got away from those darkies."

"That's mainly whut I wuz waitin' fur," confessed the old man. "Son, ef you must know, I've got a kind of a feeble idee about this sheriff's race of yours."

"Lord sake! How'd that happen 'way out here in the wilderness?"

"Fust off, somethin' that wuz said, and then somethin' I spied out."

"Go on, please, suh."

"Son, gimme time. You control your county committee, don't you?"

"If I didn't feel like I could I wouldn't be chairman of it, that's all."

"Good enough! Then here's my advice to you. Don't fix the date fur your special primary too soon. Let's see, the regular June rise out of the headwaters ought to be gittin' down here by the latter end of that month. Sich bein' the prospect, you better put off holdin' of the primary ontil, say, the fust or second week in July."

"But why? The longer we wait the better chance people'll have to forget how Tom Lacey was shot down in cold blood. And the better chance for all that Highplace money to get in its effects. And for people to get over bein' so sorry for Sally Lacey."

"This mornin' you hinted to me—didn't you?—that this here Holt boy wuz already ez good ez whipped."

"Yes, but——"

"Postponin' the primary can't hurt him none, then."

"Yes, but why all this, anyhow? What does it get us? Or where?"

"Son, you do hurry me so! I'm comin' to that part now, ef you'll only let me."

He did come to it, his faded blue eyes twinkling behind his glasses. And when he was through, Mr. Penny gave a whoop and slapped Judge Priest on the back and cried out:

"Lordy, Lordy, what a scheme if only it works!"

"That's the hitch," stated Judge Priest. "Ef only it works. Everything depends on that. The way I figger it, ye've got jest about one chanc't in a hundred. But ef by a miracle it should come to pass, I'm dependin' on you to git the word through to me ez promptly ez you kin, because then I'll have a leetle

more advice for your further guidance—legal advice, son, strictly legal."

"Will I get it through to you? Judge, if it's necessary I'll fly across these two counties with the word."

"That won't scarcely be necessary, I reckin. Thanks to the recent introduction amongst our people of this here Yankee invention of the long-distance telephone, you kin probably reach me without puttin' any ondue strain on your sproutin' wings."

Here Mr. Penny felt that he just must slap Judge Priest's back some more.

It was an evening at the end of June when Jeff Poindexter came to his master on the porch of the old house on Clay Street, to say that long-distance wanted him.

Judge Priest waddled indoors and unhooked the receiver. "Hello, hello!" he piped in an eager treble. "This is Priest."

Along the line came a jubilant voice:

"Judge, this is Wyatt Penny. Judge, you old wizard, she's done it just like you figured she might—done it accordin' to schedule, by gravy! I'm just back from the bend, mud up to my eyebrows. I had to wade, gettin' in there.

"Ever since the June rise started comin' past I've had a fellow on the lookout down there. About three hours ago I got word from him by a darky and, to make sure, I put out for there myself.

"I just a minute ago got back and I've called you up first thing. She's fallin' fast now—has been fallin' steady for the past three days—and the trick is done, by gravy! Saw it with my own eyes: All durin' the rise the deflected current must have been gnawin' away at the bottom, diggin' a fresh channel all the way from that new sand bar clean across to the Kentucky bank. And sometime last night or early this mornin' the whole river just naturally up and broke loose and switched over bodily, and started rushin' through her new bed where those sloughs and those three lakes were. I say 'new bed' but it must've been her regular bed, back a hundred or so years ago. So she's come rearin' back home.

"And judge, by that shift there couldn't but one thing have happened. And it's happened: Jason Highplace's farm is now clean over across the main body of water on the far side from where it was this time yesterday.

"It's an island still, sort of, with a chute in behind it on the west where the former bed was, but, by gravy, it won't even be an island when the river drops down some more! I know because I went out there in a skiff and took soundin's. A fall of ten feet more and his farm will be hitched to the far mainland by a tongue of sand.

"So, judge, the main job's done and now what's the next step? The primary is set for today week."

"Well, son," piped Judge Priest, "I'd say the next step is fur you or somebody else to break the sad news to Mr. Highplace—in case he don't already know it—that frum now on he'll be payin' his taxes to the sovereign state of Missoury instid of the sovereign state of Kintucky, and he'll be a citizen of Missoury, too, onless he moves. He mout contest this here state of facts; but the trouble is he ain't got time, with the election followin' so close on the heels of the primary.

"He mout claim he's still a voter of Bland County, and p'raps that claim, ef sustained, would qualify him to run in the primary, but even ef nominated he couldn't take the oath of office nor take the office neither because our Kintucky Code, Section 234, plainly sets forth—lemme see, I think I kin quote it from memory—yes, I've got it. Section 234 reads to wit, ez follows: 'All civil officers for the state at large shall reside within the state, and all district, county, city or town officers shall reside within their respective districts, counties, cities or towns, and shall keep their offices at such places therein as may be required by law.'

"So there you air, son. Or ruther, there Jason Highplace, Esquire, is. Because ef the voters down your way should be so foolish ez to nominate a nonresident for sheriff he couldn't legally be sworn in. So, the way I look at it, even ef Highplace don't see the light and bow himself out, the race is bound to go by default to little Sally Lacey's sweetheart. In fact, I mout go so fur ez to hazard the statement that practically it's already done done so."

"Hurrah!" Mr. Penny's delighted cheer came in a blurred buzz over the wire.

"I didn't quite ketch that last, son?"

"I was just sayin' 'hurrah,' judge."

"Well, son, I'm sayin' it right back at you. Wuz there anythin' else?"

"Nuthin', suh, except I'm fixin' to dust out to Sally Lacey's house to tell her who deserves the credit for everythin'."

"Dog-gone your impetuous pelt, you hold on!" commanded Judge Priest. "You keep me out of this thing, hear me? Ef you're givin' credit, you give credit where credit is due—to a gracious Providence and Ole Miss'."

Next Month—Irvin S. Cobb's story of a double-crosser double-crossed by nature

Teach Me the Music *by Ellen Hogue* (*Continued from page 49*)

women, flat-breasted, loud of voice, beringed; or full-busted, loud of voice, beringed. The men, forty and silent; or talkative and twenty.

"It's no place for a little crazy girl like her," Benny said. "All this money they throw around—hard to keep your head."

"I've kept *my* head," Lanky said, and Benny answered fondly:

"Oh, you! You've *got* a head."

"Yes," said Lanky bitterly, "and I've got a face, a face like a jack-o'-lantern. And that helps."

"I wish Nita had someone to look after her," Benny worried. "It was fierce enough in vaudeville, and she was only about fifteen then and she had her mother. Has she got her mother with her now?"

"Don't know," Lanky said. "Haven't heard. I'll find out, and if she's a poor little orphan, I'll be a mother to her, Benny. I'll look out for her all I can."

"Gosh, Lanky—if you would! I've never forgotten her. She's a nice kid."

"I'm not doing it for her, Benny." Lanky smiled at him through sudden tears. "I'm doing it because—you're a nice kid yourself. Because I like you so."

They went downstairs and along the corridor to the dressing rooms—Lanky and Benny. Lanky found Nita in a wisp of pink tulle, ready for her next number.

Lanky cried, "Welcome to our midst, little stranger! There's a friend of yours out here wants to see you."

Nita looked up out of kitten eyes and said, "A friend of mine! Why, I don't hardly know anyone in this man's town!"

But when she saw Benny she flew at him and hugged him.

"Oh, Benny! Benny Parks! Who'd have thought I'd ever see you here! Oh, Benny, I'm so glad to see you! I'm so lonesome!" Her eyes filled; she clung to Benny. "You know—Mama's gone."

Benny said, gulping, "You're just the same little curly-headed angel you always were!" He turned to Lanky. "This is the greatest little kid you ever knew, Lanky. This is Nita. And Nita, this is Lanky McGuire. She's a pal of mine."

"Where are you staying?" Lanky asked.

"Oh, I'm in a horrid old hotel—the worst place! I took it because it was cheap. I get scared to death nights," Nita said pathetically. "I—well, I've only been in town a week; I was trying to get bookings. And then I got this."

Benny gave Lanky an appealing look. "Take care of her," that look said. "She's too little, too precious, to go it alone."

Lanky said, "Staying in a bum hotel! A kid like you. That's out!"

Things happened fast in Lanky's world—that glittering gay world of hers.

One week she was lonely—but happy.

The next week Nita Marsh moved in, blond and perfumed and messy and adorable. The quiet routine of Lanky's home life was shattered and all the things she didn't care about were everyday occurrences in her austere apartment—talcum spilled in white dusty blurs, gay garments flung over chairs.

To Lanky Nita seemed a mere baby. She was twenty-two, but curled up on the chaise longue at the foot of Lanky's bed she looked twelve. Having her there—Lanky rather liked it, after that first awful night or two when her heart was turning and writhing within her.

"Take care of her," Benny had said. "Men were always after her, even when she was a kid. Only her mother kept them off. Nita never did have any sense. She always liked the wrong ones. But she's sweet."

She was. Because Lanky loved Benny, she had made up her mind to love Nita, too, but it wasn't hard. In no time, she was watching the girl like a lynx, worrying about her, petting her, scolding her.

"You don't need another dress, honey. You're in debt to the management now."

"Lanky darlin', I just had to have it. I'm going to a party. And Isaacson's such a peach about money."

"And about those parties. I hate to crab, baby, but there's too many parties in your life. A party yesterday afternoon, and you were out driving after the show."

"Don't be cross, Lanky. I was with Benny—taxi riding in the park." When she said she was with Benny, Lanky never scolded; Nita soon learned that.

Benny was around all the time. He sat at Lanky's big square piano and his fingers talked for him, told Nita the things he wanted to say. Nita sat on the piano and smiled and made dimples, and sang with him sometimes in her clear piping voice. She talked to him about her mother, pathetically; she jumped down to answer the phone.

The phone rang; rang. The doorbell rang. Men Nita met at the club; fat Sigarus Freund, dark and rich and forty-five—Nita laughed at him; Tom Harrison, thin and good-looking, with a sport racer that glittered twice a week in front of Lanky's apartment; a grayhead who sent orchids every day. Half a dozen others.

Gone were Lanky's quiet early evenings at home; gone was Emmaline.

Emmaline quit; she had been with Lanky for four years and she knew her ways. "But I cain't keep de place decent

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nohow, Miss McGuire—not wid her here. An' she ain't got no call to holler at me way she does."

"She doesn't mean anything, Emmaline. She can't find her things."

"Why'n't she put 'em away, then? Tellin' *me* I do everything wrong! An' every day's wash day in dis house now—wash dis out, wash dat out—I don't have to work nohow."

Emmaline was gone; another had taken her place, one who took messy ways for granted. She didn't mind answering the phone a dozen times in two hours.

"Who was that, Lally?"

"Gempmum. Foh Miss Nita."

Sometimes Lanky thought she would keep her mouth shut about the gempmun for Miss Nita—that she would drift and hope against hope and let Nita go her own way. But Benny was among those gempmun; he was suffering, and Lanky could not watch his pain.

She said to Nita, "Honey, what do you want to kid a fine boy like Benny for?"

Nita turned great innocent eyes on her. "I don't," she said. "I like him a lot, Lanky. Honestly I do."

"There's nothing in this night life," Lanky said. "It's great—at first. But you're the sort ought to have a home and a man to look out for you."

"Yes, but Lanky," Nita said, "I don't want to get married and live in a walk-up. I'm having too good a time—better than I ever had. I'm awf'ly lonesome for poor Mama, of course, but—but honest, Lanky, she kicked up such a row when I did *anything!* And now——"

"Your mama was right, baby," Lanky said. "You look all in, right now. And I've seen kids like you—so many of them. Cute little girls. They come in and everybody goes crazy about them. And they tear around with a lot of men, and then they begin to fade out of the picture.

"Why, *you* don't know, honey!" Lanky's voice was earnest. "These men—how could you know what they really are? What do you want to run out with them for—fat old fools like Freund and all those? Don't you like Benny the best?"

"I'm crazy about him," the girl said.

Lanky's heart lurched, but she went on: "He's a wonderful boy. He's going to do great stuff some day—real stuff! And he's decent and—why, you've been an ideal to him for years! He—he's written songs to you."

"I know."

"I bet your mother wouldn't like these men you're running with. I bet she'd like Benny."

"She *didn't,*" Nita said. She spoke in a frightened tone. "She didn't like anybody who—who just had a future. She liked men for me that were *there!* That had made their money—and I do too, Lanky!" she cried, suddenly and passionately. "How—how do I know Benny'll ever make any real dough? I don't. Nobody does. Oh—oh, maybe he will and he's sweet. But I know what he wants!

"He wants a place somewhere like this—no better than this. And me to come home to—and a piano. That's all. He—he don't know how I feel! I want things—pretty things!" she cried. "I want diamonds—and cars. And all the dresses I need. I never had enough clothes, Lanky! I never had all the money I wanted."

"Honey," Lanky said, "Benny's going to get all those things for you some day. I know he will. If you love him——"

There was silence in the room for a moment. Lanky looked about her.

"This sort of place wouldn't be so bad if you had someone you loved in it with you," she said. "I'm glad you've got sense about money, baby. But I know, I *know* Benny won't always be poor. You aren't even taking a chance."

"It scares me, Lanky. I never felt this way about any fellow before. He's so different and shy and queer."

"Don't be scared, dear."

"He's never—even asked me—yet."

Lanky sent for Benny the next day when Nita went out. "Listen," she said. "Girls as pretty as that don't wait around long—not in our business. Somebody's going to grab her off; it might as well be you. Just what's the idea, stalling this way? What are your intentions, boy—in regard to Our Nell?"

Benny flung himself restlessly around the room. "I don't know how she feels about me!" he said. "I can't tell. She—one day she's so sweet and—and she goes out with me. And the next she talks about all she wants—what she's going to get.

"Listen, Lanky. I can't give her all those things. I'm—I'm not the only guy that's after her. How do I know if I've got a right to ask a beautiful girl like that to—— I don't know what she wants!"

"Benny," Lanky said, her voice deep and quivering, "she wants love. Any woman wants love. She's got a lot of ideas—but they don't mean a thing. I've had 'em myself—and I know. You're the decentest fellow in the world. She's lucky to get you—if you haven't got a million dollars! For heaven's sake, get it over tonight. I'm about to die of suspense!"

So Benny stayed to dinner; and afterward played gently, thrillingly on the piano, waiting for his love.

Lanky was dressing for the club when the note from Nita came.

The doorbell rang. Lally came flapping, flat-footed, through the narrow hall

"Telegram foh you, Miss McGuire."

Lanky read the message.

> Don't be mad, Lanky darling. Darling, you've always been so good to me, fix things with Isaacson, will you? I told you Benny didn't ask me to marry him; Lanky, it was because I wouldn't let him. I was afraid to; if he ever asks me I'm gone . . . So crazy about him but I don't want to marry poor. I've only got these next few years; you said get it while you're young . . .

"What's *mattah,* Miss McGuire?" Lally cried, and Lanky, ashen-faced, brushed past her and into the living room.

Benny got up, staring, as she came in. She said, "Benny, we're too late. You're too late, dear. I've got to tell you."

"What do you mean? Nita——"

"She was—she was married this afternoon. She and Sigarus Freund. My darling, I'm so sorry."

Benny's eyes were dark marks in a white mask. He started for the door; Lanky caught his arm.

"Where are you going, Benny? You can't do anything; you can't stop her now! You're due at the club at ten."

"I've got to get out of here—got to!"

Lanky put her arms about him, held him; after a moment he clung to her and wept, bitter man tears.

"Don't. Don't, Benny. You've got your pal. You've got Lanky. You're all right, honey. You're all right."

"I want to die. He's got her. I want to die."

"Don't. Don't, honey! You stay here with Lanky; have some coffee and—— Why, you can't throw Isaacson down! Or me, Benny. She's not worth it, honey."

"She is. She is."

"All right, she is. But you've got your pal left. You got to stick around for Lanky. You got to write great music."

Lanky did something she had not done since she was a little girl. She prayed. That Benny might learn to love her, now

that Nita was gone. "Though," she said to herself, "heaven knows why I want him!"

Benny was a wreck. He had the temperament which belongs to the true artist; he suffered, heart and soul and body, and he abandoned himself to pain.

Once, when he showed up late at the club, eyes blurred and mouth loose-lipped and ugly, Lanky saved his job for him.

"He's through," Isaacson said. "I won't stand that stuff. He ain't fit to go on. Tell him to clear out."

Lanky faced him. "If he goes, I go. He's sick, I tell you. He—I—he's going to be all right! Lord, Isaacson, you never threw a guy down before when he was in trouble!"

Isaacson, who could replace Benny but never Lanky McGuire, back-tracked at once. "Well, tell him to snap out of it."

Lanky did tell him. None too gently.

"What are you, anyway? A man? You aren't the first man to be thrown down by a girl. What's the matter with you? I tell you, I'm ready to quit."

"All right. Quit. I don't give a hang what happens!"

"Let me tell you something, big boy: you'll care good and plenty if you throw down a chance like you've got with Isaacson. He can put you over, and will. And if I do say it, you'll miss me. You're going to get a darn good chance to miss me—if you don't straighten yourself out."

After the first six weeks, Lanky could go home to bed and to sleep without grisly nightmares of Benny lying alone in a room somewhere, the terrible thing he threatened having come to pass.

She picked up Nita's things and packed them away; all the smears were gone off the bureau, all the gay silky wisps were gone. Lanky marveled as she packed.

"A little empty-head like that—to drive a boy like Benny gaga!" She advised herself. "Don't you get all torched up now, you red-headed fool! Don't you!"

But she hoped. She hoped.

Benny was working again; coming to Lanky's apartment to play her a new tune; still looking at the world sober-eyed, but able to laugh.

Lanky was starting for the club one night when Nita returned. She had been gone three months and Lanky had not heard from her. Her one and only note had said, "He's taking me abroad."

Fall had frozen into winter. Shows were in full run; business was wonderful. Benny had written a lot of stuff for New Year's Eve, and he and Lanky had put on a show that Isaacson said was the best they'd ever had at the club.

Nita stood, like the girls in the stories, at Lanky's door. Out of a storm. Expensively clad—wonderful furs, diamonds blazing on her little fingers. With the same big trusting eyes and rosebud mouth. She clung to Lanky.

"I couldn't stand it, Lanky. I thought I could. He was so awful. I—you were right. I kept thinking about Benny."

Lanky, frozen-hearted, stared at her; said thickly, "So you walk right in and start where you left off! *You* think so!"

Nita was crying. "You can get me back at the club, Lanky, can't you? Isaacson will do anything for you. Freund's going to give me a divorce. Don't look like that, Lanky! Don't be mad at me, Lanky darlin', darlin'! I couldn't stand it. It—it was Benny brought me back. Like you said. Love. Does he—has he forgotten me?"

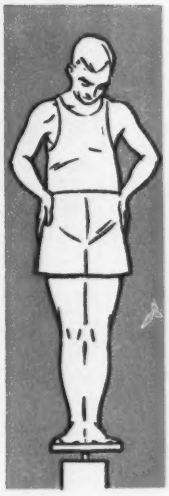
Lanky said frozenly, brokenly, "No. I don't—— No. He hasn't forgotten you."

She sent him a note when she got in, by one of the waiters.

Nita's back. She's getting a divorce. She's at the apartment.

She watched him read it, saw the

Sly pound joins sly pound · · · and suddenly you're *fat*!



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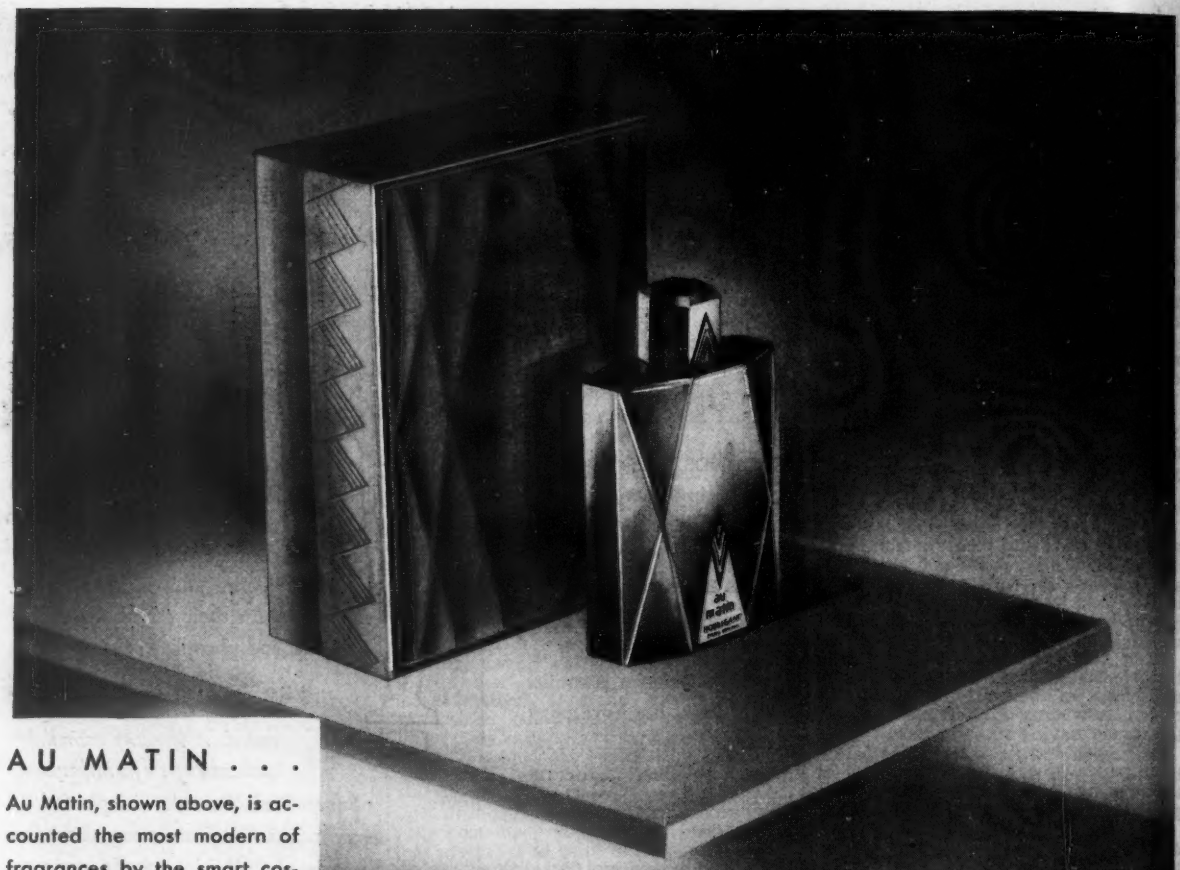

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by smart shops . . .
GANT
PARIS

color surge up into his face. To Isaacson she said hoarsely, "I can't sing tonight. Got a cold."

Isaacson was all sympathy. "It's a bum night anyway, Monday," he said. "There won't be any regulars in. Give 'em the glad hand and let Benny and the girls do the work."

She kept away from Benny. She saw his dark beautiful eyes on her; she knew he wanted to talk to her. They always talked while the girls were on—those were their moments, his and hers, waiting in the soft gloom by the piano.

She stayed out with the customers and never looked his way. But at two-thirty a big party came in. There was a producer in the crowd whose name was known along Broadway. Lanky saw him talking to Isaacson, and a moment later Isaacson came to her in vast excitement.

"He's heard about the boy there." Isaacson said, indicating Benny. "He wants to hear him and you. Lanky, you got to sing. Maybe he'll want some of the boy's stuff for the new show and——"

Lanky went slowly, sickly, to the piano. She said, "Well, Benny, after all we're going to have the pleasure——"

"Listen, Lanky. I got to talk to you! What did you stay away for? I got to tell you——"

"Save it," Lanky advised wearily. "Let's give 'em 'Pick Up the Pieces.'"

She leaned on the piano; odd and different and funny—and beautiful. She sang Benny's song and he played it.

"And if some day somebody——"

Her voice was heartbreaking.

"Someone he likes comes
And steals him from me—
I'll stick around to pick up the
pieces . . ."

They had to do it again; and again; they stopped the show. Then the lights man picked out the chorus and Benny and Lanky were alone in a crowded room; in velvet darkness. The Banjo Boys began to play; Benny said:

"Don't go. Wait. I got to talk to you."

"She's back," Lanky said. "Freund's divorcing her. She came back to get you."

Benny caught her hand as she started away. "Wait!" he said. "I can't. You—— That's just it."

Lanky said, "What in the——"

"Lanky," he said, "I've been crazy. I—I didn't know. I'm over it, Lanky. That was—that was just like a dream. When she came back, I woke up. I've been like I was sick—and now I'm well. And I never knew it. I never knew it."

Lanky made a startled movement in the darkness; he held her hand fast.

"Nita——" she said, and stopped. Benny went on as though he must get the words out or die.

"She's a nice kid, but I——" he began; stopped; started again; laughed brokenly. "Lanky, you've been such a pal to me; stood by me so. And I didn't know. I can't get over it. It—it hit me. It's different. That other—I was a kid, dreaming. This is real. I can't lose you."

"Benny," Lanky said, "what are you trying to say to me?"

"I'm trying to say I love you," Benny said. "I didn't know it until tonight. I love you. You're so sweet. You're so beautiful. Don't laugh it off, Lanky. Try to learn to love me, too."

Lanky moved nearer to him in the darkness; put her hands in his. "I know the words," she said. "I know the words. Teach me the music—will you, dear?"

No One Man *by Rupert Hughes* (*Continued from page 43*)

all around us, and that's what life is."

He nodded, but frowned and meditated aloud: "It's easy enough to find a hotel, but unless we go a long distance away we'd be sure to run into scads of people we know. Then you'd lose your good name. I'm not going to do anything to drag you into a scandal, if I can help it."

Nep set her lips tightly together with the lower obtruded a little in a childish stubbornness. "All the same, we're either going to give this show a trial week or we're going to call it off."

He mentioned Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, but they were too far. Miami, Saint Augustine, Saint Petersburg, Belleair, Ormond Beach, were too near.

At length, after exhausting the map as they remembered it, Stanley said:

"Jacksonville wouldn't do—of course?"

"The very place! The crowds from the North go straight through. It's a big city for this part of the country and it's out of season there. It's got some good hotels. That's the very heaven-born spot. You've got more sense than I thought you had.

"I'll tell Mother that I'm going to drive my car up to Aiken for a few days in the pines, and she'll never know the difference. We can stay in some Jacksonville hotel all day and come up for air at night—sneak out for long rides, you know. It's the ideal spot."

The details of the plot fell into line once the skeleton was agreed on and they returned to the Colony Club. Their absence had hardly been noticed except by Bill and Joe, who fumed and imagined. When at last they were back at the table Stanley danced with Nep and revealed a zest and a fervor that surprised her, imbued her with a hope that he was going to be all things to one woman as a good husband should and must.

If Stanley had gone to his mother frankly she would undoubtedly have warned him against the pink girl with the scarlet ambitions. But he did not ask her advice or even tell her the truth. He was so much under Nep's sway that he simply told his mother he was going on an exploring trip into the Everglades. This was not altogether a lie, for the Everglades at their worst were never so dense, so pathless, so uncharted a realm as matrimony at its best.

Mrs. Newbold simply indicated a polite interest when Nep said to her the next morning:

"I've just had a letter from Polly Swayne in Aiken, asking me to run up and spend a week with her. I think I'll have a whack at it. It's stupid here. I'm motoring up, stopping at Jacksonville overnight at the hotel."

The morning mail had brought Nep a number of letters and Mrs. Newbold was not curious as to whom they came from or what was in them. It never occurred to her to suspect that none of them was from Polly Swayne or that Polly was not in Aiken at all. Assuming that Nep had been invited, it never occurred to her to say: "But my child, an unaccompanied girl can't motor for forty-eight hours by herself—and spend a night alone at a strange hotel."

When Mrs. Newbold was young such a protest would have been simply unanswerable. Even a girl who was bad enough to spend a night of mischief with a young man (as innumerable girls were) told her mother an elaborate lie about it. In the old days there was about as much wickedness as the traffic would bear, but the machinery was more cumbersome. The people of today are neither better nor worse; they are simply more efficient. They cover more territory in less time. They use fewer lies, simpler ones and better ones.

Was Nep a bad girl or a good one? a wanton fool or a cautious philosopheress? The answer would depend on the critic who judged her and would, after all, tell more about the critic than about Nep.

In the old days Nep would have married her man under the most solemn and sacred auspices. Then if she had been unhappy with him she would have either pined away or deceived him. If he found her out, what could he do? Divorce was practically out of the question and the only defense a husband had against the continued infidelity of a fickle wife was a club or a pistol.

Nep's modern way was more scientific and, in intent at least, as virtuous as the old-fashioned average. Though a divorce could easily be secured in case of unsuccessful wedlock she felt it more honorable, or at least more scientific, to live with the man a while first, so that she could get the divorce before marriage instead of afterward.

Nep's elopement came just in time. A year earlier an elaborate wardrobe could have been crowded into a modest box. But long skirts and elaborate trimmings were coming back apace and a year later perhaps forty trunks would be needed to contain her clothes. Evening gowns were already trailing the floor, and afternoon frocks were aiming thither. But as she did not expect to be seen and wanted to avoid attention at all costs, she took along only a few of her most informal things.

It was still the man who needed the heavier baggage and Stanley threw into the hold of his car a far larger suitcase than Nep bestowed in the back of hers.

In accordance with their final plan they got out of Palm Beach the next morning at an early hour, for they had a good three hundred miles to cover before they drew into Jacksonville. They were both a bit haggard at the outset, since each had been too restless to profit by the last night of sleeping alone: each found much to worry over in the loss of independence and solitude.

Perhaps Stanley, who loved with such fire, was the uneasier of the two, wondering how he would acquit himself as conqueror. Nep was certainly uneasy enough, resenting in advance the surrenders she must make not only of herself, but of her little idiosyncrasies.

The two lovers met therefore as strangers, unconscious enemies of a sort, both on guard, alert against any intrusion upon habits that had become rites.

They did not meet at all until each had driven several miles north of Palm Beach. There, in a secluded spot, Stanley transferred his luggage to Nep's car, then drove swiftly ahead to the next town, where he stored his car in a garage.

Then he walked away on a pretended errand and loitered about until Nep came along, affected surprise at seeing him and called out for the benefit of anyone who might be interested:

"Fancy meeting you! Won't you let me give you a lift?"

"Mighty nice of you!" said Stanley. "I was just wondering how I could get to my destination."

This was as silly as a children's charade, but it seemed important and clever

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You may ransack the shops for novelties, but she'll always prefer, as a gift, a box of Blue Moon Hosiery.

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Silk Stockings

to these runaways. Their hearts were beating in childish excitement. They were almost more afraid of each other than of any imaginary observer who might suspect their purpose. They found nothing to say of their epoch-making project, and contented themselves with comments on the weather and the scenery.

Nep was irritable from lack of sleep and the wind in her eyes made her drowsier. She was apt to be dangerous when she was sleepy and she began to mutter to herself: "If this man is such a bore the first half hour what won't he be in a week?" She admitted to herself that she was equally dull, but she blamed him for not inspiring her.

Stanley was dejectedly wondering why he could think of nothing to say, why Nep could think of nothing to say—what there could be for anybody to say! Yet if they had nothing to say to each other, what was the use of going so far and so fast to get away from being overheard?

Their good luck was their bad luck. Both had wealth, leisure, freedom, and every day was a holiday, every week a vacation. Therefore they could never really have a holiday or a vacation.

The average elopers leave dull workaday lives for a short excursion into strange scenes. Stan and Nep were leaving better for worse, running off from the playground to the school.

To the poor young man released from shop or factory for a few days' honeymoon, and to his bride fleeing from the drudgery of a shabby home or sordid toil, it is heaven just to be free, to be extravagant for a little while. Ahead of them looms the necessity of returning to dreary routine, to economy, sickness, all the tawdry, nagging melodrama of the poor.

To them the lot of Nep and Stan would have been, or should have been, Nirvana. Nobody expects the poor to feel sorry for the rich, yet nobody deserves pity more. Nep and Stan were pitiable souls, frantic for happiness and perishing in its superfluity.

Suddenly Nep remembered a deferred problem of yesterday. "Oh, by the way, have you thought up a name for us to wear yet? What name are you going to write on the hotel register? Mr. and Mrs. Who from Where?"

Stanley shook his head. Invention was not in his line. He suggested "Smith," "Brown," "Jones"—noble names but not unusual. She frowned at the incongruity of carrying on so romantic an intrigue under such familiar titles, and leaned more toward "Vanderpoel," "Pomfret," "Ruthven"—something, anything, infrequent.

Stanley objected that such names would only attract attention and waken curiosity. In the depth of his musings a snicker broke from him before he could check it.

Nep pleaded: "In the name of heaven, Stan, if you've thought of something funny trot it out. Split it with me."

"It's not quite nice," he stammered, blushing.

"If it was I wouldn't want to hear it. Come on. Out with it!"

Blushing doubly now, for her as well as himself, Stanley reluctantly confessed: "We were speaking of what name we could put on the hotel register, and I couldn't help remembering college days and the names the fellows would put on the shady hotel registers when they went out on—benders. They had to write something so they'd put 'Julius Cæsar and wife' or 'Mr. and Mrs. Herman Napoleon' or 'Jacob Shakespeare and Frau.' The first one to register always put poor old prexy's name down and the next would write the name of the most pious clergyman and the rest would add the names of professors till the list read like a faculty meeting."

Nep disappointed him by finding this very funny, but she jolted him with the query: "What pen name did you usually use?"

"Me? Good Lord! You don't suppose I ever went in for anything like that, do you?"

"Really? I supposed all men did."

"Well, I should hope not!"

A silence at least thirty miles long ensued. Nep was thinking mainly of the road, the curves, the bumps, the cars they met or passed. But Stanley was profoundly roiled, first by Nep's supposition that he had been a rake, second, by her assumption that all men were rakes. He was most shocked because she was not shocked at the supposition that he was as bad as the rest. He wondered if her tone had not really betrayed a little contempt for him because of his protest of innocence. This thought frightened him.

Stanley had long disapproved of Nep's boldness of action, her dreamy dancing, her reckless costumes, her profanity. His infatuation had led him to believe that she was merely following the styles. But now that she implied a complete indifference as to his past, what did she not imply as to her own? Cold chills of shame ran up and down his bones.

He cast sidelong glances at her and saw her in a new light, as a passionate animal. Her eager profile, the haste she showed to reach the rendezvous, instead of being driven to it timidly! Was it probable that a girl whose language was so shameless would have been a prude in her conduct? Wasn't it far more likely that a woman of evil conduct would be a prude in her language; and only a shameless one speak freely?

He would gladly have turned back, if only Nep had proposed it. But she would not make the suggestion, and he dared not. Suddenly his fearsome thoughts of high spirituality were jarred by a materialistic outburst from her.

"I'm hungry! I didn't wait for a real breakfast and I'm perishing. What do you say to a cup of coffee and a hot dog at one of these roadside places?"

A hot dog! On a honeymoon! While he was pondering lofty matters of integrity in thought and deed, she was meditating a hot dog! He weakly pretended enthusiasm, and hot dogs they ate as they sat on high stools at a counter none too clean.

When they were on their way again she said:

"What did you think of the name of that hot-dog dealer—Cleon Atlantides? How would that do for us? Mr. and Mrs. Atlantides."

"I'm afraid I don't look very Grecian."

"Neither do I. I'd like to look Spanish or Greek or something romantic, especially today, but I'm plain American."

"You're certainly not plain. And what could be more beautiful than what you are—a beautiful American girl?"

"Why, Stanley! You're positively poetic! and complimentary—whew! Do you realize that's the first compliment you've paid me since we started?"

He reached over and squeezed her hand on the wheel, squeezed so hard that he all but prevented her making the little shift that barely saved them from running into the concrete side wall of a bridge. They grazed death by the width of an eyelash, and it gave Stanley a moment's nausea to realize what a nauseating mess they might have been.

She reverted to the question of the name. "Let's read the signs along the road. You watch the right. I'll watch the left."

As if of malicious purpose there followed nothing but miles of advertisements of tires and oils and gasolines. Then they pierced a town and names slid past them canceling one another.

The next stretch was prodigal of billboards but there were the strangest objections to every name. This was too peculiar; that, too shoddy. Finally, in sheer fatigue of debate, they went back to one of Stanley's earliest suggestions—"Jones." The next problem was a Christian name.

He wanted to be "John Jones," but the alliteration repelled Nep. She suggested others that he found unbearably graceful. He was afraid that she would from habit call him "Stan" and that would attract attention if his written name were anything else.

They settled at last on Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones. From what city? At last they agreed on New York. Anybody could come from New York.

They found it amusing for a time to practice being "Mr. and Mrs. Jones." Then the fun wore off, and there remained the unnaturalness of it. To Stanley it was oppressive and of evil omen that they were to begin their married life with false names as well as false pretenses.

The car devoured the miles one after another. The sun crossed to the other side of the road and the palm trees were throwing out longer and longer shadows of a deeper dark. The sky was catching fire along the west and the golden atmosphere was turning to crimson and dusk.

Nep was hungry again as they neared Saint Augustine, but they agreed that it would be better to push on and have a decent dinner in their rooms.

"A decent dinner!" Stanley thought. "Well, it would be the only decent thing about the exploit." But he did not think it aloud.

The street lamps were aglow in the ancient Spanish city and they rolled into it with their own lamps flaring. They rolled out again on the beach road to Jacksonville, and ran for thirty miles with the waves rushing in at them from the gloom. The only visible world was the segment cut from the black by the long auger of their headlights—that and the dazzling or dim eyes of cars that swooped by.

Stanley could not see Nep now, except in the little eerie upward light from the dashboard, which she kept dark mostly lest it distract her eyes from the unknown road. Even when the tiny lamp was on, it revealed only the silvered undersides of her hands and arms, beneath them an iridescent outline of her lean loins and one curved thigh; above her arms a wraith of throat and cheek, the shining onyx of one eye and nothing else but shadow. She was more occult to him than the sea, more dangerous. He knew that he ought to be stealing kisses from her cold cheek and mumbling erotic praises into her cold ear, but he could not bring himself to do his duty—if he could use such a word of anything concerned in this outrage upon all duties.

Nep was not unaware of his aloofness, his silences, his failures to play or even imply the lover. These negative evidences puzzled her, for he had seemed to be a man of extraordinary fire. She began to understand that his was the

fire of a rocket, a gush of flame and fury and then darkness and a stick falling.

She was thrown into a panic of her own. She had forced Stanley into this excursion, overwhelming his objections because she thought he was considering only her and trying to protect her from herself. She decided that he had really been trying to protect himself from her. This cast her into a state of abject dismay. She could not even bring herself to be angry, much less to call off the affair and turn back for home.

She could give the matter only shreds of thought because the driving required unremitting vigilance. When the moon crept up into the lower sky and suddenly flooded the world with its blue tremulous tenderness, the ancient glamour exerted its spell and Stanley's body and hers leaned together and his arm went round her shoulder, his lips cautiously sought hers. She preferred endangering their lives to denying herself the bliss of turning her eyes from the road to his eyes so that her mouth might touch his.

Love and felicity and deep contentment rode with them so, until at length they found themselves approaching a line of beach hotels and seaside cottages, most of them dark. The lovers had, in a day's drive, run out of the tropical winter-summer of Palm Beach to a realm where the bathing season had not yet begun.

Nep was about to turn away from the ocean at an illuminated sign indicating the highway to Jacksonville, when she noted a hotel in which a few lights gleamed. She stopped her car.

"Perhaps we could get rooms up there."

"I thought you insisted on a city hotel," Stanley protested.

"I did, but it's so gloriously beautiful out here. Besides, I think we need a little help for our romance. We can go into town tomorrow night."

"Anything you say, dear," said Stanley—an unimportant speech in itself, but its very unimportance at this important moment fell like a club on Nep's lonely soul. An ague of disillusionment followed by a hot flash of resentment almost determined her to end the elopement then and there, but she could not quite lift herself to such a high resolve, and drove on slowly to the hotel.

She stopped on the sand in front of it and said to her man: "Go on in, Mr. Jones, and see if they can give board and lodging to you and your wife—man and beast—for the night; especially board, for I'm famished."

Stanley climbed down and stared at the hotel, bracing himself for the first grand opening lie.

Nep reminded him again: "Don't forget your name, and if they say yes and push the book at you, write 'Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones, New York.' And hurry back!"

She was forlorn, indeed, when he had gone. She could hear his footsteps blundering about the walks, seeking the right door, and in them there was character of a very painful sort. His feet said that he was hardly the frantically eager bridegroom she had counted on, running fiercely to demand shelter and seclusion for himself and his mate.

He came back at last with a limping old Negro.

Stanley said: "It's all right, dear. They'll take us in. We can have nearly the whole hotel. Only the owner's family is here."

"The whole hotel!" Nep exclaimed. "That's gorgeous!"

Romance resumed her throne, and Nep's heart warmed toward the embarrassed liar, her lover. He was wrenching the suitcases out of the car and turning them over to the rickety porter.

A young man came from the hotel to take the car to the garage and he studied Nep with interest. Stanley's embarrassment over his first inquiries and the difficulty he had with his signature had branded him, not as the craven forger he was, but as the prettily bewildered bridegroom struggling with the writing of his first "Mr. and Mrs."

The old Negro led the way into the lobby and down a dimly lighted hall and up the stairs to a door, which he unlocked and threw open.

The moon imbued the room bluely, made it a grotto of beauty, and Nep's heart was warm anew. Then the switch was found and the electric lights leaped in, flung out the moonbeams and revealed the almost morbid realism of a summer hotel. Nep's heart turned cold again. She remembered her stomach's emptiness.

"Could we have some dinner?" she asked the old man.

"Yassum! O' co'se you kin!" he answered.

"Up here?" said Nep.

"Yassum. I'll fetch you the best we got."

"What have you got?"

"They's shrimps. They's some nice soup. A might' nice piece of fish. They's chickin—fried chickin Ma'yland with cawn frittas and veg'tables and white gravy and ice scream."

"All right," said Nep. "Bring that and coffee, quarts of coffee."

"Yassum!"

"And what's your name?"

"My name Jones."

Nep's and Stanley's eyes met. Stanley's eyes gaped. Nep's wrinkled with laughter.

"That's our name, too," she said.

"Might' nice name, Jones," said Jones. "My pappy was owned by Jonejes. That's how come I git de name." He stared at Nep with amiable impudence. "I reckon you ain't been wearin' our-all's name ve'y long, has ye? Only sence abote this mawnin', maybe?"

"I hope I don't have to wear it much longer before I get that dinner," said Nep. The waiter bustled to the door.

"No'm, Mizziz Jones. It's comin' right along."

He hobbled out, chuckling. Nep turned the key, drew off her gloves and peeled her hat from her head. All the while she studied her partner. She found Stanley utterly ill at ease. He was plainly stampeded by the knowledge that he was locked in a strange hotel room with a girl to whom he was not married.

Nep went to the electric switch and annulled the glare, letting the moon back in. Then she went to Stanley and took him in her arms. She took him in her arms and clasped him tight. But she wailed like a lonely little girl:

"Don't you love me at all, Stanley?"

"Of course I do."

"Then why in—why don't you say so?"

"I love you!" he groaned and clenched her with all the might of his arms. It was nearly enough for her ribs but not nearly enough for her need. And in a moment his embrace relaxed and she walked out of it to the window, where she stood in a wistful hush, staring at the woeful, somber sea. Stanley stared at her shadowy slenderness and saw that she was clinging desperately to the little curtain cord. He went to her and slipped his arm about her. Her head leaned against his shoulder and they stood staring at the huge, lonely sea in a huge loneliness.

Then Jones knocked and Nep opened the door; Jones put the light on again and began to lay the table. It took him so long to fetch the soup that it was cold when it arrived but Nep was starved and everything tasted good.

It was Stanley whose appetite was bridal. His conscience was inflamed and he had assumed all of the responsibility and all of the guilt. He wondered how Nep could be so greedy.

It was another age before the fish came up with Jones.

"What kind of fish is that?" said Nep.

"Red snappa!" snapped Jones. "And a mighty tasty fish, tew."

"Did it freeze to death?" said Nep.

"Well, it kind o' caught a chill in de hall. You see, you-all's a little late for dinna and I gotta do the best I kin."

"Warm the chicken, will you?" said Nep. "Or anyway, break off the icicles before you serve it."

Jones whooped with shameless laughter at this. He loved to be reviled so long as the abuse was exaggerated. He turned at the door as Nep demanded:

"What did this fish die of? Old age?"

"No'm, he was kotch only this mawnin' —or maybe yestiddy."

"Or maybe last week. If I die of ptomaine poisoning I'll ha'nt you."

"You'll be right welcome, missy. But you go right on and eat yo' fill. 'At's red snappa!"

Eventually the long, long meal was over. As it drew to its close Stanley was wondering how Nep could be so flippant in badgering the impertinent Negro. Stanley was of the solemn school that can never see the solemnity behind frivolity. Nep was as much in earnest as he, only about different things, and she thought and felt in a different dialect.

Stanley laid the blame for his aversion on the dishonesty of the whole affair. Nep laid the blame for her inamorous mood upon her resentment of Stanley's gloom. But many a couple wedded with every ceremony, showered with rice as they fled in a white-ribboned car to a hidden bower, could have told them that the first night was the worst night of their whole lives. The lawless god of Love would have reveled in the criminality of this affair if they had not been so ungodly long about getting to it.

At last the pottering waiter bade them an unctuous "Good night," and was gone for good. They were alone. The final protection they had from each other was taken away. Yet they were not alone. All the gods and goddesses of love and play and wrath, of old habits and new temptations, held congress with them.

Then there was a knock at the door and Nep opened it to admit a mulatto maid laden with fresh bedclothes and towels. The sight of these threw Stanley into a panic. Nep was maliciously amused by his terror and was attacked by an onset of silly giggles that she could not restrain. She could hardly keep her face straight long enough to bid the grinning maid good night. Then she had to run from the room, close the door and throw herself on the turned-down bedcovers to smother her laughter in the pillow that was to be hers.

Before she knew it she was crying hysterically. After all, she was getting the worst of it and her failure was more dire than Stanley's. He could not hear her sobs because he was standing by the open window listening to the roaring surf. He also was swept by waves of impulse to go to Nep, but they fell back as did the sea's.

When Nep had laughed and cried herself out and realized that she was still

hurry! *worry!* hurry!

...chew

for digestion!

IF you rush through meals as fast as the rest of us, and rush all day, give your digestion this mild help—chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Over 30 years have passed since Dr. Beeman perfected his pepsin gum, but it still holds first place with the wise folks who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

You'll like its keen, fresh flavor.

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aids digestion

alone, she rose and went into the sitting room. She studied Stanley's back and shook her head in despair of him and of herself. Then grimly she began to unpack her suitcase. Stanley could do nothing but unpack his. They made trips to and from the bathroom, colliding, begging pardon, getting unutterably in each other's way.

On the sly Stanley spied on Nep, trying to catch a hint of maidenly embarrassment. He saw none, but that was because he did not know the signs. He did not know this Nep at all and at the present moment he did not even like her well enough for his imagination to give her any benefit.

In fact, she was quite as terrified as he was, quite as afraid of him and of the next chapters in their romance. But it was her nature to be most afraid of virtuous cant, pious expressions, gestures of timidity or maidenly meekness. Such things were to her like advertising her purity. She was so profoundly afraid of prudery that she would rather have been very wicked than confess a very virtuous purpose.

When their unpacking was finished there was an awkward pause. Finally, in disgust at her own cowardice, Nep went into the bathroom with her nightgown and closed the door. Stanley heard the water roaring into the tub.

She peeked out to howl: "There's no hot water! Could you telephone and see if there's any use waiting?"

He went to the telephone and learned that the boiler had not been lighted. There would be a supply tomorrow.

This was tragic news to Nep. She had not had a hot bath since early morning and she felt more unclean than Queen Elizabeth after a six-month abstinence.

She bathed in cold water and was chilled to her marrow. Her spirits were so downed already that they could not warm her up again. She put on her nightgown and bath robe, ran into the next room and huddled under the covers shivering. She was left to shiver herself warm all by herself with no help from her baffling bridegroom.

In the meanwhile Stanley had been dismally getting into his pajamas in the sitting room of their suite. As he knotted the cord of his bath robe about him he was drawn to the window again by the spell of the moon-swept ocean, the ceaseless cavalcade of the breakers riding in from far off, storming the beach.

Though he gazed and listened till his own head seemed to roar with surf, he was thinking nobly of the girl back of him somewhere. The Nep he had loved was so pure and precious to him that the thought of her embracing another man even under the sanctions of marriage had been a fatal thought. He had loved a wild white-minded woman who would eventually become a faithful wife, a devoted mother of many children, finding in a peaceful home the realization of her highest ambitions. But the Penelope he found himself out with had flatly refused ever to have a child. She had refused even to be his wife until she had been his mistress.

The more he thought of her the uneasier he grew. She was no longer Penelope at all; she was Nep. The supposed saint in bright robes was now an unmasked devil who had run away with him, to use him as the instrument for her own defilement and to make him the accomplice in her crimes.

Beyond all the danger of scandal and of sin was the danger of another result, involving perhaps an innocent child in their fate. Even Nep's ruthlessness might not prevent its arrival and her effort to escape it might easily mean her death, as well as the death of the child. And it would be his child!

This accumulation of crimes inspired him to revolt and to a sudden sense of command. He dashed into the room where Nep was cowering under the blanket. She was still shaken with an ague that he assumed to be fright. He liked her better for being at least a little afraid. He sat down by her, caught her hand and poured out alternate prayers and reproaches, warning her against all the dangers to body and soul and the unknown stranger. He even used the word "murder."

He began to think that he was talking to a Lady Macbeth when she answered:

"Maybe it would be murder? What of it? Every time we eat meat or fish we commit murder, don't we? Those eggs you had for breakfast—didn't they snuff out the lives of two poor little chickens?"

Her flippancy left him dumb. She went on:

"Do you honestly think it's a poor girl's duty to have as many babies as she can? According to that, I ought to have twenty at least before I die. Well, all I can say is, the army and navy will have to look to somebody else for their recruits. From the way the children pop out in front of my car every time I drive, my platoon won't be missed.

"And when it comes down to that, old dear, why put it all on the woman? If a woman is a slacker for limiting her children, what about you men? The good old patriarchs did their duty. They had a dozen wives and raised a hundred children. What are your plans? Are you going to do your part and keep a harem, or are you just going to imitate the other slackers and preach to the women about their duty?

"I suppose you despise me, and I suppose I'm despicable, but you can't reform me, Stanley. Take me as I am, or leave me and quit arguing, in heaven's name!"

He gazed at her in a dread of her obstinacy, her disputatiousness, her utter lack of scruples. They made a baffling combination with her present pulpit and her costume.

While she sat up and argued her robe had fallen aside and revealed her gown and her. The gown was cut very low, and though it was thin enough to be diaphanous and to take its color from the skin beneath, it was also broken with long windows of very open lace.

This he had seen in spite of himself. He had thought little of seeing far more of her in a bathing suit, but a public beach was different from this seclusion. In the sick perversity of his moods he felt a new loss of respect for her. She had put on a siren gown for his temptation. The suspicion that she was trying to tempt him made her less tempting, not tempting at all.

Even if he had been set ablaze by her wiles he would have taken delight in overcoming the seduction. He was one of those who are born to wrestle with temptation, to beat it off and to run from it.

His mind was made up and his duty was clear. Since Nep was so ruthless of the consequences of their misdeeds, he must see to it for her sake that no danger should come near her. He rather dreaded her next device for ruining them both.

She had forced him to join her in this expedition. What would she not do to save it from what she would call failure?

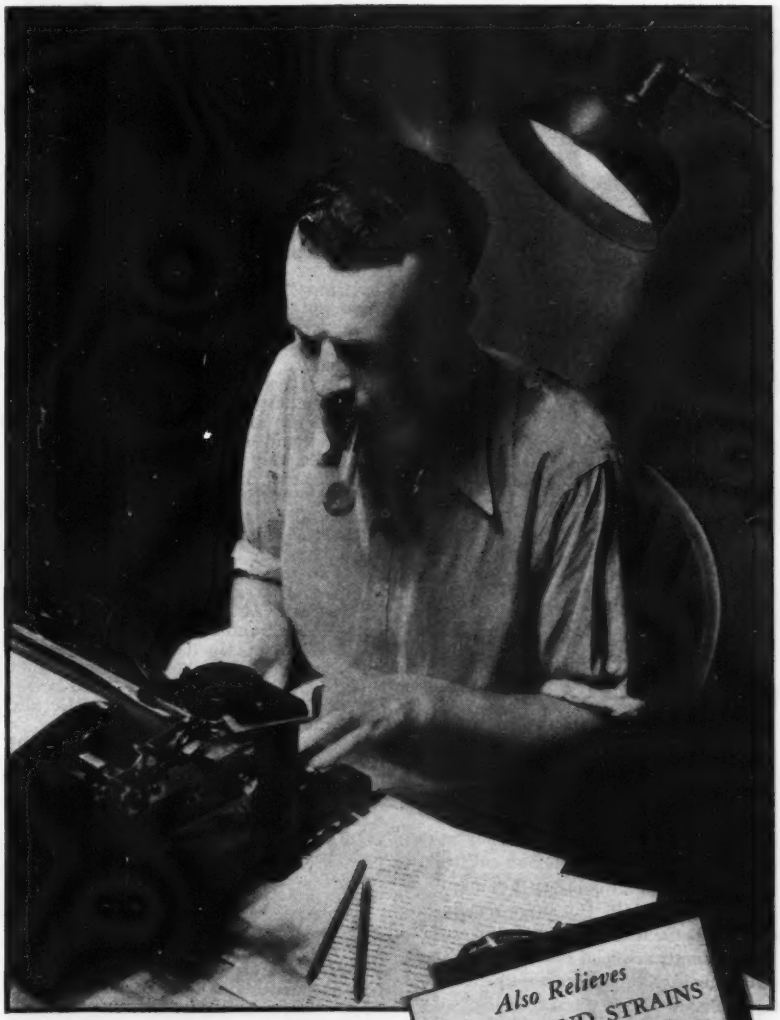
Her next step was to gasp the most unexpectable of words: "Did you bring any bicarbonate of soda?"

"Bicarbonate of soda! Of course not; why?"

"That fish—I think it was bad. It

HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"



WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease —So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

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SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

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It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas —douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

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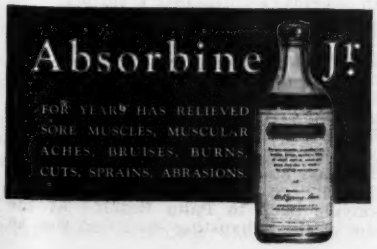
Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



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"Men no longer beam with approval," says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guiltless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one's natural coloring."

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couldn't have been, I suppose. It's probably the hot dog I had at noon. It's fighting the red snapper, and I'm going to lose 'em both. I hope I am. I'll die if I don't! I feel so queer—so miserable —so—forgive me, but—oh, Lord!"

Now his love could proclaim itself honestly in terror. He knew that Nep was going to die. He was not worried now about the scandal. That fear was lost in the dread of her suffering, and the blankness of life without her.

He seized and held her in his arms, put her back on the pillow and raced about the room. She was touched by his frenzy and found it sweet, the only sweet thing in a queasy world.

He was all for summoning a doctor. When nobody answered the telephone he resolved to dash into Jacksonville and drag a physician out in his car. He would waken the hotel and all the druggists in the world.

Nep would have none of this. She consented only to his dressing and going to the hotel kitchen for baking soda. He flung into his clothes, hurried downstairs and ransacked the long, dark corridors for help. Everybody seemed to be in bed, but he could not find where.

He struck matches, pressed electric-light switches and set the whole lower floor aglow. At length he discovered the great kitchen and lighted that, and found a jar of soda. He lighted a gas range, filled and heated a kettle till the spout smoked and the lid jiggled. Then he set out for his room, lugging the kettle and the soda.

He narrowly escaped being shot by the proprietor's son, who assumed that a gang of burglars was at work. Stanley's explanations were sleepily accepted and he made his way to Nep.

In his absence she had taken heroic measures to disburden her rebellious stomach. She was better but far from comfortable and very far from any amorous capabilities by the time her prospective husband returned to the dovecote. She permitted him to prepare a glass of hot soda water and it soothed her enough to put her to sleep at once.

Innocence and purity made up the mask of her features now and Stanley loved her with adoration, rejoicing in the privilege of standing guard over her integrity. When standing guard grew overwearisome he sank into a chair and gazed at her.

He would have sworn that he did not sleep, yet the next thing he knew was that the window shades were bordered with light. Was the hotel on fire? He peered out into broad day. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock.

He turned round. Nep's eyes were open. She was refreshed with long unbroken slumber and so oblivious of the past that she cried:

"What are you doing in my room?"

Then she remembered. She laughed.

The night was over. The romance was over. She had slept it off. It was more potent than ever for Stanley, but it was a new day for her. It was the hour for her usual dip in the ocean.

She ordered Stanley from the room and when he had gone, she darted to the bathroom. Her only matins were to give thanks for hot water. She came forth at last, fresh and prim, and said to Stanley:

"You'd better go and bathe and shave. Hurry up. I'll order breakfast."

When he came out, Jones was limping about the table pouring coffee. Nep greeted him with a toast to her good health—in orange juice. There were rolls and eggs and bacon, and all was right with the world.

There was a certain timorous impudence in Jones' veiled assumptions that the honeymoon had begun well, and Stanley was ready to wring the old man's neck, but Nep took it as a huge joke. She saddened the waiter by informing him—and Stanley at the same time—that they were leaving right after breakfast. When the real Jones had shuffled away with his dishes and his tip, Stanley asked:

"Where do we go from here? To the hotel in Jacksonville?"

"To our homes in Palm Beach," said Nep. "This honeymoon is finished for the present. We'll scoot back and I'll tell Mama that I changed my mind about Aiken and you can tell your mama that you changed yours about the Everglades. Nobody will be any the wiser."

But when Stanley reached the hotel desk and asked for the bill he heard footsteps behind him and felt a hand on his shoulder, heard a voice behind him:

"Stanley! Why, you old egg! What are you doing up in this neck of woods?"

He whirled to look into the friendly eyes of a college classmate. The man's name was knocked out of Stanley's memory by his sense of sneak-thief guilt. For that reason he stammered greetings of extravagant cordiality, but he nearly collapsed when the hotel proprietor said:

"Here's your receipt, Mr. Jones. I hope you and your wife will come again soon."

Stanley clutched the paper in frozen fingers. His anonymous crony cried:

"Married, eh? Well, what do you know about that! I haven't seen anything of it in the papers. Congrats! Congrats!"

Stanley's limp hand was wrung mercilessly while he tried to laugh.

"Who's the unlucky girl?" his persecutor demanded, and Stanley answered:

"Heh, heh, heh! Well, g'by; glad to met you. G'by!"

In the near offing Nep appeared with Jones and another Negro carrying the suitcases. She waited until Stanley reached her, then followed him out into the air shaken by the tumultuous surf. Stanley was shaken by a more poignant agitation. His dear old chum was saying to the proprietor:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones, did you say? Huh! That's Stanley McIlvaine. That boy is no more married than I am. And that girl—I don't know her, but I've seen her picture a dozen times. It's—it's Penelope Newbold! That's who it is! Good Lord, whew! What a story! Mr. and Mrs. Jones, eh? That's great!"

He writhed with delight in the luscious bit of gossip, but the proprietor raged over the misuse of his honest roof for the shelter of such an affair.

Outside, Nep was genuinely frightened by the dreadful look on Stanley's livid face, but not half so frightened as he was. He dared not speak till they were scudding south along the beach.

The tide had ebbed till now the ocean lay far out, lapping the shore so tamely that it hardly deserved the great word "sea."

Along a huge golden Appian Way of sand Nep drove her car with dogged speed and was as sick with failure as the sea appeared to be. She was glad that her impetuous northward dash along this beach the night before had ended as it had, yet the self-contempt that follows an adventure unfulfilled, a sin unsinned, is often more odious and less consoling than remorse for a consummated evil. The remorseful soul feels itself at least a criminal; the thwarted sinner only a fool.

Nep was almost ill with realizing that she had driven all day long from Palm Beach to Jacksonville, had spent a night of acute spiritual as well as physical indigestion and torpor, and now had only the privilege of driving all day from Jacksonville back to Palm Beach. At the end of the exhausting excursion was an

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ordeal of silly lies to undo the lies she had compiled.

She blamed Stanley for everything and loathed him for a trouble-maker. He had wrecked her promising romance with Joe Sturgis and had turned out to be only a stupid bore, after all. Her joy in learning this before she married him was lost in her weariness of his society. She could hardly endure the prospect of sitting at his elbow all the way home.

She recalled dismally how Joe had set her on fire with ambition and made her future luminous with opportunity, beauty and usefulness, even with fame.

Remembering Joe's words, Nep was dazed to recall that she had repaid them with an insultingly brusque breaking of her agreement with him. He had taken his loss with magnificent bravery, and had not even reproached her fickleness. Looking back on her conduct she could hardly imagine that she could have been deluded into such cruel folly. She tried not to blame Stanley for loving her so insanely; her sense of her own guilty insanity was enough to crush her. She had thrown Joe away and she could not bear his substitute.

Her brain-fag and heart-fag were shared by Stanley, but forgotten in his panic. He was abysmally ashamed of being caught in an ugly lie by a classmate whose name he could not regain from the past. He could recall only, and with an exaggerated vividness, that he had never liked the fellow nor the fellow him; that the man had always been a cad, a cynic, a talebearer who would undoubtedly run at once to a telephone and spread the word in Palm Beach that Stanley McIlvaine and Nep Newbold had spent a night under the *nom d'hôtel* of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones!"

An ignobler man than Stanley might have regretted that, though he had the name, he had lost the game, but Stanley was profoundly glad of his own innocence and still more glad of Nep's. Yet his joy in that guiltlessness was smothered in the knowledge that nobody would believe it and that even to assert it would only add ridicule to scorn.

He loved Nep more than ever now, for the punishment that was accumulating ahead of her. He wanted not to tell Nep what he feared, but he was afraid to let her wander blindly into the waiting trap, and he was afraid to be left alone with the secret.

At length he faltered: "Nep, honey."

"Yep, honey."

"I've got bad news for you."

"Spill it, boy."

"When I—when I went to pay the bill at that hotel a fellow I used to know in college came up and spoke to me. Then the cashier handed me the receipt and called me 'Mr. Jones' and said he hoped my wife and I would come again."

"Good Lord!" Nep whispered, seeing everything in a flash. "Who was the man?"

"I can't remember his name to save me. It was Colson!" His pommeled memory suddenly released its secret. "That's it, Frank Colson! He was in my class at college. I didn't know him well, but I hated him a lot. He was always butting in and always being frozen out. He still has that slimy smile. I wish I'd smeared it all over his face; but when he congratulated me on being married and asked me the name of the bride, I was scared stiff. I couldn't think of a thing to say. And then you appeared and I—I just broke and ran. I could kind of hear an awful silence back of me. I'm sure he recognized you. I feel it in my bones that he'll spread the story."

"He wouldn't be human if he didn't."

"He always was a yellow dog."

"If he were a baby-blue saint he'd feel it his duty all the more to rebuke sin. And we didn't even sin! Well!"

She drew the back of her hand across her wet brow. She felt as if all her insides were suddenly tangled. She could foresee the appalling complications, the disdain of her more decent friends, the chortling delight of her acquaintances. Wouldn't Sue Folsom have fun with her!

People would feel as she had felt in such cases, and would laugh, as she had laughed at people she knew who had been unlucky in their indiscretions. She recalled one couple that had been caught out on the beach by a stubborn patrolman and taken to the police station where they were finally released with no penalty except the gossip that swept across Palm Beach.

Nep had wondered why those two ridiculous wretches had not left the country or jumped off a dock or something. She had wondered how they had dared to show their faces in public. Only their impregnable wealth and indomitable family affiliations had kept them from being driven out. The people who had been most guilty were the most merciless in their ridicule.

And now Nep was under a worse condemnation. She had not merely lingered too long on a beach; she had traveled all day to an all-night rendezvous under an alias. She suffered a positive malaria of torment. Her body shivered and the wheel wavered under her hand.

To be criticized she could bear. She always met scorn with its counterpart. But to be despised and to deserve contempt was withering. She had often been reckless and in her reckless moods had thought contemptuously of virtue, called it harsh names: "Puritanism, priggishness, prudery, cowardice, hypocrisy, impotence." But now she saw how far beyond price are innocence, a white name, a clean conscience, irreproachable self-control. She saw the supreme rewards of abstention from compromising adventures. She wished to heaven that she were innocent even to the point of ignorance.

She tossed her head in an attempt to reconquer her pride and her courage, but her lips were ashen. Animal terror made it hard for her not to leap from the car and run to hide in the tall grass, or burrow into the sand.

She could not even temper her despair with the thought that perhaps the man Colson would not have any acquaintances in Palm Beach, or would not take the trouble to call them up just to start a story. She knew that he would. She could not even pretend that he might not have recognized who she was. Her pictures were everywhere. She knew that everybody knew her.

Even her failure to commit actual evil was of no help to her. Her intention had been plain and if she had not carried it out, she was merely ludicrous as well as wanton. She could imagine so vividly the look in the eyes of anybody who might hear her protest her innocence that she would rather confess the deepest guilt than make so silly a demand on credulity. She felt sorry for Stanley, especially when he made a chivalrous attempt to assume the blame, and groaned:

"I ought to be shot for going up to the desk without looking around. I'll never forgive myself for dragging you into this, honey."

"I'm the one that did the dragging. It's all my fault, Stan," she answered. "I'm the one to pay the price. Fortunately, it doesn't harm a man to be accused of a few wild oats. You mustn't blame yourself. I've got enough to stand for without that. If you'll forgive me for

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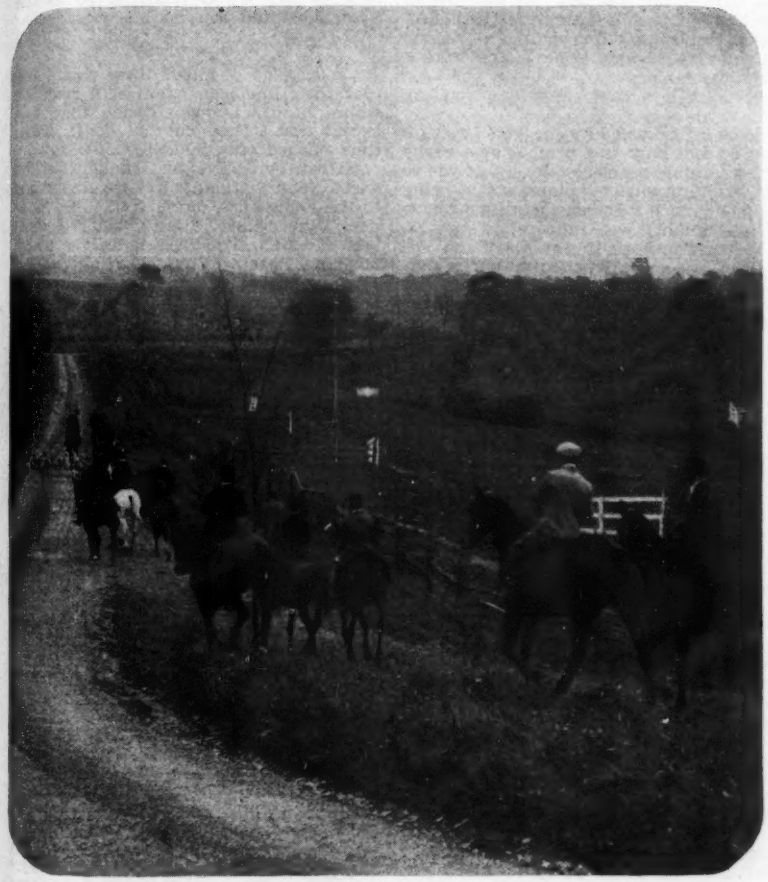

Across the fields they rode, over meadow, jumping brooks, through woodland . . . eight miles of galloping in the keen autumn air . . . eight miles of danger and taking a chance . . . eight miles of sport . . . and after they found, then they bore the brush in triumph back to the club house, living again each moment of the day.

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what I've done to you, I'll feel a little easier. Don't worry. I'll be all right. I'll go away for a while till it blows over."

Stanley's love flamed in sudden pity for her. He was not afraid of her, now that she was cowed and helpless. Now he could protect her, save her. He poured out his heart.

"Listen, Nep. We don't have to worry at all about Colson. We went up there as a sort of preliminary to getting married. All we've got to do is to get married today and everything's all right. We can stop at any one of these little towns and go to a justice of the peace and ask him to keep it quiet, and then if Colson should blab we can just say that we got married the day before and used the name of Jones because we didn't want to publish it just yet. Nobody will ever know the difference.

"Come on, honey! Let's! You know it's the one thing on earth I want. I love you more than ever. We'll be happy together. Please! Please say you will! We're coming into Saint Augustine soon. We could go there somewhere and be married in a jiffy. And I could pay the man enough not to give it out to the papers for a while. Come on! Please!"

It may have been merely that the opportunity to refuse somebody something, to deny a prayer, gave Nep's ruined pride the uplift it needed. Even in her dire poverty she was approached by a beggar and she felt not quite so much the utter pauper. But she gave other reasons:

"Ever so much obliged, Stan; but no, thank you! I appreciate what you want to do. It's grand of you. It's like you. But I'd rather die than get married to escape disgrace. And it wouldn't be an escape. It would all come out. The newspapers would look up the date of the license, and that would give them an excuse for publishing reams about us. Even if your friend Colson does start the story going it will only be whispered around. No paper would dare print it. If we tried to get married secretly, though —Lord help us! We'd be on every front page."

Stanley broke in frantically: "But I'm not thinking of that so much. I'm thinking of how much I want to marry you. I wanted to before this happened. I told you I couldn't live without you and I wouldn't try. I mean it still. I couldn't stand it to lose you. I'd kill myself."

The threat did not gain by repetition. It had terrified her once. Now it had no reality. She shook her head. "No! No, my dear. It wouldn't work out. I'm not the wife for you. I can see it now as plain as day."

"You're not going to take this expedition as a test, are you? I wasn't myself and you weren't yourself, and——"

"Oh, yes, we were! We'll never be more ourselves than we were then. I admit we were both under a strain, but that's part of the test. I got sick and had to substitute bicarbonate of soda for romance; but I shouldn't be surprised if bicarbonate of soda and the bup-bups play a bigger part in most marriages than romance ever does.

"You love me in spite of my stomach-ache, and I love you. I love you better than I ever did, but not in the marrying way, Stan. If we got married under this cloud, or out of it, we'd simply drift apart and end up in Reno. Can't you see, Stanley, old darling? We just don't kindle. We wrangled and argued and got on each other's nerves all day yesterday and that's what we'd always do."

"Just you marry me once and I'll show you," he persisted.

"But I have married you and you've shown me."

"But you can't call that a marriage!"

"It's as much of a marriage as you and I will ever know, Stan darling."

This bludgeoned him and his head sank onto his chest. Out of the corner of her eye she could see him droop and she tried to be merciful—with a surgeon's mercy.

"If I weren't horribly fond of you, Stan, I wouldn't talk so brutally, and you wouldn't get on my nerves so. I'd just ignore you. But I like you so awfully much that you drive me mad. Of course, that—that colic I had wasn't really due to the fish or the hot dog. It was due to my being in such a taking that I couldn't digest anything. And you don't love me in a marrying way, either. You were a nervous maniac."

"I don't love you? How can you say it?"

"You think you love me and I'm sure you do, but only as a brother or a crony or something, never as a lover. If you've got one minute of happiness out of being with me since yesterday morning you've kept it mighty well hidden."

"Why, I've been in paradise!"

That brought a laugh from her, a rueful and bitter laugh. "Well, if that's the way you are in paradise, give me hell for comfort. No, darling, no! As I see it, the only people that ought to get married are people who make each other laugh all the time they're not violently mad with love; or people that are all bound up in the same work or some career or something. You and I are just a debating society. We always have been. You have always wanted to save me from dogs or cows or from wicked boys or from my wicked self or something. It's swell of you. But it's not love, now is it?"

"What I feel in my heart is love—my kind of love, anyway. If I don't love you, then I can never love anybody."

"You think so now, but that's because you haven't met the right girl yet. The trouble is, you don't really approve of me, Stan. You know you don't. If you did, you wouldn't always be trying to change me. It's all for my good, I know; but the fact is I don't suit you as I am, and that's just what I am. You're interested in me, devoted to my welfare and all that; I've no doubt you'd die for me at the drop of the handkerchief. But marrying love is something else again.

"I'd die for you, too, if it would do you any good; but I'll just be good and jolly well damned if I'm going to marry you and ruin your life and my own. So let's just go on being the best friends that ever were. It's so much better than adding one more couple to the awful mess that marriage is in this country."

He pleaded and stormed, threatened and wept; but she would not be moved. She tried to shunt him off the subject to the problem of what story they were to tell if and when Colson's budget of news arrived at Palm Beach. His mind refused to devote itself to that riddle, and he reverted desperately to the threat that had brought her out of Joe Sturgis' arms into his own:

"All right, Nep! Have your own way. But remember what I said. The day you marry anybody else, I climb to the top of that seventy-story building and——"

"Oh, go on and jump!" she snapped.

"I will."

"But don't jump till you're sure I'm married."

"I won't."

"As life looks to me now, you'll die of old age, for I wouldn't marry the Angel Gabriel if he should fly down and ask me."

"He won't."

They sank into silence, and gave heed to nothing but the signposts that tolled off the miles. They were very long miles.

When the car rolled into Saint Augustine, Nep stopped it in front of a telegraph office. Only then Stan spoke, demanding what she planned.

She explained: "I'm just going to wire Mother that I've changed my mind about going to Aiken and I'm on my way home."

Stanley could make no objection to this. In fact, while she wrote her message he wrote one of his own telling his mother that he had decided not to go to the Everglades and was on his way home.

They drove away and took their luncheon again at a roadside stand, hardly knowing what they ate, except that it was not hot dogs. Then they pushed on. Suddenly Nep said:

"Great Lord, I've just thought! You wired your mother you were not going to the Everglades, didn't you?" He nodded. She sighed: "Can't you see what you've done? The Everglades are south of Palm Beach. You telegraphed from far north, and from the very office I wired from. If our mothers meet and compare notes—well, you can see——"

"Oh, what a fool I am! And now I've ruined you twice in one morning."

"Cheer up, old top. It makes no difference. It will only confirm the story of your old college chum Colson. We're doomed. Nothing else matters."

Mile tailed mile. The sun reached the other side of the sky and marched down the western hill. At length the journey was almost over, and still they had thought of nothing better than to go in separately as they had gone out.

She let Stanley off at the town where he had left his car, then went on ahead a few miles and waited by the roadside until he came up. After he had transferred his suitcase to his own car, he lingered in the dark to tell how he hated to have her go on alone. He had failed her miserably in every respect and he was desolate. Forlornly he put out his arms. They kissed each other a long farewell. She would have the last word.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for all the pain I've given you, Stan. The only thing to console me is knowing that the story won't do you any real harm. As for me, I have no reputation to lose, anyway. So that's all right. Goo'by!"

Her car slid away. He went to his own wheel and followed as closely as he dared. The forelamps of her car poured a spray of radiance along the road, but in the dark after-body the red lamp glimmered with a kind of pathos.

Now and then the headlights of approaching cars flooded the highway with gusts of white flame going by on a wind. Even the whipped-up dust blazed as it swirled. Then Nep was reembodied for a moment in silhouette against the splintered flare of her windshield. She was only a little head on little shoulders, not a very wise head but a pitiful one; for her bravery seemed mere recklessness, destined to a crash, hurrying to it with a frightened audacity.

She was Stanley's horizon, and like a horizon never quite to be attained. She flitted ahead of him, a will-o'-the-wisp that he must pursue, denouncing and warning yet always pursuing.

He loved her bitterly.

Does Nep Newbold return home to find her reputation damaged beyond repair? Rupert Hughes' Next Installment is as full of surprises as Nep herself

Moonlight on the Susquehanna (*Continued from page 39*)

because—er—you are a gentleman. Don't be prejudiced by anything in the reports of the detective bureau. I'm trusting you to get your information at first hand. I need not repeat that this matter is absolutely confidential. I have told you everything except one or two points which—er—it seems best not to divulge at present. You know enough for your purposes."

He rose, bade Landon good night and left the room with his usual deliberate step.

THREE days' pondering of the documents Willoughby sent him satisfied Landon that he had got himself in for rather a large order. Willoughby's notes were definite enough as to the identity of the persons to be inspected but the reports of the detective bureau were most unsatisfactory as clues to the true character of the descendants of Enoch Blaisdell yet to be passed on.

As to Percival Blaisdell, a grandson of Enoch, the data were most meager. Percival seemed to have suffered from the curse of the wandering foot and after the death of his wife five years earlier had spent his time in travel. There was a daughter, Althea, who had been confided to the care of one of Percival's wife's sisters who lived in Baltimore.

Percival had been skipping about among the South American republics and only lately had returned to the United States. He had leased a country estate in Pennsylvania, accessible from the village of Marathon on the Susquehanna.

Until his wife's death he had lived in New York, rather unsuccessfully engaged in business as a silk importer. His great passion had been the theater and he had spent fifty thousand dollars as the angel of a repertory company that undertook to exhibit Shakespeare to the highbrow population of the tall corn country.

The Quito representative of the detective bureau reported that the far-wandering Percival had been intimate in Ecuador with some rather shady characters. But it was also disclosed that he had always manifested a weakness for queer specimens of humanity. All things considered, Percival Blaisdell sounded interesting, though on the face of it he was not a promising candidate for the two million.

Enriched by the twenty-five thousand dollars that Willoughby had deposited to his credit, Landon decided not to sell his roadster but to drive to Marathon.

Spring came out of the south to meet him, and reaching Marathon at the end of a golden day he found an inn affording a fine view of the Susquehanna.

He was saved the embarrassment of making inquiries as to the location of the estate Blaisdell had leased by a sketch that accompanied the detective bureau's report. The house was known as "Collingwood," the name of a distinguished artist who had built it.

After a satisfying dinner Landon sat on the veranda and watched the moon fling its silvery glamour over the Susquehanna. Thinking it would be an economy of time at once to mark the location of Blaisdell's residence, he set off down the road. The reports had mentioned a brick wall around the house and after a two-mile tramp this served to identify the place.

The wall ran along the road and the house was set some distance back from the river. The intensity of the moonlight made observation easy and Landon noted a gate grimly closed, and farther on a narrow iron door for pedestrians, both placarded with warnings to trespassers. He made a circuit of the wall, which formed an oblong about the house, found a gate at the rear and another door that opened on a path that paralleled the river.

As Landon returned to the highway the big gate swung open. A car darted out and sped away. The gate closed immediately and Landon returned to the path that ran along the river.

Moonlight on the Susquehanna! Landon was in a mood to yield himself to the spell of the enchanted night. A stone bench indicated that others before him had found the view at this point beguiling and he sat down to contemplate the rippling waters and the distant hills.

He wondered what Constance Willoughby was doing at that hour. And remembering moonlight strolls they had taken at Beverly Farms, this scene on the Susquehanna brought him a poignant sense of loneliness.

He was roused from his reverie by a step behind him. A young woman had climbed the path that led from the gate in the wall.

She followed the path for some distance, returned and retraced her steps. Landon felt that it was incumbent upon him to retreat without attracting her attention; but as he was about to leave she turned toward him, stopped and whipped out a pistol.

"I beg your pardon!" Landon exclaimed. "Please don't be alarmed! I'm a guest at the Marathon Inn and strolled up here to enjoy the view." He waited, hat in hand, anxious for a word of dismissal that would ease his discomfiture.

Here was an unlooked-for situation. A girl with a pistol was out of harmony with the spirit of the glorious night. It was evident that his appearance had greatly startled her.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he exclaimed. "I really had no idea I should meet anyone. I'm a stranger here"—he caught at an explanation—"an admirer of Collingwood's pictures; he specialized in Pennsylvania landscapes—winter, summer——"

"Yes; I know his work, of course," she replied coldly. "My father—Percival Blaisdell—has leased the property."

This, then, was the Althea referred to in the notes. But why should she be strolling about armed with a pistol?

The cause of her agitation left him floundering for an explanation. She was an appealing young person; altogether charming, in fact—even with a pistol in her hand! He resented the idea that she might still think he had some sinister purpose in seeking the river path.

"My name is Landon," he said quietly. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I'll be on my way."

"Wait a moment, please." She scrutinized him closely and, evidently satisfied with her inspection, dropped the pistol into her pocket. "I was hoping," she said hurriedly, "to find someone I could trust to send a telegram. There's a friend I must communicate with and if you could send a message, or telephone, without attracting attention——"

"Certainly. If it's so important and secret I can personally deliver the message."

"Oh, I know it sounds weird—but if it isn't too much bother I'd like you to send a telegram or telephone——"

"No trouble at all. The message——?"

"Is to Frederick Bartlett, Philadelphia. His firm is Whiting and McCord, chemical engineers, Talbot Building. He lives at the Athletic Club. Tell him where I am and say that I want him to come here—immediately."

Landon repeated the message for her confirmation.

"That's right. May I see you here tomorrow night—at about this time? If I'm late, please wait for me."

"Yes, Miss Blaisdell."

"Thanks so much!"

Like a flash she was gone. He heard the gate click as it closed upon her.

When he reached the inn he buried himself in the telephone booth and called Bartlett's club. He was out of town and the clerk referred Landon to Whiting of Bartlett's firm, who answered that Bartlett was in Kansas City and had been ill; had gone to a hospital for treatment. Landon next called the hospital, where the superintendent reported that the trouble was a slight congestion of the lungs but it was clearing up and Bartlett would be discharged in a few days.

"As soon as possible have Mr. Bartlett call me by telephone. It's an important business matter."

He made sure the physician got his name and address correctly and went to bed. The next morning he received a telegram from Bartlett. It read:

IF YOU ARE THE PHIL LANDON WHO SAILED SOUTH SEAS WITH SAM THORNTON TWO YEARS AGO HERES GREETINGS FROM ONE OF SAMS FRIENDS WILL CALL YOU AS SOON AS I CAN DODGE THE DOCTORS IF BUSINESS IS URGENT COMMUNICATE WITH FIRMS PHILADELPHIA OFFICE OTHERWISE YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME SOON

The tone of the message was reassuring as to Bartlett's physical and mental state and any friend of Sam Thornton's was bound to be a good fellow. Extremely diverting—the whole business! And it was grotesquely funny that Everett Willoughby, the most sedate, circumspect of lawyers, had sent him on an errand which had brought him immediately to the point of a pistol!

It occurred to Landon that if Althea was so alarmed by her surroundings that she went about carrying a pistol it might be a wise precaution for him to arm himself. He went to the village hardware store and bought two automatics.

Landon was early at the riverside to keep his rendezvous with Althea. He had waited half an hour when he heard steps furtively approaching from the farther end of the wall.

HE GOT up quickly and threw himself on the ground behind the bench. The steps drew nearer and the gleam of a flash light rested on the gate. Two men, who from their actions were anxious to avoid observation, were examining the lock.

"Nix," growled a voice. "I'm not for goin' in till we know what we're goin' for. The old man ain't in there nohow. He's up in the hills."

The light played about the bench and they sat down.

"'Hank' lied—that's all! Pretendin' to tell us where he planted them bonds! Tellin' us that yarn about the cellar of a vacant house with a brick wall by the Susquehanna River! That's a good un! Told us the wrong town sure's we're born!"

Landon listened breathlessly. "Hank" Connors, with a string of aliases, was one of the crooks mentioned in the detective bureau's reports as having been intimate with Blaisdell in Ecuador. Connors was a daring thief who six months earlier

had committed a series of bold bank robberies in the West and made a spectacular get-away. These men, his pals apparently, were looking for the loot! Why they should have connected Blaisdell with their confederate in South America wasn't clear; but in a moment one of them blurted impatiently:

"Old Blaisdell don't know anythin'! He's a rich guy or he wouldn't be livin' in such a house. We got nothin' to go on 'cept them South America stickers on his trunks. An' they ain't no such labels on the girl's trunks."

"The boys at the garage say Blaisdell's nutty," added the other gloomily.

"We ain't gettin' nowhere stickin' round here," said the other. "He's just some rich old nut. We been here four weeks now and don't know no more'n we did when we got here. Let's go back to the shack. It's goin' to rain."

With Althea likely to appear at any minute, Landon had listened to this dialogue with the liveliest apprehension. These men were connecting Blaisdell with the leader of their gang; perhaps with reason. Blaisdell might have undertaken to find the stolen securities Connors had hidden somewhere along the Susquehanna. It was a disturbing idea. If these men suspected that Connors had commissioned Blaisdell to find and sell the hidden loot and smuggle the proceeds to him in South America they were likely to stop at nothing to frustrate the scheme.

The men moved away toward the highway and Landon crawled out of his hiding place. In a few minutes the gate opened softly and he stepped forward to meet Althea.

"I heard those men walking along the wall," she said, "and waited till they were gone. Sorry to be late."

"Quite all right," said Landon.

"You have news?"

He made as little as possible of Bartlett's illness; produced the telegram and held a match while she read it.

"Oh, I know Mr. Thornton!" said Althea. "He and Fred are good friends."

"That helps all round!" said Landon. "Thornton was in my class at college. His knowing Mr. Bartlett serves to introduce us—you and me."

"Of course," said Althea cordially. "Oh, I'm so glad somebody's here that I can talk to! You saw those men?"

"Yes; queer customers," said Landon lightly, "but don't let them worry you."

"Well," said Althea, "they've been hanging about the house ever since we got here. That's why I had that pistol last night. And Father—well!—I don't understand Father at all.

"He's gone all day and part of the night and comes home thoroughly exhausted. Comes back with his clothes muddy and torn. And I'm really a prisoner in the house! He has the telephone in his room and keeps the door locked. I don't understand it."

"Isn't there someone—a relative—who could come and stay with you?"

"No; my Aunt Cornelia, with whom I have been living, was called to Switzerland by the illness of her daughter. Mr. Bartlett was in California when Father rushed me here and I had no chance to communicate with him."

"Your father keeps his room locked, you say?"

"Yes; the maid goes in only when he's there to watch her. She says there are maps and drawings on his desk."

"She might be able to pick up something that would give you a clue."

"I hadn't thought of it, but it's worth trying."

"If you don't want to stay here," Landon said, "I can take you away in my car. I have friends not far away who would be delighted to care for you while your problems are being settled."

"No," said Althea decidedly; "I really think Father's getting a big thrill out of all this—whatever it is. I wouldn't think of deserting him. He's a dear, but he's got me terribly worried.

"Mr. Bartlett and I," Althea went on, "are engaged to be married and were only waiting for Father to come home. Aunt Cornelia was all for us, but not Father! He wouldn't hear to it at all.

"You see, for a time Father and Fred's Father were in the importing business together in New York and they had a lot of trouble. Father simply went up in the air when I told him I was engaged to Fred."

"Fathers always make a fuss about daughters marrying," said Landon. "He'll get over that. By the way, I might get a hint of what your father is doing if I saw him. Perhaps I could crash the gate as an admirer of Collingwood's——"

"I warn you!" said Althea. "Father is likely to be rude but if you don't mind that I'll see that you get in. Thomas, a Negro servant, and his wife are friends of mine. Come at five o'clock tomorrow. I'll trust you to adjust yourself to the situation. It must, of course, appear that you and I have never met before."

"Yes; I understand."

A drizzling rain was falling. He walked with her to the gate. She clutched his hand eagerly.

"You're a peach to do this for me and I'll never forget it!"

At five o'clock the next afternoon he drove to the main gate and rang the bell. It was opened by the Negro.

"Mist' Landon? Miss Althy says you's to come right in, seh. Mist' Blaisdell's in the gahden and mighty touchy today. Jes' say you want to see the grounds."

He stepped on the running board to guide Landon through the drive. There was a formal garden, no doubt of Collingwood's planning. As Landon jumped out of his machine a man walked briskly from one of the hedge-lined paths—a tall man, thin to the point of emaciation. He wore an odd cap, shaped like a biretta, and though the day was warm a long dark cloak swung from his shoulders.

"What's this?" he demanded as he confronted Landon belligerently. "Private grounds, sir! We admit no one!"

"I'm sorry," said Landon; "I know it's an unwarrantable intrusion, but I'm an admirer of Collingwood's work and I happened to be in the neighborhood——"

"Ah!" With a deep exhalation Blaisdell relaxed his severity somewhat. "I am Percival Blaisdell—lessee of the place—myself an admirer of the artist." He eyed Landon sharply, then added grudgingly: "Since Thomas let you in you may look over the garden."

He led the way to the upper level of the series of terraces.

"You may sit down," said Blaisdell, indicating several wicker chairs drawn about a rustic table. "Seclusion has always been a passion with me. If I'd known so many people were interested in Collingwood I'd never have leased the property. Sight-seers are a nuisance, sir!"

Unfastening the clasp of his cloak, he let it slip down upon his arms. Evidently he was primed to continue his condemnation of sight-seers, but Althea had appeared and with a book in her hand was advancing toward the table.

"My daughter, sir! Is Congdon the name? Landon? Do pardon me! Miss Blaisdell, Mr. Landon. A stranger—wished to see Collingwood's home."

Althea smiled her pleasure at meeting Mr. Landon, asked her father if he would have tea and suggested that perhaps Mr. Landon would join them.

The Negro, in a white jacket, was already in sight drawing a tea wagon. Blaisdell gulped three cups of tea, glanced about nervously, overturned his cup when a robin dipped low over his head. Althea, ignoring her father's perturbation, spoke of the novel she was reading.

"Rot! Rot!" Blaisdell exclaimed. "I read none of this modern trash! Shakespeare is my author. In my poor way, Mr. Landon, I have sought to keep alive the Shakespearean tradition. It has cost me a great deal of money, sir; but I consider it well spent!"

"I admire your devotion to the great master," remarked Landon, and then, with a sudden inspiration, added: "I take it that your cape is reminiscent of Hamlet's inky cloak?"

"Right!" Blaisdell exclaimed, lifting his hand dramatically. "It is said to have been once in the wardrobe of the great Edwin Booth. I wear it at times to induce Hamlet's mood."

Landon found it difficult to believe that Althea, with her poise, was the daughter of a man so flighty and irrational. But meeting Blaisdell not only deepened his sympathy for Althea but even more his sense of the danger into which her father's folly had brought her.

"I trust your curiosity is satisfied, sir," said Blaisdell with evident relief as Landon rose to go. He clapped his hands with a theatrical flourish and the Negro appeared. "Thomas will let you out!"

Landon expressed his thanks for their courtesy and followed the Negro.

"Heah's a note from Miss Althy," said Thomas when they reached the gate.

Landon read: "This man will see you every morning when he goes into town for supplies. Give him any information—verbal messages—do not write."

She was, of course, eager for Bartlett's coming; but for two days Landon was obliged to report that he had heard nothing from her lover.

Alert for any signs of activity about Collingwood, he drove past the house a dozen times a day and spent several hours each night patrolling the river path but without seeing or hearing anything disturbing. Blaisdell drove away alone night and morning and it seemed inadvisable to attempt to follow him.

Once, in avoiding him, Landon found himself in a rough tortuous trail which led past a deserted lumber camp. There he saw two men sitting in front of a tumble-down barracks and thought them very likely the absconding Connors' accomplices, whose talk he had overheard.

He was becoming impatient when early on the third morning after his call at Collingwood, Kansas City hailed him on the telephone.

"Fred Bartlett speaking. I'm all set and ready for business."

Succinctly but as explicitly as he dared, Landon explained Althea's situation. Bartlett wanted to be assured that Althea was well and that Landon would remain at Marathon till he arrived.

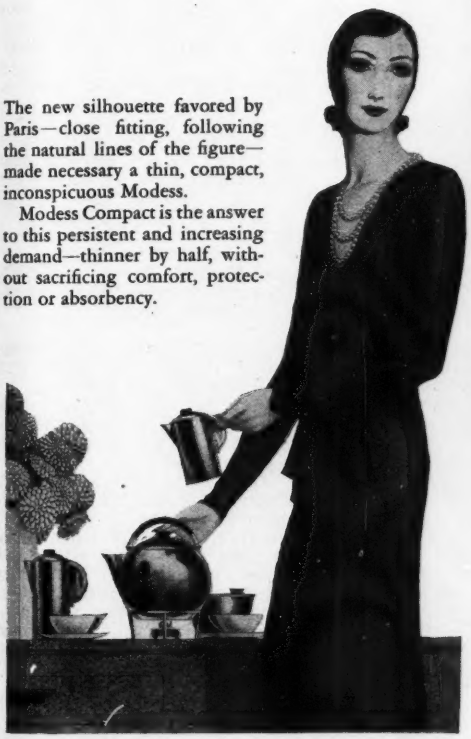
"I'll fly East tomorrow," he said, "and motor from Harrisburg to Marathon. This may be some harmless prank of Blaisdell's, and again it may not. Let Althea know I'm coming. Why not get Sam Thornton over there? He's always keen for things of this sort."

"Bright idea!" said Landon.

A knock interrupted Landon's meditations the next morning as he finished

fashion

compelled women to acknowledge a need for both



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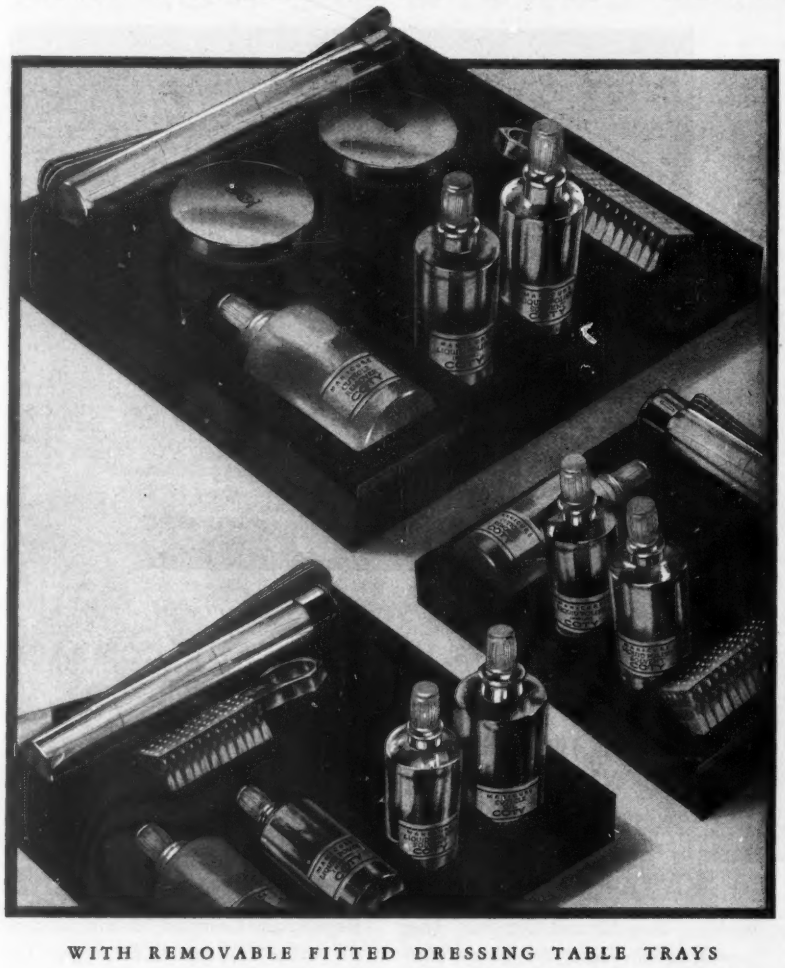

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$4. Tray with Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish, Polish Solvent, Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, nail brush, steel file, emery boards and tube with sterilized cotton and orange sticks.

dressing, and he flung open the door to find Thornton at the threshold.

"Phil, you scoundrel! Yesterday Bartlett called me. He said danger and mystery hung over the Susquehanna and you had dashed to the rescue of his Althea. I drove most of the night to get here."

"You would, you big bum! Sit down and I'll tell you the story. My part in it you will guard as a professional secret—cross your heart to die and all that. You know Everett Willoughby who adorns your profession up Boston way?"

"All too well! He licked my firm in a nice fat case last winter. But what has Willoughby got to do with Althea?"

"A million or two dollars—maybe."

"Yes? That's good. Bartlett's a poor lad but a genius. He thinks Althea hasn't a nickel. Her father went broke trying to finance Shakespeare for the masses. Althea's the finest girl in the world and Bartlett speaks the language of the good scouts. Strange I never mentioned Fred to you. What's the rest of the story? . . .

"Some responsibility!" he observed when Landon had finished recounting Willoughby's revelations as to the Blaisdell trusteeship. "The whole thing's legally unsound, as Willoughby probably told you. I think," he added with a grin, "I see ways in which it could be upset."

"Oh, no, you don't! I'm getting paid for this job and no lawyer's going to muss it up. Willoughby knows it's outside the law—that's why he's so keen to get through with it. So behave yourself!"

"Rotten!" said Thornton with mock disgust. "I suppose the trust has never paid a cent of taxes! Wow! Oh, don't worry! I'll carry the secret to my grave. But it's a good thing you sent for me!"

Strolling along Marathon's Main Street, Landon espied Thomas, the Negro, and followed him into the post office.

"Stella—she's my wife—found some scraps of paper in Mist' Blaisdell's wastebasket and Miss Althy's pieced 'em together. I got 'em here."

"Fine! And say to Miss Althea that Mr. Thornton's here and we expect Mr. Bartlett tomorrow night."

He found Thornton and returned to the inn, where they opened the parcel and found a piece of cardboard on which scraps of note paper had been pasted. The notes were in pencil and were possibly a condensation of fuller directions.

> Six mi. W. Skrs Crnrs. Chucked car into stp rvne. Bx. bur. 100 yds E. of Wreck 20 ft abve. spg. Mrkd by Flt Stone.

"It's a toss-up whether Connors didn't pull Blaisdell's leg for all the old boy had and then send him on a fake hunt," said Thornton as Landon studied the notes. "On the other hand, the presence of the two rascals you overheard talking by the river points to loot hidden somewhere in the neighborhood. Connors must have given them only a vague idea of where he was going to hide it.

"Blaisdell's motive in undertaking such a commission is plain as a pikestaff. He's busted and here's a chance to replenish his exchequer. There must be quite a bit of money for whoever finds it. I recall that raid on a string of banks in Minnesota in which Connors was the chief villain—or hero."

"Humph! I think I see light," said Landon, who had been pondering the cardboard. "There's nothing so cryptic about this memorandum. I've driven through Sinker's Corners several times."

He interpreted the notes as signifying that an automobile had been dropped over a steep ravine six miles west of Sinker's Corners and that the stolen valuables had been buried a hundred

yards east of the wrecked machine—twenty feet above a spring and the spot marked with a flat stone.

"And not so easy to find, either!" he concluded. "The region's all cut up with gullies and ravines, and forest fires have changed the whole aspect of the country."

"My dear Phil! I have no intention of crawling through ash-strewn ravines looking for smashed automobiles, flat stones and bubbling springs! Poor old Blaisdell's going crazy doing that. I've a friend in Baltimore who flies a plane. Jeff Logston is the name and he's a surgeon by trade. I'll call him up and tell him I need a little air service *tout suite.*

"Meanwhile, I'll wire a business friend in Minneapolis and get the dope on those robberies. I'll meet Logston in Philadelphia and we'll fly down and inspect the landscape some morning by the dawn's early light."

Fred Bartlett arrived the next afternoon and Landon's immediate business was to quiet his apprehensions. At nine o'clock he piloted Bartlett to the river path and left him alone with Althea.

Thornton and Doctor Logston found Landon at the inn two days later.

"We've got something!" declared Thornton, after introducing the Baltimore physician. "A faint gleam of metal in a gully early this morning marked the remains of an automobile. Must be something in the story, after all!"

They decided that Bartlett should remain at the inn, to be within call if Althea got into difficulties. Landon, Thornton and Logston would go at daybreak to search for the hidden treasure.

"No wonder Connors wanted somebody to resurrect the loot for him!" growled Thornton, as they slid down the slope of the ravine. "It's some nasty job!"

They found the wreckage of the big automobile under a charred tree, which probably had concealed it from Blaisdell. Fire had consumed all but its metal parts. Jammed in the tool box was the torn sheet of a Minneapolis newspaper.

"That's about the date of the first robbery," said Thornton. "And here are the remains of two sawed-off shotguns."

The searchers soon found the faint trickle of a clogged spring and fell to work with pick and shovel on a narrow ledge above it. It was Landon, plying a pick, who struck the stone mentioned in Blaisdell's notes. They pried it up.

"Now here's where we win or lose," said Thornton, as they began digging.

A tin box was soon disclosed and in a moment more they unearthed a second.

"If this is a joke," said Thornton as they bent over the boxes, "I'm for finding Connors and shooting him!"

They pried the boxes open and found both packed full of government bonds.

"Mr. Connors had a good eye," remarked Landon, lifting out a handful of securities. "Mostly unregistered! The gang collected fifty thousand in cash in their raid but Connors probably swiped the currency for his South American trip."

By eleven o'clock they were at the inn making an inventory of the stolen securities, which represented a value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

They were chuckling over the adventure when Thomas delivered a note from Collingwood that brought them up standing. The two men who had been loitering about the place had boldly entered the grounds and demanded entrance to the house, insisting that they had urgent business with Blaisdell. Althea had ordered them away and they had left in a sullen humor, threatening to return.

Landon and his companions ranged the Collingwood neighborhood without seeing anything alarming. Blaisdell

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returned from his usual journey into the hills at two o'clock. The stars danced cheerily among the ripples of the Susquehanna and peace reigned at Collingwood.

As the guards, relaxing their vigilance somewhat, met in a lane along the rear wall Landon bumped into an open gate.

"We're a stupid lot! That gate was closed an hour ago! They've picked the lock!"

They dashed through the gate, following the glimmer of a light at the rear of the house to the kitchen door.

"Here's something!" muttered Thornton as he stumbled over a man lying beside an overturned lantern. It was Thomas, the Negro. He was unconscious, bound and gagged; his face was covered with blood.

They freed him, crept through the kitchen into the dark dining room and peered into the living room beyond. There, tied to a chair, they saw Blaisdell.

"They're loose in the house!" yelled Bartlett, and took the stairs at a bound.

Somewhere a switch clicked and the room flooded with light. With a gasp Landon pointed to the balcony that ran round the second story of the room. Althea stood there, pistol leveled, holding the invaders at bay. One of them, hearing steps behind, flung round, gun in hand, but Thornton, springing up the steps, catapulted into him and bore him down. As they struggled the automatic was discharged and the outlaw moaned.

Landon and Logston had seized and disarmed his companion.

"What are you doing in this house?" Thornton demanded as they lined the two men up against the living-room wall. Althea had run downstairs and loosened the cords that bound her father.

"Ast him—he knows," growled the wounded man, nodding toward Blaisdell.

"I don't know anything! I swear I haven't found anything!" Blaisdell protested feebly.

"Mr. Blaisdell," said Landon crisply, "it will soon be daylight, and there's the question of what we shall do with these scoundrels. Shall we call the sheriff?"

"No! No!" cried Blaisdell. "That would mean ruin—scandal! It would involve Althea! I was doing this for her. It was for her—for Althea——"

"Please listen a moment, Mr. Blaisdell," said Landon calmly. "You undertook to find some stolen property on a clue given you by a man named Connors you met in South America. These prisoners were his accomplices in a series of bank robberies. It may interest you to know that the securities buried by Connors have been found and will be returned to the lawful owners. You have no further responsibility in the matter."

"Connors didn't lie to us!" cried the wounded thief dolefully.

"Connors," said Thornton, "only lied to you as to the location—the stuff was not in or near this house."

"Well," said Logston, "we've got to do something for this fellow. If Miss Blaisdell will bring me some antiseptic and cotton I can soon give him first aid. But I'd better look at Thomas and see how badly he's damaged. And Mr. Blaisdell, I order you to bed at once."

"I'd call it a night!" said Althea as she appeared in the dining room for breakfast. Thomas' injuries had not been serious and he served the table.

"I'll feel better when we get rid of those two crooks," remarked Bartlett. "We can't keep 'em in the cellar forever."

"Poor fellows!" said Althea. "Father's so funny! He feels that he owes something to Connors for failing to find the stolen securities! He's worried about it. And he's made me promise nothing shall be done to our prisoners."

"He can rest easy on that score!" said Thornton. "We've got to keep this business to ourselves. We'll tell the bank officials that Logston and I found the hidden boxes accidentally.

"There's a reward of ten thousand dollars for the return of the bonds and the valuable papers in those boxes. If it will ease your father's conscience we'll collect the reward, turn it over to him and he can divide it among these rascals—and we'll turn 'em loose. The idea pleases me! Meanwhile, Althea, we four conspirators will interview your father and lay our scheme before him."

"He'll be tickled to death!" said Althea. "Father loves an adventure like this!"

"As I understood you over the telephone, you're ready to report," said Willoughby when he arrived at the Marathon Inn a week later. "Pray be brief!"

"Miss Althea Blaisdell, daughter of Percival, is, in my opinion, entitled to the trust fund," Landon began solemnly. "In my judgment she meets all the stipulations splendidly. Her father, well-meaning but erratic, is incapable of caring for property and I recommend that a quarter of the total sum be placed in trust for him. To dissociate yourself from these transactions, I suggest that the details be turned over to Samuel Thornton, of the law firm of Briggs, Woodberry and Thornton, Philadelphia."

"I know the firm. You say Thornton is here? Excellent."

Willoughby perspired freely but otherwise betrayed no emotion as Landon related the recent events at Collingwood.

"Admirable!" he remarked when Landon had finished. "I can tell you that I was at my wit's end when my agent revealed to me the state of affairs at Collingwood. He——"

"You mean," Landon interrupted, "that you knew about these crooks hanging around Collingwood?"

"The reports of the detective," said Willoughby, "were clear enough. And these men are known—er—known to be dangerous. But now I have a confession to make. I indicated in our talk in Boston that if you found no Blaisdell eligible under the trusteeship you were to get the whole property yourself. I purposely misled you there.

"The fact is that in any event you were to receive a fourth of the estate and its accumulations, subject to the same tests as to courage, honor and so on that were to be applied to the Blaisdell descendants. Your share runs close to a quarter of a million. That is exclusive of a million and a half for Althea and the quarter of a million you suggest for her father."

"But," said Landon dazedly, "I—I can't consent to that!"

"Don't annoy me with objections!" exclaimed Willoughby testily. "I'm going to get through with this business! Can't you see that if this long concealment were exposed I'd probably go to the penitentiary for dodging the taxes!

"I hope," he added grimly, "that Thornton is a good liar! This whole business is as crooked as a dog's hind leg. You have rendered me a great service and I appreciate it. You have more than met my expectations. It is—er—possible that we may see each other frequently; business—and—that sort of thing."

On the wings of her father's praise Landon's thoughts flew to Constance.

"We have," the lawyer was saying, "opened our house at Beverly Farms for the season. When you finish your business here, Philip, Mrs. Willoughby and—er—Constance will be glad to have you spend a fortnight with us there."

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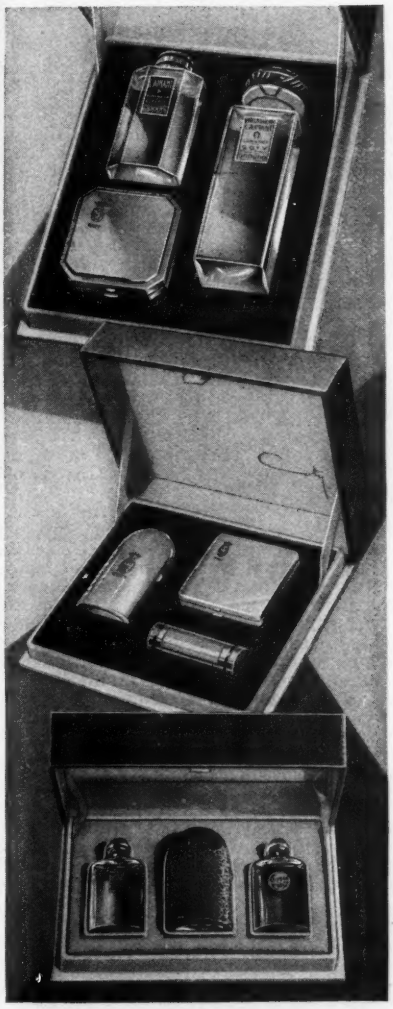

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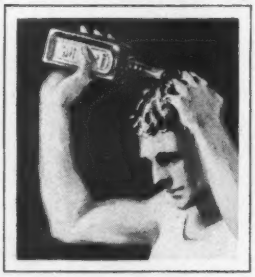

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I Am a Poet, but I Don't Look It!

(*Cont. from p. 45*)

platform they make up the audience which studies you with a subsiding-tire look when it discovers your resemblance to an able-bodied member of the Boiler Makers' Union.

But, like all artists, I learned early in life of that strange clash between body and spirit. I was still struggling with the three R's when I experienced the joy of seeing my first real poem committed to printer's ink.

It was a melancholy and masochistic and world-wearied effort, having a good deal to do with funeral urns and gravestones and frustrated hope. And the one fly in the amber of my triumph, when that necrophilial effusion appeared, was the discovery that an obese-minded editor had added the then seemingly irrelevant words: "By Arthur Stringer—aged 13."

The hand of Time, luckily, has long since buried that lugubrious effort in oblivion. Of the entire masterpiece, in fact, only two quatrains remain, two gladsome verses which read as follows:

Spirit of Man, be not too proud!
The worm is crawling in the shroud;
And from this Charnel House of woe
Before you know it, out you go!

Be humble, Mortal! Close beside
The laughing road 'long which you ride
There is a Graveyard, cold and deep,
And there, ah soon, you too must sleep!

But the die was cast; the Rubicon crossed. I had written Something Worthy of Print. I was finally and indisputably a poet. But my joy in that baptism of ink was a restricted one. For I soon discovered that, sympathetic as the gentler sex may have been toward that exercise in poetics, a more militant sex known as the male from that moment treated me with marked suspicion.

I had a pretty bad week of it, all things considered, with practically a daily fist fight in the school yard. For in the opinion of the burly male I was a good boy gone wrong.

And so complete was my fall that I was expeditiously put out of the North River Gang, which owned two pup bloodhounds and a water-logged houseboat armed with a homemade cannon. I was even expelled from the Swimming-hole Pirates. I was not only a poet: I was a pariah.

I was soon to learn that the pathway to the stars was not paved with rose leaves. But I had no intention of giving up my Art.

I even toiled on a farm, all one summer, to get enough money to publish my first little volume of verse. And night by night as I bedded down six tired-out horses I dreamed of an entirely different type of horse, a horse that went by the name of Pegasus and had wings instead of zinc pads on its shoulders and would soon be carrying me off to fame.

But still again I couldn't escape the shadow of the petticoat. For there was a lady in the offing, as usual, to take the wind of rhapsody out of my sails. The lady in question was my own Aunt Agatha, victoriously static and Victorian, who had once obs[illegible]ed that "nice people never travel." She was also one of the eleven relatives who as a matter of family loyalty had duly purchased a duly autographed copy of my initial flight in Anacreontics.

Having gone conscientiously through that attenuated volume, she sat up in ruffled bombazine and looked at me with a disapproving eye. "Remembering that you are not yet a married man, do you think it quite proper, Arthur, to talk about such things on paper?" she indignantly demanded. Her lean and accusatory finger was directed toward a lyric of mine called "Love and Sleep," a lyric which said:

I watch above you where in dewy sleep
You lie with parted lips, as children lie;
I watch your bosom's breathing slow and deep
With unknown dreams—and the long hours drag by.

Softly you sleep, and I who watch above
Your dreaming bosom know no art to woo
Rest unto weariness, nor unto love
The answering love that steadfast is and true.

Yet, Dear, I blame you not! In our own breast
Is it ordained that love be light or deep?
Only, to-night, for grief I can not rest,
And you, who love so little, sweetly sleep!

Now, I had been rather proud of that little poem, expressing as I thought it did a mood common to all men in love. But the hand of Discretion brushed the bloom from its beauty. And I was too young to realize the prosaic tendency of a prosaic world to identify the airiest product of an artist with that artist's private life.

I was only nineteen, remember, and I had no fellow artists with whom to confer. I had no friendly counsel. I lived in a pioneer country and I had to pioneer my own path to Beauty.

So, naturally enough, I became insurrectionary and solitary-minded and segregative. I felt that I was one of Wordsworth's poets "sown by nature," especially after my worried family had sent me out to a western ranch for a year, "to shake the nonsense out of my system," as a Philistine Uncle Ephraim expressed it—the same Uncle Ephraim who, on being told a good many years later that I had by some obscure means managed to purchase a humble home for myself, observed: "Well, I'm glad Arthur has got a roof over his head, for there's a man, mark you, who never did an honest day's work in his life!"

It may have seemed that way to him. But I knew better. For night after night, long after Uncle Ephraim was snoring in bed, I was deep in the practice of the noblest and subtlest art ever evolved by man. For I was determined to be a poet. And I wanted to be a good poet.

I studied poetry, in fact, as some men study law. I went back to the masters and tried to understand the source of their power. And I tried to express feelings of my own in a way of my own. But I did it secretly, disguising myself under the pen name of John Arbuthnott.

For I was conscious, even then, of a duel, of a clash of two passions that seems to have lasted all my life. It didn't take me long to discover that, in America, the man of affairs regards the reading and writing of verse as something peculiar to the lounge-lizard. And I wanted the respect of my fellow men.

I could never quite cotton to the idea of being known as a lily-carrier. I wanted to be a he-man. So while still in my teens I went in for athletics. I resorted to football as a sort of short cut to manliness. And for three or four happy years on the college fields, I was invariably accosted by the self-explaining and consolingly masculine sobriquet of "Zulu."

I broke a tibia and two collar bones of my own, and apparently the nose of

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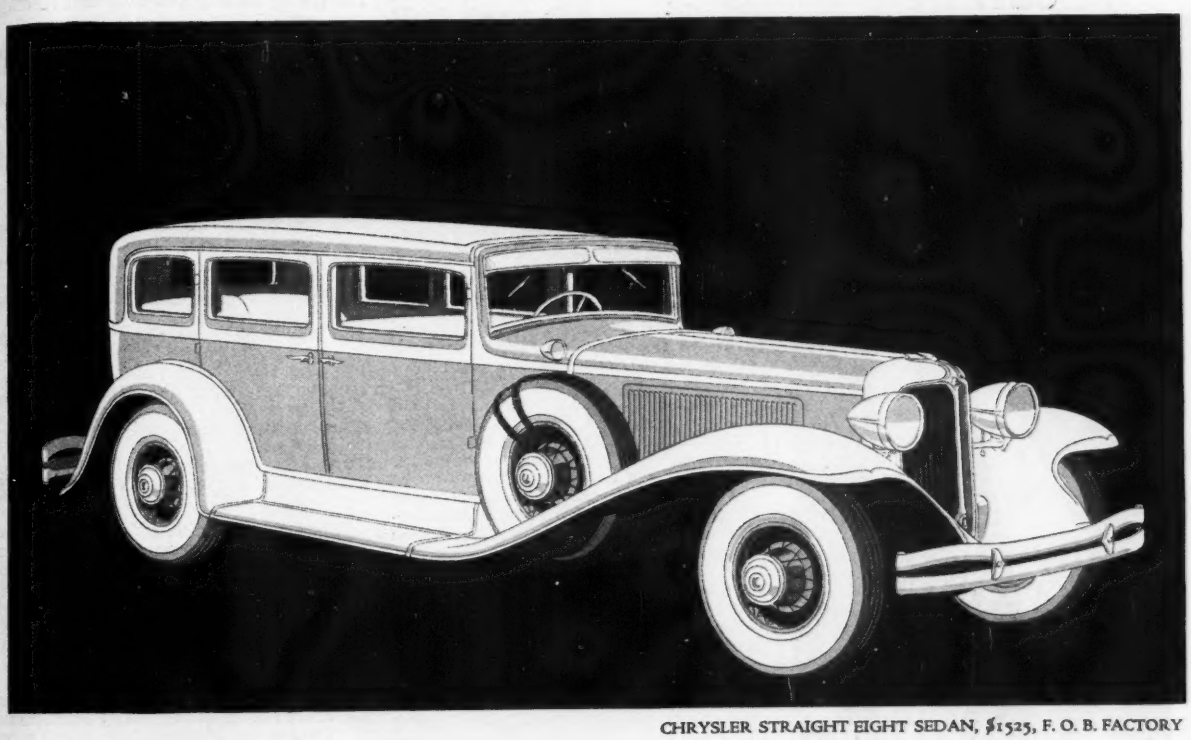

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one of my opponents, for last year when a western university professor of literature was introducing me to an audience, on a certain lecture tour across Canada, a tingle of pride went through my portly frame when this solemn man of letters announced that he never could forget the name of Arthur Stringer. "I shall always remember that name," he continued, "because it is the name of the man who broke my nose in two places when Trinity played Varsity in the semi-finals of 1895!"

After I'd done my worst at football I went West again with a right-of-way surveying party and was satisfied with mica rock for a mattress and four pounds of pork and beans for breakfast. Then I swung in with a cow-puncher and branded calves and ran a mower and stacked hay and had a casual try at bulldogging the range steers and hoboed with threshing gangs and betrayed a marked preference for men with the bark on.

Still later I bought a farm on the north shore of Lake Erie and cleared my own wood lot and built my own horse stable and toiled in the fields and acquired a hand like a ham. And it seemed to be living. For I can still recall the occasion when, after casually shouldering and heaving a barrel of flour into my own wagon, in front of the village store, one of the natives accosted me. And his words were music to my sunburned ear.

"I don't know what your business is, mister," announced that cracker-barrel Solomon, "but take it from me, young feller, you're a-goin' to make money when you learn to swing an ax!"

Equally significant was the reaction of one of my hired farm hands, a hairy-chested Hercules with whom for three happy weeks I'd fraternally toiled in the fields, when he accidentally found out I was an author by avocation. I'll never forget his look as he stood digesting this shock. "Well," he finally conceded, "there ain't none of us perfect!"

For all the while, under my six feet of hardened muscle, I was an impostor and a hypocrite. I still kenneled my whimpering hope to be a poet. Yet I hated the thought of being classed as a cake-eater. So, in my dilemma, I was driven into leading a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence.

I rode Roman, as they say in the circuses. I kept one foot on Pegasus and the other on a plow horse. And before I knew it, I found myself knee-deep in the career of a criminal-fiction writer.

Frankly, I've never much cared for those novels of mine that had to do with the underworld. But crime, you must remember, was more dignified than rhyme. Elaborating a murder, obviously, was a more manful occupation than elaborating a mood. And I couldn't afford to be merely a cake-eater. I nursed the old hankering to pass muster as a man's man. I still nurse it. And the ancient duel between muscularity and the Muse, I'm afraid, will never come to an end.

There is, of course, an implication of delicacy in the pursuit and practices of the poet. But it remains, as I see it, essentially a delicacy of spirit, of perception and response. Being a poet, indeed, means being a person, large or small, who is abnormally sensitized.

It will not be difficult, accordingly, to gauge my feelings when the Detroit Free Press genially proclaimed that I looked more like a wholesale grocer than a poet. That, of course, was mixing up the pearl and the oyster a little too intimately.

And equally mixed were my emotions, not so long ago, when a Young Thing in crêpe de Chine, after a public reading, audibly remarked to her dowager-aunt: "I don't believe that big ox ever wrote that lovely little poem!"

I was an ox to that languid-eyed flapper, just because I loomed up six feet two in my shoes. And yet I had been trying to bring home to her how fragile a thing all Beauty is, explaining that:

. . . For an hour
The wine-glow crowns the peak, the perfect flower
Swings valiant in the sun, the golden throat
Of song is shaken with its golden note;
Then wing by migrant wing and rose by rose
The mortal loveliness of summer goes;
The glory leaves the summit, gleam by gleam,
And Dusk drinks up the splendor and the dream.
Beauty is not immortal. In a day
Blossom and June and rapture pass away,
The crystal towers of song come crashing down,
And the baring woodland is a slope of brown;
And all too soon the triumphant clay must rest
On Beauty's lips and Beauty's milk-white breast;
And the heart beneath the mounded grass forgets
The opal raindrops on earth's violets,
Forgets the tender blue that shows between
The sunset orange and the orchard-green
Some April evening when the quiet rain
Has ceased, yet in the gold light falls again.

I had done my best to hold up the torch for her, but because the hand that carried the flame was a brawny one she refused to believe in its light. I didn't look like a lily-waver. And that, I sorrowfully repeat, has been the tragedy of my career. I was born a poet, and have always been one, and intend to remain one. But I can't look the part.

I shall go through life, I'm afraid, as sad an impostor as the portly Ragueneau in "Cyrano de Bergerac," pretending to be something I am not, nursing secretly that tender flame which may never burn openly, yet never goes out. And the older I grow the less apologetic I feel about poetry. For I'm finally beginning to understand that men the world over experience much the same emotions, even though they can't express them.

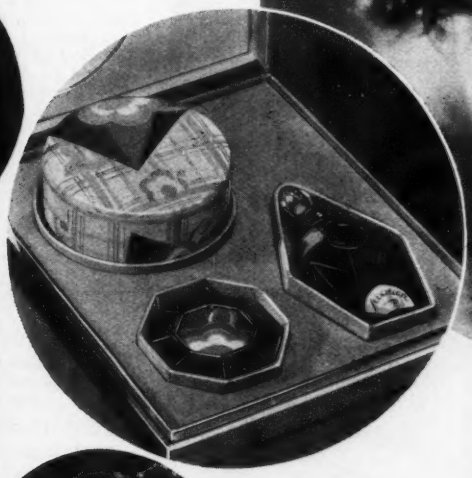
Every man jack of us has a lost poet buried somewhere in his shamefaced body. And when he falls in love, or goes to war, or buries his dead, or feels a strain that can't be eased by prose, that lost poet in some way makes himself heard. Or, as I wrote about him in foolish rhyme a good many years ago:

Blithely at times and solemn-sweet he played
Upon his foolish pipe, and strangely swayed
Our hearts to easing laughter and to tears,
Till market-cry and loom-roar closed our ears
And we forgot!
For life, we held indeed,
Of gold and purple still had passing need.
We had our valiant goals to reach, and yet
One old, vague want we could not quite forget;
And since with empty souls we went and came,
This Vagrant, whom we still held up to shame,
His naked heart flung at our hurrying feet,
And we, in our great hunger, lo, did eat!

"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too . . . and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."



Alice White's Choice
An impressive gift for a nominal sum . . . Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. $3.00.

Sue Carol's Choice
A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon . . . the double Seventeen compact . . . and a box of face powder. $5.00.

June Collyer's Choice
A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing. $2.00.

Seventeen

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

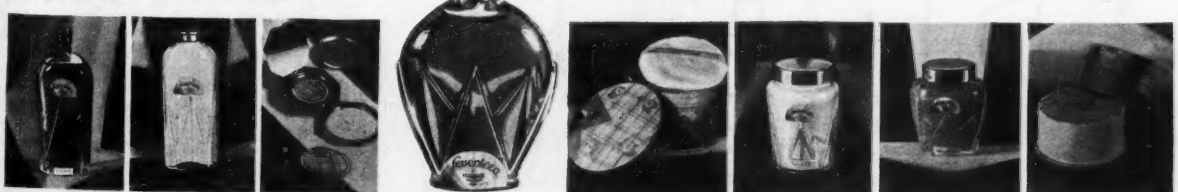
Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all . . . Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.



Toilet Water $1.25 | *Talcum Powder* 50c | *Compact* $1 and $2 | *The Perfume* $2.00 | *Dusting Powder* $1.00 | *Sachet* 75c | *Brillantine* 50c | *Face Powder* $1.00

Rita's *Christmas list reads Edicraft... Edicraft... Edicraft...*

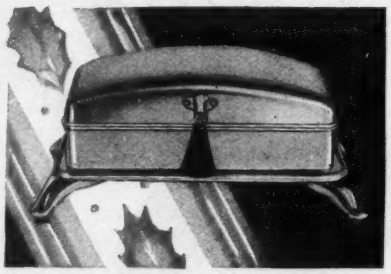
TRUST Rita to make the most of the new fashions! It's true her gift list shows a great many repetitions—but then every ditto mark represents a friend who's going to be mightily pleased this Christmas.

Rita, of course, is an ardent enthusiast for "Edicrafting"—the fascinating new art of Table Cookery. And why shouldn't she be? With Edicraft Products it's practically impossible to be anything but a marvelous cook. Everything turns out delicious because these appliances are automatic... There's no fussing—no failures. And they're so good looking that they're distinguished ornaments to the table.

In addition to day-in and day-out family use, there are bridges, teas, after-the-movie "snacks", Sunday night suppers—why just dozens of occasions when Rita's friends are going to find her gifts absolutely indispensable!

So, more than ever, Rita's gifts are going to be smart this year. If your Christmas list is to be equally a success, visit the best electrical store in your city now and see the new Edicraft Products.

EDICRAFT WAFFLE BAKER
...which Rita is giving to the Hubers. Bakes smart new diamond-shaped waffles automatically! Perfect every time!



EDICRAFT SANDWICH GRILL
...for Mary and Jack. Not only browns two slices of bread on both sides at once—but broils chops, bacon, ham, etc., right at the table!

EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER
...which goes to Sue. Toasts both sides of 2 slices at once. Opens when the toast is done. Swift! Sure! No watching!

Write for the fascinating booklet, "Table Cookery". It contains many delightful recipes. Use the coupon attached below.

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Thomas A. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J. Please send me "Table Cookery".

Name..... *Address*.....

John Henry

(*Continued from page 35*)

on his all-fours until he got to the biggest boar shote in the pen.

"Oonk!" said John Henry to the boar shote.

"Oonk! Oonk!" said the boar shote to John Henry.

"Oomp!" said John Henry.

"Oomp! Oomp!" said the boar shote.

"Well, dat's de way I likes to hyar a hog tawk to John Henry," he said. And before that big boar shote knew what was happening, John Henry had done flipped him flat on his back and hoisted him over the pen and on the shoulders of a big rousterbout named Sam! "Now, grab him and wawk!" said John Henry. "Tote him like a sack of meal!"

The rouster named Sam walked, and another and another, until the first thing anybody knew there were a hundred rousters walking up and down the plank, toting those big wild Black River hogs on their shoulders! And before sundown there were ten thousand hogs on the Big Jim White!

"I'm loaded down," said the captain, "so hoist your plank, you mate, and blow your whistle, you pilot, and pull her tail, you engineer. We'll take these hogs down the line so the people can eat."

"And all on account er big John Henry," said the driver. "He got his hands on dem Black River hogs, and he rousted 'em down de line. And dat makes him a good rouster, 'cause he's f'm de Black River country whar all de good rousters come f'm."

"I'm f'm de Black River country," said John Henry, "and I kin roust what I kin git my hands on. But dat don't make me no rouster. I'm f'm de Black River country, whar de sun don't never shine. My home ain't hyar, and I'm fixin' to git around."

So h'ist dat plank, you bullies,
And mash dat whistle down!
So pull her tail, you engineer,
And watch me git around!

John Henry, that "natchal man with a eetching heel f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine," goes away from there to N'Awlins where he gets all dressed up like a dead game sport and sees his Julie Anne for the first time—in January Cosmopolitan

The Human Element

(*Continued from page 29*)

its title to his first book. It narrated the adventures of a number of people who left Paddington Station on Saturday to stay with friends at Taplow and on Monday returned to London.

It was so delicate that it was difficult to know exactly what happened. A young man, parliamentary secretary to a cabinet minister, nearly proposed to a baronet's daughter, but didn't. Two or three other guests went on the river in a punt. They all talked a great deal in an allusive way, but none of them ever finished a sentence and what they meant was subtly indicated by dots and dashes.

There were a good many descriptions of flowers and a sensitive picture of the Thames under the rain. It was all seen through the eyes of the German governess, and everyone agreed that Carruthers had conveyed her outlook on the situation with delicious humor.

I read both Humphrey Carruthers' books. I thought I might discover in them something that would be useful

to me. I was disappointed. I like a story to have a beginning, a middle and an end. I have a weakness for a point. I think atmosphere is all very well, but atmosphere without anything else is like a frame without a picture; it has not much significance.

But it may be that I could not see the merit of Humphrey Carruthers on account of defects in myself and if I have described his work without enthusiasm the cause perhaps lies in my own wounded vanity. For I was conscious that Humphrey Carruthers looked upon me as a writer of no account. I am convinced that he had never read a word I had written. The popularity I enjoyed was sufficient to persuade him that there was no occasion for him to give me any of his attention.

For a moment, such was the stir he created, it looked as though he might himself be faced with that ignominy, but it soon appeared that his exquisite work was above the heads of the public. I am sure this did not distress Carruthers. He was an artist. He was also a clerk in the Foreign Office. His reputation as a writer was distinguished; he was not interested in the vulgar and to sell well would possibly have been prejudicial to his career.

I could not surmise what had induced him to invite me to have coffee with him. Nevertheless, I could not but see that he was doing his dreary best to be affable. Our conversation did not go easily and I made up my mind that as soon as I civilly could I would leave him. But presently I had an odd sensation that he was conscious of this and was desperately anxious not to give me the opportunity.

I was surprised. Surely he could not be lonely; with his diplomatic connections he must know plenty of people with whom he could have spent the evening. I wondered, indeed, that he was not dining at the Embassy. I noticed that he never smiled. He talked with a sort of harsh eagerness as though the sound of his voice shut out of his mind something that tortured him. It was strange.

Though I did not like him, though he meant nothing to me and to be with him irked me somewhat, I was against my will a trifle interested. I gave him a searching glance. I wondered if it was my fancy that I saw in his aspect something that suggested the grimace of a soul in pain.

I could not understand. A dozen absurd notions flashed through my mind. I asked myself whether Carruthers had got into some difficulty. The idealist, I have noticed, is apt at times to be imprudent in the affairs of the flesh. He sometimes finds love in places which the police inconveniently visit.

Suddenly Carruthers said something that staggered me. "I'm so desperately unhappy," he muttered.

He said it without warning. He obviously meant it. There was in his tone a sort of gasp. It might have been a sob. I cannot describe what a shock it was to me to hear him say those words. It was so unexpected. After all, I hardly knew the man. We were not friends. For a moment I was filled with a passion of anger. How dared he thrust the anguish of his soul on me? I very nearly cried: "What do I care?"

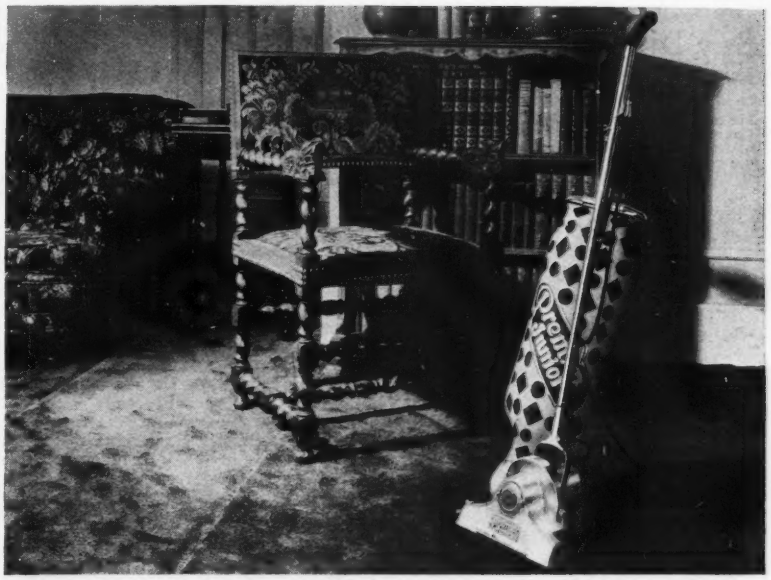
But I didn't. He was huddled in the big armchair. The solemn nobility of his features had strangely crumpled and his face sagged. He was a pitiable object.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said.

"Do you mind if I tell you about it?"

"No."

It was not the moment for many



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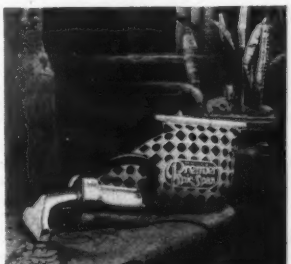

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words. I suppose Carruthers was in the early forties. He was a well-made man, with a confident bearing. Now he looked twenty years older and strangely shriveled.

"Do you know Betty Welldon-Burns?" he asked me.

"I used to meet her in London years ago. I've not seen her lately."

"She lives in Rhodes now, you know. I've just come from there. I've been staying with her."

"Oh?"

He hesitated. "I'm afraid you'll think it awfully strange of me to talk to you like this. I'm at the end of my tether. If I don't talk to somebody I shall go off my head."

I cannot repeat all that Carruthers said to me in the words he used; it would be impossible for me to remember them; it is more convenient for me to put it in my own fashion. Sometimes he could not bring himself to say a thing right out and I had to guess at what he meant. Sometimes he had not understood and it seemed to me that in certain ways I saw the truth more clearly than he. Betty Welldon-Burns had a keen sense of humor, and he had none. I perceived a good deal that had escaped him.

I had met her many times, but I knew her chiefly from hearsay. In her day she had made a great stir in the little world of London, and I had heard of her often before I met her. This was at a dance in Portland Place soon after the war. She was then already at the height of her celebrity. Her mad pranks were a staple of conversation.

She was twenty-four. Her mother was dead; her father, the Duke of St. Erth, old and none too rich, spent most of the year in his Cornish castle and she lived in London with a widowed aunt.

At the outbreak of the war she went to France. She was just eighteen. She was a nurse in a hospital at the base, and then drove a car. She acted in a theatrical tour designed to amuse the troops; she posed in tableaux at home for charitable purposes and sold flags in Piccadilly.

Every one of her activities was widely advertised and in every new rôle she was profusely photographed. I suppose she managed to have a good time. But now that the war was over she was having her fling with a vengeance. At that time night clubs were in the first flush of their success and she was to be seen at them every night.

The British public in its odd way took her to its heart. Women mobbed her when she went to a wedding and the gallery applauded her at first nights as though she were a popular actress. Girls copied the way she did her hair and manufacturers of soap and face cream paid her money to use her photograph to advertise their wares.

Of course dull, stodgy people disapproved of her. They sneered at her constant appearance in the limelight. They said she had a passion for self-advertisement. They said she was fast. They said she drank too much and smoked too much.

I will admit that nothing I had heard of her had predisposed me to think well of her. I have always found the Bright Young People extremely tedious. The gay life seems dull and stupid to the onlooker, but perhaps the moralist is unwise to judge it harshly. It is as absurd to be angry with the young things who lead it as it is to be angry with a litter of puppies scampering aimlessly around. Their unruliness is due only to the vitality of youth.

And it was vitality that was Betty's most shining characteristic. The urge of life flowed through her with a dazzling radiance. I do not think I shall ever forget the impression she made on me at that party at which I first saw her. She was like a mænad. She danced with an abandon that made me laugh, so obvious was her intense enjoyment of the music and the movement of her young limbs.

Her hair was brown, slightly disordered by the vigor of her gestures, but her eyes were deep blue, and her skin was milk and roses. She was a great beauty, but she had none of the coldness of great beauty. She laughed constantly and when she was not laughing she smiled and her eyes danced with the joy of living.

She was like a milkmaid on the farmstead of the gods. She had the strength and health of the people and yet the independence of her bearing suggested the great lady. I do not quite know how to put the feeling she gave me, that though so simple and unaffected she was not unconscious of her station. I fancied that if occasion arose she could get on her dignity and be very grand indeed.

She was charming to everybody because, probably without being aware of it, in the depths of her heart she felt that the rest of the world was insignificant. I understood why the factory girls in the East End adored her and why people who had never seen her except in a photograph looked upon her with the intimacy of personal friendship.

I was introduced to her and she spent a few minutes talking to me. It was extraordinarily flattering to see the interest she showed; I knew she could not really be so pleased to meet me as she seemed or so delighted with what I said, but it was very attractive.

I was surprised when I met her at luncheon a fortnight later to find that she remembered exactly what we had talked about during those noisy ten minutes at the dance. A young woman with all the social graces.

I mentioned the incident to Carruthers.

"She was no fool," he said. "Very few people knew how intelligent she was. She wrote some good poetry. Because she was so gay, because she was so reckless, people thought she was scatterbrained. Far from it. She was as clever as a monkey.

"You would never have thought she'd had the time to read all the things she had. I don't suppose anyone knew that side of her as well as I did. We used to take walks together, and talk. She was interested in everything. She had a lot of information and a lot of sense.

"Sometimes when we'd been for a walk in the afternoon and we met at a night club and she'd had a couple of glasses of champagne—that was enough to make her completely buffy, you know—and she was the life and soul of the party, I couldn't help thinking how amazed the rest of them would be if they knew how seriously we'd been talking only a few hours before. It was an extraordinary contrast. There seemed to be two entirely different women in her."

Carruthers gave a deep sigh. "I was madly in love with her. I proposed to her half a dozen times. Of course I knew I hadn't a chance, I was only a very junior clerk at the F. O., but I couldn't help myself. She refused me, but she was always frightfully nice about it. It never made any difference in our friendship. I always thought that she was fonder of me than of anybody. I was crazy about her."

"I don't suppose you were the only one," I said, having to say something.

"Far from it. She used to get dozens of love letters from men she'd never

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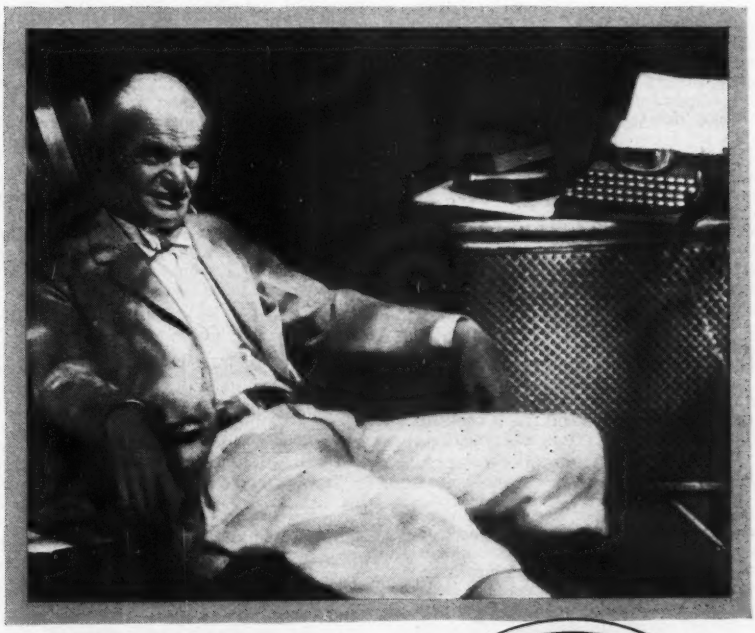

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seen or heard of. All sorts of people proposed to her. She could have married anyone she liked."

"Even royalty, I heard."

"Yes; she said she couldn't stand the life. And then she married Jimmie Welldon-Burns."

"People were surprised, weren't they?"

"Did you ever know him?"

"I don't think so. I may have met him, but he left no impression on me."

"He wouldn't. He was the most insignificant fellow that ever breathed. His father was a big manufacturer up in the north. He'd made a lot of money during the war and had bought a baronetcy. I believe he hadn't an aitch to his name. Jimmie was at Eton with me—they'd tried hard to make a gentleman of him—and in London after the war he was about a good deal.

"He was always willing to throw a party. No one ever paid any attention to him. He just paid the bill. He was the most crashing bore. You know, rather prim, terribly polite; he made you uncomfortable because he was so anxious not to do the wrong thing."

When Carruthers innocently opened his Times one morning and saw that a marriage had been arranged between Elizabeth, only daughter of the Duke of St. Erth, and James, eldest son of Sir John Welldon-Burns, Bart., he was dumfounded. He rang Betty up and asked if it was true.

"Of course," she said.

He was so shocked that he found nothing to say. She went on speaking.

"He's bringing his family to luncheon to meet Father. I dare say it'll be a bit grim. You might stand me a cocktail at Claridge's to fortify me, will you?"

"At what time?" he asked.

"One."

"All right. I'll meet you there."

He was waiting for her when she came in. She walked with a spring, as though her eager feet itched to break into a dance. She was smiling. Her eyes shone with the joy that suffused her because she was alive and the world was such a pleasant place to live in. Carruthers really felt that she brought sunshine and the scent of flowers into the sober splendor of Claridge's lounge. He did not wait to say how do you do to her.

"Betty, you can't do it," he said. "It's simply out of the question."

"Why?"

"He's awful."

"I don't think he is. I think he's nice."

A waiter came up and took their order. Betty looked at Carruthers with those beautiful blue eyes of hers.

"He's such a frightful bounder, Betty."

"Oh, don't be so silly, Humphrey. I think you're a snob."

"He's so dull."

"No, he's quiet. I don't know that I want a husband who's too brilliant. He'll make a good background. He's good-looking and he has nice manners."

"My Lord, Betty!"

"Oh, don't be idiotic, Humphrey."

"Are you going to pretend you're in love with him?"

"I think it would be tactful, don't you?"

"Why are you going to marry him?"

She looked at him coolly. "He's got pots of money. I'm nearly twenty-six."

There was nothing more to be said. He drove her back to her aunt's house. She had a grand marriage, with dense crowds lining the approach to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and presents from practically all the royal family, and the honeymoon was passed on the yacht her father-in-law had lent them.

Carruthers applied for a post abroad and was sent to Rome and later to Stockholm. Here he was counselor and here he wrote the first of his stories.

Perhaps Betty's marriage had disappointed the British public, who expected much greater things of her; perhaps as a young married woman she no longer appealed to the popular sense of romance: the fact was plain that she soon lost her place in the public eye. Not long after her marriage it was rumored that she was going to have a baby and later that she had had a miscarriage.

She did not drop out of society, but her activities were no longer spectacular. People said she was settling down.

Presently they said, too, that Jimmie was drinking too much, and then, a year or two later, that he had contracted tuberculosis. The Welldon-Burnses spent a couple of winters in Switzerland. Then the news spread that they had separated and Betty had gone to live in Rhodes. An odd place to choose.

"It must be deadly," her friends said.

A few of them went to stay with her and came back with reports of the beauty of the island and the leisurely charm of the life. But of course it was lonely. It seemed strange that Betty, with her brilliance and her energy, should be content to settle there. She had bought a house. She knew no one but a few Italian officials; there was indeed no one to know; but she seemed perfectly happy. Her visitors could not make it out.

But the life of London is busy and memories are short. People ceased to concern themselves with her. She was forgotten. Then, a few weeks before I met Humphrey Carruthers in Rome, the Times announced the death of Sir James Welldon-Burns, second baronet. His younger brother succeeded him in the title. Betty had never had a child.

Carruthers continued to see her after her marriage. Whenever he came to London they lunched together. She had the ability to take up a friendship after a long separation as though no passage of time had intervened, so that there was never any strangness in their meetings. Sometimes she asked him when he was going to get married.

"You're getting on, you know, Humphrey. If you don't marry soon you'll get rather old-maidish."

"D'you recommend marriage?"

It was not a kindly thing to say, because he had heard that she was not getting on too well with her husband, but her remark piqued him.

"On the whole, I think probably an unsatisfactory marriage is better than no marriage at all."

"You know that nothing would induce me to marry and you know why."

"Oh, my dear, you're not going to pretend you're still in love with me?"

"I am."

"You are a fool."

"I don't care."

She smiled at him. "You're sweet, Humphrey. You know I'm devoted to you, but I wouldn't marry you even if I were free."

When she left her husband and went to live in Rhodes Carruthers ceased to see her. She never came to England. They maintained a correspondence.

"Her letters were wonderful," he said. "You seemed to hear her talking. They were just like her. Clever and witty, inconsequent and yet so shrewd."

He suggested coming to Rhodes for a few days, but she thought he had better not. He understood why. Everyone knew he had been madly in love with her. Everyone knew he was still. Betty might think his presence on the island would compromise her.

"She wrote a charming letter to me when my first book came out. You know I dedicated it to her. I think her pleasure was the chief thing that pleased me. After all, I'm not a professional writer, you know: I don't attach much importance to literary success."

Fool, I thought, and liar. Did he think I had not noticed the self-satisfaction that consumed him on account of the favorable reception of his books? I did not blame him for feeling that, but why be at such pains to deny it?

But it was doubtless true that it was mostly for Betty's sake that he relished the notoriety they had brought him. He had a positive achievement to offer her. He could lay at her feet now not only his love, but a distinguished reputation. Betty was not young any more: she was thirty-six; her marriage, her sojourn abroad, had changed things; she was no longer surrounded by suitors; she had lost the halo with which the public admiration had surrounded her.

The distance between them was no longer insuperable. He alone had remained faithful through the years. It was absurd that she should continue to bury her beauty, her wit, her social grace in an island in a corner of the Mediterranean. He knew she was fond of him. She could hardly fail to be touched by his long devotion. And the life he had to offer her now was one that he knew would appeal to her.

He was able to get away towards the end of July. He wrote and said that he was going to spend his leave in the Greek islands and if she would be glad to see him he would stop off for a day or two at Rhodes, where he had heard the Italians had opened a good hotel. He put his suggestion in this casual way out of delicacy.

Lady Betty sent him a telegram in reply. She said it was too marvelous that he was coming to Rhodes, and of course he must stay with her for at least a fortnight, and he was to wire what boat he was coming by.

He was in a state of mad excitement when at last the ship he had taken at Brindisi steamed, soon after sunrise, into the neat and pretty harbor of Rhodes. He had hardly slept a wink all night and getting up early had watched the island loom grandly out of the dawn. Boats came out as the ship dropped her anchor and the gangway was lowered.

Humphrey leaned over the rail and watched the doctor and the port officials and the hotel couriers swarm up it. He was the only Englishman on board. His nationality was obvious. A man came on deck and immediately walked up to him.

"Are you Mr. Carruthers?"

"Yes."

He was about to smile and put out his hand, but he perceived in the twinkling of an eye that the person who addressed him, an Englishman like himself, was not a gentleman. Instinctively his manner, remaining exceedingly polite, became a trifle stiff. Of course Carruthers did not tell me this, but I see the scene so clearly that I have no hesitation in describing it.

"Her ladyship hopes you don't mind her not coming to meet you, but the boat got in so early and it's more than an hour's drive to where we live."

"Oh, of course. Her ladyship well?"

"Yes, thank you. Got your luggage ready?"

"Yes."

"If you'll show me where it is I'll tell one of these fellows to put it in a

boat. You won't have any difficulty at the customs. I've fixed that up all right. Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you."

The man was not quite sure of his aitches. Carruthers wondered who he was. You could not say he was uncivil, but he was certainly offhand. Carruthers knew that Betty had a large estate; perhaps he was her agent. He seemed competent. The luggage was passed through the customs without examination, Humphrey's guide shaking hands with the officials, and they went toward a large yellow car.

"Are you going to drive me?" asked Carruthers.

"I'm her ladyship's chauffeur."

"Oh, I see. I didn't know."

He was not dressed like a chauffeur. He wore white duck trousers and *espadrilles* on his bare feet, a white tennis shirt, with no tie and open at the neck, and a straw hat. Carruthers frowned. Betty oughtn't to let her chauffeur drive the car like that. It was true that he had had to get up before daybreak. Perhaps under ordinary conditions he wore a uniform.

Though not so tall as Carruthers, who was six feet one in his socks, he was not short; but he was broad-shouldered and squarely built, so that he looked stocky. He was not fat, but plump rather. Young still, thirty, perhaps, or thirty-one, he had already a massive look and one day would be beefy.

He had a broad face deeply sunburned, a short thickish nose and a somewhat sullen look. He wore a short fair mustache. Oddly enough, Carruthers had a vague feeling he had seen him before.

"Have you been with her ladyship long?" he asked.

"I have, in a manner of speaking."

Carruthers became a trifle stiffer. He did not like the manner in which the chauffeur spoke to him. He wondered why he did not say "sir" to him. He was afraid Betty had let him get a little above himself. It was like her to be careless about such things. But it was a mistake. He'd give her a hint when he got the chance.

Their eyes met for an instant and he could have sworn that there was a twinkle of amusement in the chauffeur's. Carruthers could not imagine why.

"That, I suppose, is the old city of the knights," he said distantly, pointing to the battlemented walls.

"Yes. Her ladyship'll take you over. We get a rare lot of tourists here in the season."

Carruthers wished to be affable. He thought it would be nicer of him to offer to sit by the chauffeur rather than behind by himself and was just going to suggest it when the matter was taken out of his hands. The chauffeur told the porters to put Carruthers' bags at the back, and settling himself at the wheel, said:

"Now if you'll hop in we'll get along."

CARRUTHERS sat down beside him and they set off along a white road that ran by the sea. In a few minutes they were in the open country. They drove in silence. Carruthers was on his dignity. He felt that the chauffeur was inclined to be familiar and he did not wish to give him occasion to be so. He flattered himself that he had a manner that put his inferiors in their place. He thought with sardonic grimness that it would not be long before the chauffeur would be calling him "sir."

But the morning was lovely; the white road ran between olive groves and the farmhouses they passed now and then, with their white walls and flat roofs, had an Oriental look that took the fancy. And Betty was waiting for him. The love in his heart disposed him to kindliness towards all men and, lighting a cigaret, he thought it would be a generous act to offer the chauffeur one too.

The chauffeur accepted the gift and stopped the car to light up. "Have you got the baccy?" he asked suddenly.

"Have I got what?"

The chauffeur's face fell. "Her ladyship wired you to bring two pounds of Player's Navy Cut. That's why I fixed it up with the customs people not to open your luggage."

"I never got the wire."

"Confound it!"

"What on earth does her ladyship want with two pounds of Navy Cut?"

Carruthers spoke with hauteur. He did not like the chauffeur's exclamation. The fellow gave him a glance in which Carruthers read a certain insolence.

"We can't get it here," he said briefly.

He threw away with exasperation the Egyptian cigaret Carruthers had given him and started off again. He looked sulky. He said nothing more.

Carruthers felt that his efforts at sociability had been a mistake. For the rest of the journey he ignored the chauffeur. For some time they had been running uphill, and now they came to a long low wall and then to an open gate. The chauffeur turned in.

"Have we arrived?" cried Carruthers.

"Sixty-five kilometers in fifty-seven minutes," said the chauffeur, a smile suddenly showing his fine white teeth. "Not so bad considering the road."

He sounded his horn shrilly. Carruthers was breathless with excitement. They drove up a narrow road through an olive grove, and came to a low, white, rambling house. Betty was standing at the door. He jumped out of the car and kissed her on both cheeks.

For a moment he could not speak. But subconsciously he noticed that at the door stood an elderly butler in white ducks and a couple of footmen in the *fustanellas* of their country. They were smart and picturesque. Whatever Betty permitted her chauffeur, it was evident that the house was run in the civilized style suited to her station. She led him through the hall into the drawing-room. This was large and low, with white-washed walls, and he had immediately an impression of comfort and luxury.

"The first thing you must do is to look at my view," she said.

"The first thing I must do is to look at you."

She was dressed in white. Her arms, her face, her neck were deeply burned by the sun; her eyes were bluer than he had ever seen them and the whiteness of her teeth was startling. She looked extremely well. She was trim and neat. He had had a moment's anxiety that in the easy life she led on this romantic isle she had let herself go.

"Upon my word, you look eighteen, Betty. How do you manage it?"

"Happiness," she smiled.

It gave him a pang to hear her say this. He did not want her to be too happy. He wanted to give her happiness.

But now she insisted on taking him out on the terrace. The drawing-room had five long windows that led out to it and from the terrace the olive-clad hill tumbled steeply to the sea. There was a tiny bay below in which a white boat, mirrored on the calm water, lay at anchor. On a farther hill, round the corner, were the white houses of a Greek village and beyond it a huge gray crag surmounted by the noble battlements of a medieval castle.

"It was one of the strongholds of the knights," she said. "I'll take you up there this evening."

The scene was exquisitely lovely. It was peaceful, and yet it had a strange air of life.

"You've got the tobacco, I suppose?"

He started. "I'm afraid I haven't. I never got your wire."

"But I wired to the Embassy and I wired to the Excelsior."

"I stayed at the Plaza."

"What a bore! Albert'll be furious."

"Who is Albert?"

"He drove you out. Player's is the only tobacco he likes and he can't get it here."

"Oh, the chauffeur." He pointed to the boat that lay gleaming beneath them. "Is that the yacht I've heard about?"

"Yes."

It was a large caïque that Betty had bought, fitted with a motor auxiliary and painted. In it she wandered about the Greek islands.

"We'll take you for a trip if you can spare the time," she said. "You ought to see Kos while you're here."

"Who runs it for you?"

"Of course I have a crew, but Albert chiefly. He's clever with motors and all that."

HE DID not know why it gave him a vague discomfort to hear her speak of the chauffeur again. Carruthers wondered if she did not leave too much in his hands.

"You know, I couldn't help thinking I'd seen Albert before somewhere. But I can't place him."

"You ought to remember him. He was the second footman at Aunt Louise's. He must have opened the door for you hundreds of times."

Aunt Louise was the aunt with whom Betty had lived before her marriage.

"Oh, is that who he is? I suppose I must have seen him there without noticing him. How does he happen to be here?"

"He comes from our place at home. When I married he wanted to come with me, so I took him. He was Jimmie's valet for some time, and then I sent him to some motor works; eventually I took him on as my chauffeur. I don't know what I should do without him now."

"Don't you think it's a mistake to get too dependent on a servant?"

"I don't know. It never occurred to me."

Betty showed him the rooms that had been got ready for him, and when he had changed they strolled down to the beach. A dinghy was waiting for them and they rowed out to the caïque and bathed from there. The water was warm and they sunned themselves on the deck. The caïque was roomy, comfortable and luxurious.

Betty showed him over it and they came upon Albert tinkering with the engines. He was in filthy overalls; his hands were black and his face was smeared with grease.

"What's the matter, Albert?" said Betty.

He raised himself and faced her respectfully. "Nothing, m'lady. I was just 'aving a look round."

"There are only two things Albert loves in the world. One is the car and the other's the yacht. Isn't that true, Albert?"

She gave him a gay smile and Albert's stolid face lighted up.

"That's true, m'lady."

"He sleeps on board, you know. We rigged up a nice cabin for him aft."

Carruthers fell into the life easily. Betty had bought the estate from a

Turkish pasha exiled to Rhodes by Abdul Hamid and she had added a wing to the picturesque house. She had made a wild garden of the olive grove that surrounded it. It was planted with rosemary and lavender and asphodel, broom that she had had sent from England and the roses for which the island was famous. But when she showed him her property, telling him her plans and what alterations she had in mind, Carruthers could not help feeling uneasy.

"You talk as though you were going to live here all your life," he said.

"Perhaps I am," she smiled.

"What nonsense! At your age."

"I'm getting on for forty, old boy," she answered gayly.

He discovered with satisfaction that Betty had an excellent cook and it gratified his sense of propriety to dine with her in the splendid dining room, with its Italian furniture, waited on by the dignified Greek butler and the two handsome footmen in their flamboyant uniforms. The house was furnished with taste; every piece was exquisite.

Betty lived in considerable state. When, the day after his arrival, the governor with several members of his staff came over to dinner she displayed all the resources of the household. The governor, entering the house, passed between a double row of flunkies magnificent in their starched petticoats, embroidered jackets and velvet caps. It was almost a bodyguard. Carruthers liked the grand style.

The dinner party was gay. The young officers in the governor's suite were uncommonly smart in their uniforms. They were attentive to Betty and she treated them with easy cordiality. After dinner the phonograph was turned on and they danced with her one after the other. They played bridge.

When they were gone Carruthers asked her: "Aren't they all madly in love with you?"

"I don't know about that. They hint occasionally at alliances permanent or otherwise, but they take it good-naturedly when I decline with thanks."

They were not serious. The young ones were callow and the not-so-young were fat and bald. Whatever they might feel about her Carruthers could not for a moment believe that Betty could make a fool of herself with a middle-class Italian. But a day or two later a curious thing happened.

He was in his rooms dressing for dinner; he heard a man's voice outside in the passage, he could not hear what was said or what language was spoken, and then ringing out suddenly Betty's laughter. It was a charming laugh, rippling and gay, and it had a joyous abandon that was infectious. But with whom could she be laughing? It was not the way she would laugh with a servant. It had a curious intimacy.

It may seem strange that Carruthers read all this into a peal of laughter, but it must be remembered that Carruthers was subtle. His stories were remarkable for such touches.

When they met presently on the terrace he sought to gratify his curiosity.

"What were you laughing over just now? Has anyone been here?"

"No." She looked at him with genuine surprise.

"I thought one of your Italian officers had come to pass the time of day."

"No."

Of course the passage of years had had its effect on Betty. She was beautiful, but her beauty was mature. She had always had assurance, but now she had repose. She seemed to be at peace with all the world.

Though she was as gay and witty as ever, the seriousness which once he alone had known was now patent. No one could accuse her any longer of being scatterbrained; it was impossible not to perceive the fineness of her character.

She had always had a feeling for literature, and he was more interested than surprised when she told him that she was getting material together for an account of the Knights of St. John in Rhodes. It was a story of romantic incidents.

She took Carruthers to the city and showed him the noble battlements, and together they wandered through austere and stately buildings. They strolled up the silent Street of the Knights with the lovely stone façades and the great coats of arms that recalled a dead chivalry.

She had a surprise for him here. She had bought one of the old houses and with affectionate care had restored it to its old state. It had a tiny walled garden. It was small and secret and silent. The old knights had been in contact with the East long enough to have acquired Oriental ideas of privacy.

"When I'm tired of the villa I come here for two or three days and picnic. It's a relief sometimes not to be surrounded by people."

"But you're not alone here?"

"Practically."

There was a little parlor austerely furnished.

"What is this?" said Carruthers, pointing with a smile to a copy of the Sporting Times that lay on a table.

"Oh, that's Albert's. I suppose he left it here when he came to meet you."

She smiled tolerantly. Next to the parlor was a bedroom with nothing much in it but a large bed.

"The house belonged to an Englishman. That's partly why I bought it. He was a Sir Giles Quern and one of my ancestors married Mary Quern, a cousin of his. They were Cornish people."

Finding that she could not get on with her history without such a knowledge of Latin as would enable her to read the medieval documents with ease, Betty had set about learning the classical language. She troubled to acquire only the elements of grammar and then started, with a translation by her side, to read the authors that interested her. After nine months she could read Latin as fluently as most of us can read French.

It seemed ridiculous to Carruthers that this lovely, brilliant creature should take her work so seriously, and yet he was moved; he would have liked to snatch her in his arms and kiss her, not at that moment as a woman, but as a precocious child. But later he reflected upon what she had told him. He was, of course, a clever man, otherwise he could not have obtained the position he held in the Foreign Office and it would be silly to claim that his two books could have made so much stir without some merit; if I have made him look a bit of a fool it is only because I did not like him.

He had tact and insight. He had a conviction that there was but one way to win her. She was in a groove and happy in it; her plans were definite; but her life at Rhodes was so well-ordered, so complete and satisfying, that for that very reason its power was vulnerable. His chance was to arouse in her the restlessness that lies deep in the heart of the English.

So he talked to Betty of England and London, their common friends and the painters, writers and musicians with whom his literary success had brought him acquaintance. He recalled to her imagination a life rich and easy, varied, cultured, intelligent and highly civilized. He tried to make her feel that she was stagnating in a backwater. They were living in a thrilling age and she was missing it.

Of course he did not tell her this; he let her infer it. He was amusing and spirited; he was whimsical and gay. I know I have not made Humphrey Carruthers witty any more than I have shown Lady Betty brilliant. The reader must take my word for it that they were. Carruthers knew that Betty enjoyed his society. They laughed a great deal together. The days passed in a flash.

"I shall miss you terribly when you go," she said in her frank way. "It's been a treat having you here. You are a sweet, Humphrey."

"Have you only just discovered it?"

He patted himself on the back. His tactics had been right. It was interesting to see how well his simple plan had worked. Like a charm. Now he had but to choose his opportunity. He felt that Betty had never been more attached to him. He would wait till the end of his visit. Betty was emotional. She would be sorry that he was going. Rhodes would seem dull without him.

After dinner they usually sat on the terrace looking at the starry sea; it was then he would ask her to marry him, on the eve of his departure. He felt in his bones that she would accept him.

One morning when he had been in Rhodes a little over a week, he happened to be coming upstairs as Betty was walking along the passage.

"You've never shown me your room, Betty," he said.

"Haven't I? Come in and have a look now. It's rather nice."

She turned back and he followed her in. It was over the drawing-room and nearly as large. It was furnished in the Italian style, and as is the present way more like a sitting room than a bedroom. The bed was Venetian and beautifully painted.

"That's a couch of imposing dimensions for a widow lady," he said facetiously.

"It is enormous, isn't it? But it was so lovely, I had to buy it."

His eye took in the bed table by the side. There were two or three books on it, a box of cigarets, and on an ash tray a brier pipe. Funny! What on earth had Betty got a pipe by her bed for?

"Do look at this *cassone!* Isn't the painting marvelous? I almost cried when I found it."

"I suppose that cost a fortune, too."

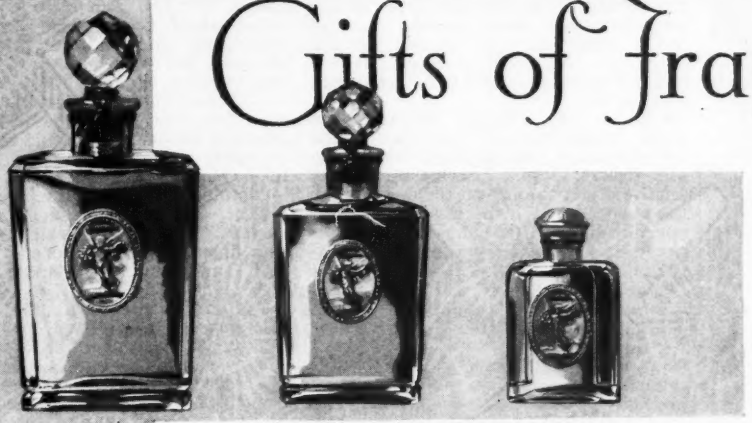
"I daren't tell you what I paid."

When they were leaving the room he cast another glance at the bed table. The pipe had vanished.

It was odd that Betty should have a pipe in her bedroom; she certainly didn't smoke one herself; but of course there were a dozen reasonable explanations. It might be a present she was making to somebody, one of the Italians or even Albert—he had not been able to see if it was new or old—or it might be a pattern that she was going to ask him to take home to have others of the same sort sent out to her.

After the moment's perplexity, he put the matter out of his mind. They were going for a picnic that day, taking their luncheon with them, and Betty was driving him herself. They had arranged to go for a cruise of a couple of days before he left so that he should see Patmos and Kos, and Albert was busy with the engines of the caïque.

They had a wonderful day. They



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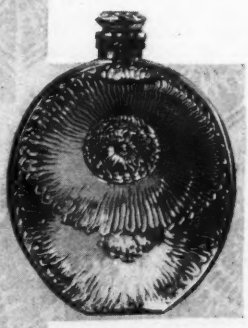

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visited a ruined castle and climbed a mountain and returned dead-beat.

They separated not long after dinner and Carruthers went to bed. He read for a while and then turned out his light. But he could not sleep. It was hot under his mosquito net. He turned and tossed.

Presently he thought he would go down to the beach at the foot of the hill and bathe. He put on his *espadrilles* and took a towel. The moon was full and he saw it shining on the sea through the olive trees. But he was not the only one who thought that this radiant night would be lovely to bathe in, for just before he came out on the beach sounds reached his ears.

He muttered a word of vexation; some of Betty's servants were bathing, and he could not very well disturb them. The olive trees came almost to the water's edge and, undecided, he stood in their shelter. He heard a voice that gave him a sudden start.

"Where's my towel?"

English. A woman waded out of the water and stood for a moment at its edge. From the darkness a man came forward. The woman was Betty. The man wrapped a bathrobe round her and began drying her vigorously. She leaned on him while she put on first one shoe and then the other, and to support her he placed his arm round her shoulders. The man was Albert.

Carruthers turned and fled up the hill. He stumbled blindly. Once he nearly fell. He was gasping like a wounded beast. When he got into his room he flung himself on the bed and clenched his fists and the dry, painful sobs that tore his chest broke into tears. He evidently had a violent attack of hysterics.

It was all clear to him, clear with ghastly vividness. The way the man had dried her and the way she leaned against him pointed to a long-continued intimacy, and the pipe by the bedside, the pipe had a hideously conjugal air.

The Sporting Times! That was why she had that house in the Street of the Knights, so that they could spend two or three days together in domestic familiarity. They were like an old married couple.

Humphrey asked himself how long the hateful thing had lasted, and suddenly he knew the answer: for years. Ten, twelve, fourteen: it had started when the young footman first came to London; he was a boy then and it was obvious enough that it was not he who had made the advances; all through those years when she was the idol of the British public, when everyone adored her and she could have married anyone she liked, she was living with the second footman at her aunt's house.

She took him with her when she married. Why had she made that surprising marriage? And the still-born child that came before its time. Of course that was why she had married Jimmie Welldon-Burns, because she was going to have a child by Albert. Oh, shameless, shameless!

And then, when Jimmie's health broke down she had made him take Albert as his valet. And what had Jimmie known and what had he suspected? He drank, that was what had started his tuberculosis; but why had he started drinking? Perhaps it was to still a suspicion that was so ugly he could not face it.

And it was to live with Albert that she had left Jimmie, and it was to live with Albert that she had settled in Rhodes. Albert, his hands with their broken nails stained by his work on the motors, coarse of aspect and stocky; Albert, not even very young any more, uneducated and vulgar, with his common way of speaking. Albert, Albert! How could she!

Carruthers got up and drank some water. He threw himself into a chair He could not bear his bed. He smoked cigaret after cigaret. He was a wreck in the morning. He had not slept at all. They brought him in his breakfast; he drank the coffee but could eat nothing. Presently there was a brisk knock on his door.

"Coming down to bathe, Humphrey?"

That cheerful voice sent the blood singing through his head. He braced himself and opened the door.

"I don't think I will today. I don't feel very well."

She gave him a look. "Oh, my dear, you look all in. What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I think I must have got a touch of the sun."

His voice was dead and his eyes were tragic. She looked at him more closely. She did not say anything for a moment. He thought she went pale. He knew. Then a mocking smile crossed her eyes; she thought the situation comic.

"Poor old boy, go and lie down; I'll send you in some aspirin. Perhaps you'll feel better at luncheon."

He lay in his darkened room. He would have given anything to get away then so that he need not set eyes on her again, but there was no means; the ship that was to take him back to Brindisi did not touch at Rhodes till the end of the week. He was a prisoner. And the next day they were to go to the islands. There was no escape from her there; in the caïque they would be in each other's pockets all day.

He couldn't face that. He was so ashamed. But she wasn't ashamed. At that moment when it had been plain to her that nothing was hidden from him she had smiled. She was capable of telling him all about it. He could not bear that. That was too much.

After all, she couldn't be certain that he knew, at best she could only suspect; if he behaved as if nothing had happened, she would think she had been mistaken. It was enough to know what he knew; he would not suffer the crowning humiliation of hearing from her own lips the disgraceful story. But at luncheon the first thing she said was:

"Isn't it a bore, Albert says something's gone wrong with the motor; we shan't be able to go on our trip, after all! I daren't trust to sail at this time of the year. We might be becalmed for a week."

She spoke lightly and he answered in the same casual fashion.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but still I don't really care. It's so lovely here, I really didn't much want to go."

He told her that he felt much better; to the Greek butler and the two footmen in *fustanellas* it must have seemed that they talked as vivaciously as usual. That night the British consul came to dinner and the night after some Italian officers.

Carruthers counted the days; he counted the hours. Oh, if the moment would only come when he could step on the boat and be free from the horror that every moment of the day obsessed him. He was growing so tired. But Betty's manner was so self-possessed that sometimes he asked himself if she really knew that he was aware of her secret.

Was it the truth that she had told about the caïque and not, as had struck him at once, an excuse; and was it an accident that a succession of visitors prevented them from ever being alone together? The worst of having so much tact was that you never quite knew

Now! A Revolutionary Discovery in Women's Hygiene

Soft as fluffed silk, pure Rayon cellulose filled, this new-type sanitary protection banishes all chafing, all discomfort from women's hygiene—and lasts 3 times longer.

Women by the thousands are discarding old methods and adopting this new, far gentler hygienic aid.

A New Creation that Banishes All Chafing, All Discomfort—Remains Effective 3 Times Longer. Gives You the Supreme Gentleness of Pure Rayon.... The Most Talked About Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day

THERE is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an innovation of world-wide importance.

An entirely new kind of a sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is NEW in design. New in material. New and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has two outstanding advantages every woman is quick to understand and appreciate.

Ends All Chafing—All Irritation!

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Pat. No. 1702530) it is different from any other pad. It is unique in its results. When you buy your first box of Veldown just open one of the pads and examine it. You will note that it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose, the same pure, silky base from which softest rayon is made. Soft as fluffed silk; *not crepe paper* as used in some old-type methods.

You will see from its construction why *it cannot chafe or irritate.* Hence, no more discomfort, no more irritation! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of Fluffed Silk. Its "feel", gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from the irritating old ways. Try it. What you find will amaze you.

Remains Effective Hours Longer

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women.

Thus it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other sanitary methods. Consider, too, what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a Vast and Great Improvement on any other pad you have ever worn, return it—and receive your full purchase price back. *164R*

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One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company

Veldown
For Every Woman

Engagingly *different* . . .

THE *Velvetskin* TRADE MARK REG

PATTER *for* Christmas

An excellent giver is the man or woman who this year selects THE VELVETSKIN PATTER as a Christmas gift. For this remarkable little beauty aid is a composite of the qualities you have always wanted to embody in your remembrance. It is different . . . smart . . . practical . . . and personal.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER works in creams and lotions . . . accomplishes pore-deep cleansing . . . and tones elasticity into drooping facial muscles. Women, everywhere, say a few minutes with it makes an exhilarating pleasure of the daily facial.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER *is electrical. Merely plug it in any convenient wall socket.*

For sale at the better shops and stores. Send the coupon for an interesting new beauty booklet. Learn this new method of making a pleasure of your daily facial.

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Meriden, Conn.

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Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one VELVETSKIN PATTER with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
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Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

My dealer's name.....

whether other people were acting naturally or being tactful, too.

When he looked at her, so easy and calm, so obviously happy, he could not believe the odious truth. And yet he had seen with his own eyes. And the future. What would her future be? It was horrible to think of. Sooner or later the truth must become notorious. And to think of Betty a mock and an outcast, in the power of a coarse and common man, growing older, losing her beauty; and the man was five years younger than she. One day he would take a mistress, one of her own maids, perhaps, with whom he would feel at home as he had never felt with the great lady, and what could she do then? What humiliation then must she be prepared to put up with! He might be cruel to her. He might beat her. Betty. Betty.

Carruthers wrung his hands. And on a sudden an idea came to him that filled him with a painful exaltation; he put it away from him, but it returned; it would not let him be. He must save her; he had loved her too much and too long to let her sink, sink as she was sinking; a passion of self-sacrifice welled up in him. Notwithstanding everything, though his love now was dead and he felt for her almost a physical repulsion, he would marry her.

He laughed mirthlessly. What would his life be? He couldn't help that. He didn't matter. It was the only thing to do. He felt wonderfully uplifted, and yet humble, for he was awed at the thought of the heights which the divine spirit of man could reach.

His ship was to sail on Saturday and on Thursday, he said: "I hope we're going to be alone tomorrow."

"As a matter of fact, I've asked some Egyptians who spend the summer here."

"Well, it's my last evening. Couldn't we spend it alone?"

"If you like. I can put them off."

"Then do."

He was to start early in the morning and his luggage was packed. Betty had told him not to dress, but he had answered that he preferred to, and for the last time they sat down to dinner facing each other. They had their coffee on the terrace. Carruthers drank a couple of liqueurs. He was nervous.

"Betty, my dear, I've something I want to say to you," he began.

"Have you? I wouldn't say it if I were you."

She answered gently. She remained calm, watching him shrewdly, but with the glimmer of a smile in her blue eyes.

"I must."

She shrugged her shoulders and was silent. He was conscious that his voice trembled and he was angry with himself.

"You know I've been madly in love with you for many years. I don't know how many times I've asked you to marry me. But after all, things change and people change too, don't they? We're not so young as we were. Won't you marry me now, Betty?"

She gave him the smile which had always been such an attractive thing in her; it was so kindly, so frank, and still, still so wonderfully innocent.

"You're sweet, Humphrey. It's awfully nice of you to ask me again. I can't tell you how touched I am. But I'm a creature of habit; I've got in the habit of saying no to you now, and I can't change it."

"Why not?"

There was something aggressive in his tone, something almost ominous, that made her give him a quick look. Her face blanched with sudden anger, but she immediately controlled herself. "Because I don't want to," she smiled.

"Are you going to marry anyone else?"

"I? No. Of course not."

"Betty, I implore you to marry me."

"Never."

"You can't go on living this life."

He put into his voice all the anguish of his heart and his face was drawn and tortured. She smiled affectionately.

"Why not? Don't be such a donkey. You know I adore you, Humphrey, but you are rather an old woman."

"Betty. Betty."

Did she not see that it was for her sake that he wanted it? It was not love that made him speak, but human pity and shame. She got up.

"Don't be tiresome, Humphrey. You'd better go to bed; you know you have to get up with the lark. I shan't see you in the morning. Good-by and God bless you. It's been wonderful having you here."

She kissed him on both cheeks.

Next morning, early, for he had to be on board at eight, when Carruthers stepped out of the front door he found Albert waiting for him in the car. He wore a singlet, duck trousers and a *béret basque*. Carruthers' luggage was in the back. He turned to the butler.

"Put my bags beside the chauffeur," he said. "I'll sit behind."

Albert made no remark. Carruthers got in and they drove off. When they arrived at the harbor porters ran up. Albert got out of the car. Carruthers looked down at him from his greater height.

"You need not see me on board. I can manage by myself. Here's a tip for you."

He gave him a five-pound note. Albert flushed. He was taken aback; he would have liked to refuse it, but did not know how to, and the servility of years asserted itself. Perhaps he did not know what he said.

"Thank you, sir."

Carruthers gave him a curt nod and walked away. He had forced Betty's lover to call him "sir." It was as though he had struck a blow across that smiling mouth of hers. It filled him with a bitter satisfaction.

He shrugged his shoulders and I could see that even this small triumph now seemed vain. For a while we were silent. Then he began again.

"I dare say you think it's strange that I should tell you all this. I don't care. I feel as if nothing mattered any more. I feel as if decency no longer existed in the world. Heaven knows, I'm not jealous. You can't be jealous unless you love and my love is dead. It was killed in a flash. After all those years. I can't think of her now without horror. What makes me so frightfully unhappy, is to think of her unspeakable degradation."

So it has been said that it was not jealousy that caused Othello to kill Desdemona, but an agony that the creature he believed angelic should be proved impure and worthless. What broke his noble heart was that virtue should so fall.

"I thought there was no one like her. I admired her so much. I admired her courage and her frankness, her intelligence and her love of beauty. She's just a sham and she's never been anything else."

"I wonder if that's true. Do you think any of us are all of a piece? Do you know what strikes me? I should have said that Albert was only the instrument, her toll to the solid earth, so to speak, that left her soul at liberty to range the empyrean. Perhaps the mere fact that he was so far below her gave her a sense of freedom in her relations with him that she would have lacked with a man of her own class. The spirit is strange; it never soars so high as when the body

has wallowed for a period in the gutter."

"Oh, don't talk such rot!" he answered.

"I don't think it is rot. I don't put it very well, but the idea's sound."

"Much good it does me. I'm broken and done for. I'm finished."

"Oh, nonsense! Why don't you write a story about it?"

"I?"

"You know that's the great pull a writer has over other people. When something has made him terribly unhappy, he can put it all into a story and it's astonishing what a comfort and relief it is."

"It would be monstrous. Betty was everything in the world to me. I couldn't do anything so caddish."

He paused for a little and I saw that notwithstanding the dismay that my suggestion caused him he did for one minute look at the situation from the standpoint of the writer. He shook his head.

"Not for her sake, for mine. After all, I have some self-respect. Besides, there's no story there."

Wanda

(Continued from page 75)

man it would be alright to come back on Monday. He's been very nice to let you go all this time. Love.

Your fond Mother

Lewiston, Maine,
June 14th, 1910.

Stopping at Hotel Rockingham	$1.25
Fare from Sanford	2.40
Chair	.75
Tips	.00

EMPIRE THEATER

No. 1. Fleurette (?)—(Very clever. Fooled me)
No. 2. The Whirlwind Rileys—(Skating Act. Mother, father, son and daughter)
No. 3. Wanda the Mysterious—(Mind reader)
No. 4. Jack Donahue.
No. 5. Feature picture.

Dear Mud:

I got your letter and believe me when you say that show business is rotten, I agree with you. I had plenty of chance to think things over coming here from Sanford; the fare alone cost me $2.40 and I took a chair for 75c more so there wouldn't be any chance of running into any more actors on the train.

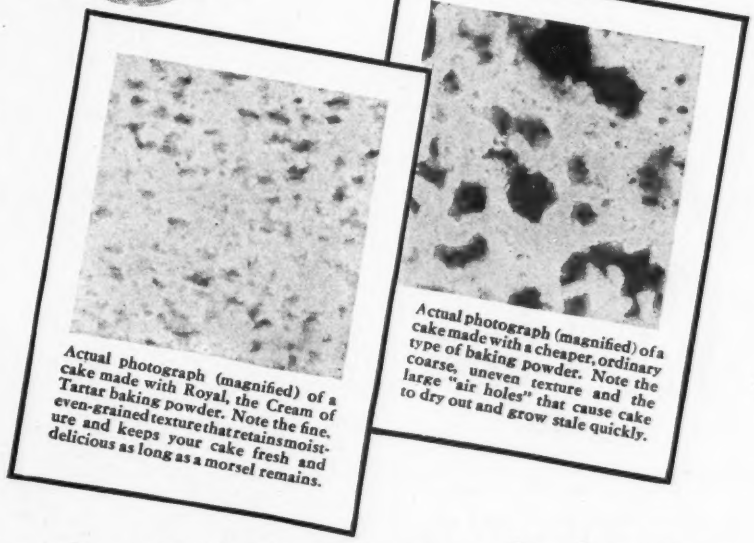
One thing I've made up my mind about is that I won't have anything more to do with women. A guy can't go out there and be funny when he's grieving his heart out about some dame. You know how much I did for that Adrienne La Tour; now she's going around telling people that she had to give me up because I was too cheap. I wish I had back just part of the dough I spent for medicine for that dog's sinus trouble alone.

This Lewiston is a big city, and the audience here is one of the toughest in the whole country. They couldn't seem to get enough of me.

To give you an idea of how I went, listen to this from the Lewiston Gazette: "Jack Donahue closed the show and tripped lightly away with the comedy honors of the evening; in fact, Donahue is a one-man show in himself, his material including the routines of half a dozen well-known acts."

They've got the kind of a bill here that I'd like to play a whole season with, only four acts but practically everything on there is dynamite. And they're all big enough not to let their professional jealousy get the best of them. Even the

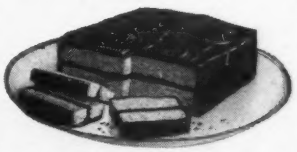
3 Days Old... *still fresh and moist*



Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Note the fine, even-grained texture that retains moisture and keeps your cake fresh and delicious as long as a morsel remains.

Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with a cheaper, ordinary type of baking powder. Note the coarse, uneven texture and the large "air holes" that cause cake to dry out and grow stale quickly.

These photos show why some cakes dry out . . . why others stay fresh and delicious for days



WHAT makes some cakes stay moist, fresh, delicious? While others dry out... crumble ... and lose their flavor?

This question has been answered by a group of scientists and dietitians who took an actual moving picture (through the microscope) of cake batter rising in the oven.

Two cakes were made. One with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . the other with an ordinary cheaper brand of baking powder. Otherwise, they were made exactly alike.

The pictures show the Royal cake rising gradually . . . evenly. Tiny, uniform gas bubbles formed myriads of strong cellular walls... giving the finished cake a fine, even texture... and retaining its freshening moisture.

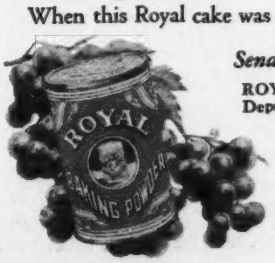
When this Royal cake was three days old, it was as fresh and moist... as rich in flavor as the day it was baked.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder rose irregularly. Large gas bubbles broke through among the small and medium-sized cells, forming large "air holes" with thin, weak walls.

When tasted three days later, this second cake had dried out . . . crumbled ... lost its flavor. The large "air holes," with thin, weak walls, had allowed the moisture to escape.

These tests were repeated several times —with invariably the same result.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, always leavens perfectly... makes all your baked foods deliciously light and tender. Keeps your cakes fresh and moist to the very last crumb.



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IT'S SILLY to suffer the annoyance of a cold . . . to have your head stuffed-up, your nose clogged, and your well-being impaired. For there is a modern way of relieving your cold that is swift and sure, easy and pleasant. . . . Simply put a drop of Vapex, the delightful inhalant, on your handkerchief and breathe the vapor. Deep into the recesses of the nose and throat it goes. In a few deep breaths, it stops sniffling and clears your head. . . . And at night, you can use Vapex on your pillow. A drop at each end and you have all-night-long relief. Vapex is as pleasant to breathe as crisp, mountain air. It is safe to use for young children and cannot stain. . . . Keep a bottle of Vapex handy and use it at the first sign of a cold. Millions of bottles are used yearly. A single application keeps its strength all day or all night and costs only 2c, because the $1 bottle contains fifty applications. . . . Ask your druggist for V-A-P-E-X and insist on the original. Imitations never give the same results.

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A drop on your handkerchief

***VAPEX**

Breathe your cold away

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Riley family are such nice people that you wouldn't take them for Irish at all. You could easy take the old man for some kind of a English gentleman.

I had a very embarrassing experience on the first show here. I was watching this Fleurette that opens the bill, and while I was standing there in the wings, she smiled at me. I smiled back at her and when she came off I gave her hand a little squeeze and asked her if she'd like a little coffee after the show. She said it was okay, real quick, and ran back to take a bow. And then she pulls off her wig and it's a man all the time.

Well, nobody else saw it and he didn't get sore so I took him over for some coffee anyway. He's very artistic.

This Wanda dame is on ahead of me and she's very tough to follow. They bill her Wanda the Mysterious but the only mysterious part is how she gets by with that stuff. It's mostly women that fall for it and they let her tell them what's going to happen in the future when she herself don't know where she's going to play the last half. They must pay her a lot of dough though, because she carries her own manager, a guy who looks like one of those fellows who train children to be acrobats.

I'm stopping at the Rockingham Hotel here. I've got a new system now, I go right to the bell hops and find out what's what and if there's a house detective I get right out quick. I've stood for enough insults from those guys and if you can't have a few of the boys in your room, which after all is your own home, what's the use of staying at a place?

That little Joe is bad. Here I am plugging the name of Donahue when I could have taken a good box-office name, and there's that little Joe trying to tear it down. It will be a nice thing, when they finally catch him, to read in the papers, "Brother of well-known comedian held for a stick-up," or something like that.

Well, Mud, don't worry about anything, I've made up my mind to save money from now on, right after Portland. I certainly should have a trunk before I play that date. But between you and my agent and that insurance guy, I don't get much chance to do anything for myself.

Love.
John

Charlestown, Mass.
June 15th, 1910.

Dear Son:

I was going over to your Aunt Gertie's this morning but something told me to stay around the house and now I'm glad that I did. Your father has been having one of his spells and hasn't been to work since Saturday night and what a nice thing it would have been if he had got hold of your letter. Especially that remark about the "English gentleman."

You don't seem to have any sense at all, son. It's bad enough that you should be running around with Flossies, and that Fleurette must surely be one.

And what you say at the bottom of your letter about not being able to do anything for yourself is certainly the limit. If this trip of yours has done anyone any good it's been no one but those scheming actresses that played on the bill with you.

I can't ever forgive you for spending that money on that dog's nose, when you could have spent it on your own father's. Certainly she gave you up as soon as she found someone that could do a little more for her. Between you and Joe you've driven your father to drink and to make it worse, he woke up this morning and found all his money had been stolen out of his shoe. Of course I know Joe wouldn't do anything like that, but it's a funny thing that he left the house early this morning and hasn't come back since. His shoe was cut right off his foot and whoever did it must have been an expert.

Here I've been a good Christian all my life and tried to do the right thing by my men folks and all I get is ingratitude and there's that Mrs. Shea, who used to live next door to us. She put her sons in the Protectory as soon as they were old enough to get in, and helped her husband drink himself to death for his insurance. She's living on Medford Avenue, now, and she came around to annoy me the other day. She wants me to come over and see her place, but I won't give her the satisfaction.

It's all very well for you to say that you aren't going to bother around with women but I, for one, will never believe it. Just as long as there are any foreigners around you'll keep on making a fool of yourself. I wish you'd ask that Wanda woman if she has any idea how long your father will stay on this spree.

I also wish you'd give up that silly idea of getting a trunk. How you could think of wasting money on something like that with your father not getting any pay, I don't know. All your experience hasn't taught you a thing, and that part about the house detectives insulting you is a lot of nonsense. Of course you can't expect to bring women up in your room in a decent hotel and you can't afford anything like that in the first place.

I had to tell your father that you were stopping at the Rockingham Hotel, but I didn't read him your letter. He seemed to think from the name, that it must be a theatrical hotel. He laughed so hard he almost fell out of bed when I told him you had "tripped lightly away with the honors of the evening." He said that must be another one of your sissy friends.

Please remember that it costs almost as much to sober your father up as to get him drunk and I must have something from you this week. The insurance man will be around here again but I'll have to get mine first. I've waited a whole lot longer than he has.

For my sake try to keep out of trouble while you're in Portland. I have some very lovely relatives there—the Donovans. If I thought you could act like a gentleman I'd have you look them up. I guess though it's just as well you don't.

Your heartbroken Mother

Portland, Maine.
June 16th, 1910.

Stopping at Jefferson Hotel....Rate....$ .75
Fare from Lewiston..... 1.10
Tips ..... .00

JEFFERSON THEATER

No. 1. Shaw and Shaw—(Irish Comedians. NO)
No. 2. Baker and Murray—(Singing and dancing)
No. 3. Dave Vine—(Very clever but doesn't belong on this bill)
No. 4. Kenney and Hollis—(Overrated)
No. 5. Jack Donahue.
No. 6. The Great Carmen—(Hoop-roller)

Dear Mud:

That was a fine letter you sent me: right when I have to follow four comedy acts. And to make it worse a couple of local favorites on right ahead of me.

Just to give you an idea how much these critics know, one paper says about me, "With a fresh consignment of new goods of all the latest patterns, and up-to-date trimmings in dancing, dialogue, chatter, parodies, topical songs and jokes, Jack Donahue regaled the audience with an avalanche of fun that caught the humor of the audience and of which they demanded more and more." The other

paper, the yellow one, says, "Jack Donahue won't do." Just four words.

Oh, boy, do I wish I was in a spot where I could go down and tell that guy what I think of him! Believe me I'd use a lot more words than he did.

I don't see why you should blame me for Dad going off on a bust. It's been at least two months since the last one and what more excuse does he want? There's no doubt that little Joe clipped him, but it's his own fault for leaving money around careless like that. Every kid that's been around a carnival knows how to take money out of a guy's shoe.

You remember I was telling you about that Wanda the Mind Reader. Well, you know I don't go for that kind of an act but there is one kid that's on the level. I didn't have any more confidence in that dame than I have in little Joe, for instance, but she took me up in her room for a private reading and the things she told me would scare you.

The first thing she told me was about a little rat-faced man that was trying to double-cross me, and right away I knew she meant my agent, Mr. Church. She told me a lot of other things I didn't want to know, such as where Adrienne was those nights I was trying to get her on the phone. But then she turned out the lights and took my hand and started to look into the future and everything looks okay and it's about time. She says the only thing I got to worry about is family entanglements. And this week is going to be my lucky week. In other words, anything I attempt this week will be successful.

Anyway, she's a great kid and her real name is Helen Watson and she comes from Circleville, Ohio. And I guess it was because I was such an interesting subject, I didn't leave there till five o'clock in the morning.

Just to find out if there was anything to it, I went into a small crap game tonight and won seventeen dollars right off the reel. She and her manager are laying off here this week and I'm going to look her up. They're at the Columbia Hotel and I want to get a little more advice from her. I know this Waterhouse fellow, her manager, doesn't like me but she tells me it's strictly a business arrangement and she signed one of those trick contracts with him where he guarantees her so much, and the funny part is he couldn't guarantee himself that he'd eat if she ever walked out on him.

There is an Irish comedy team opening this show and one of them reminds me of Dad. He does a big thick turkey with the green whiskers and clay pipe.

The act that I like personally on this bill is the Great Carmen, he does a hoop-rolling act that will go anywhere. And now, Mud, you cheer up; I've got a lot of confidence in Helen and before you know it you may have a home on Medford Avenue like Mrs. Shea.

Love,
Your son Johnny

Charlestown, Mass.,
June 18th, 1910.

Dear Son:

If you've got any money, for heavens sake send it to me and let me hold it for you before some woman takes it away from you. I hate to think of you with $17.00 in your pocket, away off in a strange town and all those girls working in the mills for little or no wages.

Your father is gradually sobering up but he still threatens little Joe's life. Last night he started dreaming about snakes again but he says they were just little garter snakes and I'm hoping he'll be alright soon.

It's a very funny thing, in your letter

½ Inch on a Dry Brush

That's the Technique That Whitens Teeth So Quickly

"NICE ENOUGH, but notice her teeth

they look as if they were never brushed"

You can brush teeth and gums faithfully, but they will continue to look neglected and offensive to others so long as you ignore the millions of germs that cause stain, ugly yellow, decay and serious gum diseases.

Ordinary toothpastes won't help you one bit. But this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique quickly kills millions of germs that attack teeth and gums . . . and so cleans teeth as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

Kolynos Will Surprise You

Kolynos is unlike anything you've ever used. The very moment it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated dental cream undergoes a remarkable change. It becomes an exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique, advocated by dentists as the one way to derive full benefit from dental cream and brush.

This FOAM gets into every tiny pit, fissure and crevice, and kills millions of destructive germs . . . 190 million in the first 15 seconds. It neutralizes acids that cause decay, gently erases tartar, washes away the unsightly mucoid coating and purifies the mouth.

White Teeth that Adorn Beauty

Easily and quickly this Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique whitens teeth, keeps them sound and clean, and helps to firm up gums.

Discard Incompetent Methods

Never let anyone say that your teeth look as though you never brushed them. Start using this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Within a few days you'll note a distinct improvement . . . Teeth will look whiter—as lustrous white as they were in childhood. Gums will feel firmer, appear healthier. And your mouth will tingle with a delightful, refreshing taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos . . . or mail coupon for generous trial tube.

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Often the tiniest sneeze or a careless cough will harm the health of others. The safe way — for yourself and for others—is to keep a package of Luden's always handy—for *quick relief.*

The exclusive Luden's Menthol Action soothes the throat—clears the head—comforts the irritated nerve-ends that cause the cough. Relief comes quickly.

Everywhere—in the familiar yellow package — 5¢. (In Canada 10¢.)

LUDEN'S

relieve coughing in ten seconds

from Lewiston you were telling me this Wanda was such a fake and now you think she's so marvelous. There must be something between her and that Waterhouse man or she wouldn't be turning her money over to him, and I'd advise you not to be staying in her room till five o'clock in the morning again. A little longer and you'd have had to buy her breakfast.

I don't know what she thinks she can get out of you, but you may rest assured she has something up her sleeve. At any rate, it's the first time you've met a woman that wasn't a foreigner and at least I'm thankful for that.

I'm worried sick about Joe, we haven't heard a word from him. I don't see why you should be so quick to condemn the boy. I'm sure he wouldn't touch his father's money and besides, he must have spent it all by now anyway and I don't see why he doesn't come home.

Don't be getting those big ideas in your head about buying a home on Medford Avenue. I'll be satisfied if you just give me something on your old account.

I don't see how anyone could laugh at that Shaw and Shaw. Anyone that would wear green whiskers and make fun of his own people I can't say much for.

This may be your lucky week but I can see right now it won't do me any good. You'll be just silly enough to go right back and lose that money again.

Please, son, remember I must have money in your next letter.

Your despondent Mother

Portland, Maine,
June 19th, 1910.

Dear Mud:

I'm writing this letter and it's only ten o'clock in the morning but I feel too good to sleep. You know the old saying that no news is good—well, listen to this, Mud: In the first place I want to congratulate you for having at least one successful son. Yes, Mud, your boy Jack has made good, Mud; I've got more money than all of the Donahues ever had all put together.

What a wonderful feeling it is after listening to all the knocks even from the ones that you're working your fingers to the bones for, and then all of a sudden you're a success and everyone's saying, "I always knew he had it in him." I'll stop now and finish this letter later. I got some important things to do.

5 P. M.

Well, I just finished the matinée and I want to say that this has been the greatest day of my life. Believe me from now on I'm going to get a little respect from people. Not that I'm going to let my dough run away with me but there's some things no artist can stand for and keep his self-respect.

For instance, I walked into a cigar store this morning and asked for a match. What do you suppose the clerk pulls on me—"Sorry, Bud, we only give matches with purchases." Well, that got me sore because after all what is a match, and he was only a clerk and they weren't his matches in the first place.

So I didn't say anything but finally I bought a pipe, and what a beauty. Real calabash with the figures of two beautiful naked women holding the bowl up with their hands. It stood me $4.00 but it's something I really needed.

By this time the clerk is falling all over me, but I just paid him and started out. And there is where he made his big mistake, he called me back and passed me over a few packages of matches.

"For me?" I says. "How much?" "Not a thing," he says, "it's a pleasure." "Oh, no," I says, "I've got to give you something," and with that I let one go from the floor. I know it caught him on his kisser, but I didn't stop to see.

Well, from there I walked right over to the theater. I hadn't been standing in front of the house 15 minutes when along came one of the Shaw boys that work on the bill. I was puffing away on my pipe, minding my own business, when I hear him yell, "What's the idea, Donahue, doing a little three-sheeting?"

So I looked around and for the first time I noticed I was standing right in front of my own pictures. Well, that got me. I just reached over and let him have it full on the chin. He's not very big and you should see him travel, Mud. When he got up he was yelling at the top of his voice and the manager of the theater came out and started in on me. He was too old to take a poke at, so I just stuck my foot behind his and gave him a little push.

Well, by this time I was feeling so good I decided to call up Adrienne. First I found out she was playing in Bridgeport and then I called her long distance. I got her room at the hotel alright but some guy that stuttered answered the phone. I figure she was there all the time but I let this sap have it and believe me I never got so much satisfaction out of eleven bucks in my life.

Then I started thinking about something else I could do for excitement and I went over to the newspaper office where I got that rap and asked for the guy that covered the vaudeville acts. I wish you could see him, Mud. Just the kind of a guy you would expect to make a crack like that "Jack Donahue won't do." I would have given a hundred dollars to clip him, but there was a lot of pressmen sitting around and besides, I can afford to be broad-minded.

I told him I just came down to see him about that notice he gave me and he said he thought he was doing me a favor by not writing more about my act. I told him that I didn't need him or his papers to do me any favors and they could all go to the devil. So he said that he'd see to it that they didn't or some such snappy remark, and I left him flat.

But here's the best part of the whole thing. You know you told me about your relatives, the Donovans. Well, they came down today and they wanted to see the show without paying.

They've got two kids and I wish you could get a look at them. I always thought little Walter and Joe were funny but you should see these boys. Can you imagine me trying to pass four in after me showing that manager what I thought of him? But to please you I went and bought four tickets out of my own pocket and what do you think, I spotted those kids making faces and that noise that makes any actor boil and they kept it up all the time I was on.

I got out of my make-up as quick as I could and rushed around to the front of the house and as luck would have it I spotted them again in the crowd coming out. I sneaked up behind them and banged their two heads together; they did plenty of beefing but the old man and the old lady never knew who did it, because I was gone. So now I'm back in the room, too tired and happy to write any more but what a day!

I'll write you more after the show tonight and I think I'll have even better news in my next letter.

Your happy son, Jack

More about the Lucky Week of a happy-go-lucky Hoofer in the late Jack Donahue's January Installment

Back Streets

(*Continued from page 67*)

the little group of china customers, dissipated by summer, was not within reach. It was as if suddenly Ray found herself in the midst of an appalling plateau of a summer, so alone that the days seemed motionless, frightening too, as she found herself actually confronted with the incredible exigency of need.

Curious that in these days of passionate waiting and hoping, she "had not the heart," as she put it to herself, to cast about for ways and means. She simply sat there in the midst of her torrid misery and imagined that each step in the hallway was the step of a messenger, or that presently that horrid old silent crow of a telephone must ring and convey news to her. Must. Must.

There burned in her no sense of shame about thus sitting around. There should have, she reasoned to herself, but where Walter was concerned none of her ordinary yardsticks for measuring behavior applied. She was a different person; she was her obsessed self.

Between them there existed neither right nor wrong. Only the oneness. That sense of intimacy with him that transcended her intimacy with herself. No shame between them. No pride . . .

Sometimes it smote her with a full blast of grim satire how usual must be his feelings toward her, compared with the vast sweep of hers for him. There was so much that he never could understand.

Doubtless, even now, as she sat there in the midst of an arid desolation that scorched her spirit, he was innocent. How could he suffer who did not first feel?

Not much doubt about it, Walter was deep in affairs that consumed him. Walter, with her memory perhaps lying snugly in his brain, sometimes no doubt even hankering for her, needing her, was innocent of his lapse of thus leaving her without funds.

Never generous with her, he was none the less, within his reach, considerate enough of her welfare. What was happening to her would have been terrible to him. Not so terrible, though, as it was to her, sitting there with her hands in her lap, eyes lusterless, and most fantastic of all, larder and purse bare of wherewithal.

The need for action smote her dully, as through blanketed perceptions. While she was gathering her senses for action, the thing to do, of course, was to raise money by pawning what she had that was realizable. By that time, no doubt, consciousness of his oversight would strike Walter like a bolt. There would be cables. There *must* be cables. It would never have occurred to her to write. His word was law.

It struck her that there might even be indiscretion in pawning the few negotiable gifts he had made her. That, she came to realize, was nonsense. At a broker's on Sixth Avenue, she raised one hundred and forty dollars on a gold watch and fleur-de-lis brooch, the souvenir spoons and an opal ring, her birthstone. It seemed to her that she could manage on that until his return.

How appalled he would be when he knew! In a way, all this horror was one of these days going to be worth what she had gone through. His gray eyes would pour pain for the pain he had caused her. His compassion would tap itself against her own heartbeat. Meanwhile, she must live!

In August, despite a schedule of life

The radiant exhilaration of the bath lingers for hours, when you use these fragrant *Parisian preparations*

RETAIN the freshness of your bath for hours, by patting magic dashes of April Showers Eau de Cologne over your body. It stimulates—energizes. Then, top off your toilette with April Showers Dusting Powder and Talc—both exquisite in texture and fragrant with the perfume of Springtime in Paris.

Mail the coupon and ten cents for a generous trial flacon of April Showers Eau de Cologne, a new Lotion for the Body.

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Enclosed you will find 10c for which you will send me a generous trial flacon of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne.

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that for her was frugal, the situation again threatened to become acute. Freda was once more with child. Hugo had lost his position and there was talk of moving back to Cincinnati.

After she had read that letter it cost Ray a pang of fear to enclose a ten-dollar bill in an envelope. What if Walter should not return on schedule!

For the first time the idea came to Ray, business woman, to venture back into that maelstrom from which years before she had withdrawn.

Hattie, who, by the way, had bought ten souvenir cups and saucers from her, had finally gone off on a Canadian holiday with her friend from Buffalo. With this last exodus, the flat building was as the tomb. The asphalt streets, when Ray ventured out into them, swam in the heat, adding to the vertiginous effect of August.

It was out into this world, what with Walter already two months overdue and Kinsey so little the man he had been that when she once more asked for extension, he had at last uttered threat of eviction, that there ventured, in immaculate white-duck suiting and short-backed sailor with a glassy-eyed bird, the timorous figure of Miss Ray Schmidt.

Perhaps it was the timorousness that militated so mercilessly against her. Longmans-Black had gone out of existence, and a firm in the same building gave her scant audience.

It seemed to her that she was like a typhoid patient trying to get back her strength. To think that she had once been a vigorous and interested part of this strange world out here! She must get back her legs, learn to walk in these regions again. The first day almost exhausted her. To creep back to her flat that had Walter's robe on the bathroom door, was the grateful experience of a tired dog finding his kennel.

The thought came to her one day that it might not be difficult to obtain a position as saleslady. She was an efficient saleswoman, with a natural enthusiasm for merchandising.

It is possible that the idea might have been more feasible at another time of year. But in August her applications were not even considered. Then there was another occupation that had always attracted her interest: that of woman cashier at a smart hotel.

One day, all decked out in white duck, she applied at the Waldorf-Astoria, without even the knowledge that for such a position she must put forward a bond, to say nothing of a reference. Fortunately, the matter never even reached those stages of discussion, because from her first word with the man who interviewed her, it became apparent that the Waldorf-Astoria was not in need of a cashier.

On her way out, as she passed Peacock Alley, an incident occurred that sent a quickened feeling rilling in her veins and a flashing sense of the old days over her. A robust, middle-aged man in an "ice-cream suit" and flashy-looking shirt strolled over and spoke to her.

"Beg pardon, but didn't I meet you at a dance and clambake down at Cape May last month?"

Dance down at Cape May? How well she recalled the device! Many a St. Nicholas and Burnet House dinner she had consumed on the acquaintanceship struck up on this sort of fake pretense.

She regarded him with distrust and annoyance apparent in her manner, murmured and passed on.

Now why had she done that! What she needed was a bit of the old-time cheer. What was dead within her? What had come alive? Free of the obligation of wifehood, here she was scuttling away like an outraged matron. A good-natured fellow like that would have been all for boarding a boat for a cooling ride to dinner by the sea . . . Fool!

It was mid-afternoon when she reached home, tired, hot and hungry. The price of her car-fare, breaking into a dollar bill, reduced her purse to a flat object of a few coins.

The incredible was happening again. She had read somewhere of a young woman faced with starvation who had spent her last fifty cents on a bunch of violets. It struck her as debonair. But she did not emulate the young lady.

With twenty out of her last twenty-five cents she had purchased liverwurst, a loaf of rye bread and a bottle of beer, and, sitting there alone in the hot dusk of her flat, she munched her liverwurst sandwich which she washed down with the beer and stared with dreaming eyes at the aura of silence around her.

Well, here it was again in all its fantastic horror. The dilemma of actually being faced with need for food. For two days there remained odds and ends about the flat. Soda crackers, condensed milk, fourth of a canister of coffee, end of liverwurst, the loaf of rye, sugar, tea. Chewing coffee beans was slightly nauseating, but it helped keep down appetite.

Why, people were reduced to this on desert islands, but not within a stone's throw of delicatessen windows where the tilted platters of boiled ham, tongue, cherries and berries pressed their edible pink meats against plate glass. There was something obscene and terrible and private about sitting hungry in the midst of all this. Not that she was faced with actual starvation, with the furnishings of a flat all around her, but there were people about whom it was unthinkable that life should slip off the sure cog of stability. Ray was one. The slow fire of anger began to burn.

It was on Friday, cloudy, humid, lowering, after having passed twenty-four hours on tea which she imbibed slowly and frequently, that Ray began to wrap into a neat bundle a silver-plated nut bowl, with the intention of realizing on it, if possible.

Strange, she afterward reiterated many times to herself, that what did happen should have come at that moment.

A bolt out of the blue, or rather out of the sodden gray of a hot, sticky afternoon! A ring at her bell, and there, in the gaslight, with the reflection shining against glasses that were strange to her, was a figure she recognized at once.

"Why, Kurt Kesseler!"

"The girl is always right."

She flung open the door. "Well, if you couldn't knock me down with a feather!"

It struck her that what she said was literally true of herself. You could knock her down with a feather. Of weakness.

Kurt had filled out, with even a threat of rotundity, but there was to Ray, at least, so much of his old gangling self that he might have stepped out of his bicycle repair shop, except that there was no longer the rim of carbon underneath his square nails.

It was difficult to hold back the tears that pressed at the back of her throat. Kurt, all agog with what to him was a visit, was in reality a visitation. He was succor from heaven. Well, at least, if not directly from heaven, from Cincinnati. It turned out not to be even that. Kurt, years since, had moved to Detroit.

"I tried every way to get my wedge into the home town, Ray. You know me and my soft spot for old Cin-Cin, but she wouldn't be receptive to the industry. Mistake of the old town's life to let a

city like Detroit get us all, hook and bait. I'm in the automobile-parts business, Ray. Manufacturing on a small scale in Detroit. Making parts for Ford."

"You always were interested in the horseless carriage, Kurt."

"Ten years from now it will be one of the biggest industries in this country. That's what I think of it."

"How in the world did you find me, Kurt?"

"Easy. Met Freda Hanck on the street in Youngstown when I was there two weeks ago on business and she gave it to me. She was taking her little girl to the clinic when I met her."

"Emma?"

"Guess so. Sore eyes."

(Little Emma! That was terrible. Oh, that was terrible. Sure as anything, a letter would come now in a day or two—a needing letter.)

"And Freda? Guess things aren't going so good for Hugo."

"I surmised as much. Freda looks right faded out. But you! Ray, I don't believe you've changed a day."

She, upon whom time was resting like a pall, drew down her lids that her eyes might not reveal the desire for tears behind them. Changed a day! In the past months it seemed to her that each day had taken its toll from her vitality, precisely as it had taken its toll from her purse.

"You think I'm looking well, Kurt?"

"You're looking immense. I've had many an up and down since I saw you last, Ray."

"But you've pulled out?"

"Happy to say, yes. Not what you'd call on Easy Street yet, as the saying goes, but it looks like I'm getting around the corner towards it."

She placed an impulsive hand upon his knee. "Kurt, I'm mighty glad to hear that."

"I know you mean that when you say it."

"What ever became of that bicycle patent you once bought, Kurt?"

He made the mock deprecatory gesture of warding off a blow.

"Lost seventy-five hundred dollars on that in the end, Ray. I just didn't have the eyes to see that we had to skip that phase of development because the automobile was already here. You mark my word, sister, fellows like Ford and Duryea and Stearns and Apperson and that crowd—you mark my word, there's a row of fellows all ready to make a million apiece. That's why I jumped from my little old boat out in Cincinnati when I saw it sinking and climbed aboard this here Detroit lugger."

"I wish you everything good, Kurt."

"I know you do, Ray. That's why the warm spot in my heart for you just won't cool off."

"Married, Kurt?"

"No. Guess you know where I stand on that. Freda tells me you stayed single, too. Wouldn't exactly say that was bad news to me, but wasn't that a 'Mrs.' on your bell plate, Ray?"

What a lunk he continued to be!

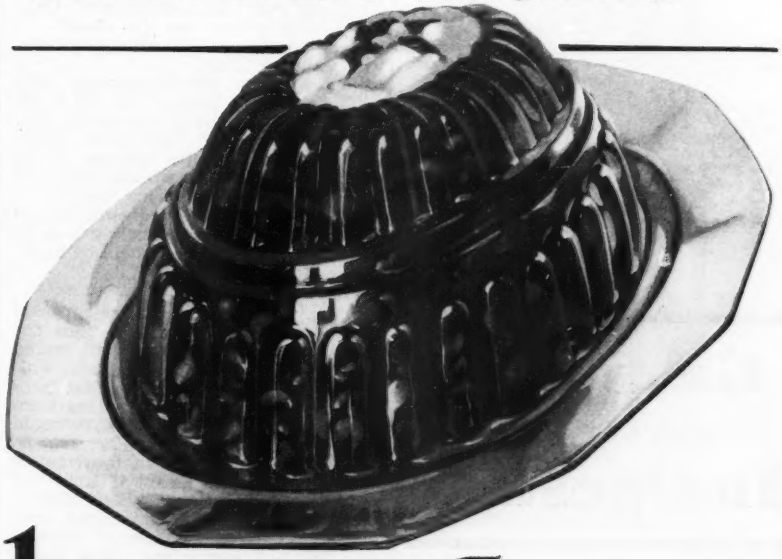
"It's easier in New York, Kurt, to stick a 'Mrs.' on the bell plate."

"I know what you mean. More security, eh?"

(He knows what I mean. Don't make me laugh. But he's nice. Plain, decent, all-the-way-through nice.) His glasses left a ridge across his nose. That sore might open some day. And stay open. What an end for Kurt! One of these days that ridge across his nose would turn into an open sore. Cancer! And eat slowly and terribly and greedily into Kurt and his prosperity and—oh, oh, this was flightiness induced by heat—no,

CHERRY BURNT ALMOND JELLY . . . *New, delicious and easy to make*

1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (cherry flavor)
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons candied or maraschino cherries, chopped
½ cup shelled almonds
Blanch the almonds and brown lightly in hot oven, shaking occasionally to color evenly. Cool and chop fine. Dissolve Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert in boiling water. Add cold water and chill. When thick but not set, stir in the cherries and almonds. Mould and chill until firm. Serve plain or with cream.
Serves 6. *Approximate cost*—22¢.



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Just think of the convenience! Instead of mixing your gelatin hours ahead . . . or the night before, you can prepare Royal just one hour before you want to serve it.

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Serve Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin often. You can whip it like cream . . . and mould it into desserts that look elaborate, but are easy and inexpensive. Combined with small quantities of meat, fish, vegetables or fruits, it offers an attractive use for left-overs.

Buy a package or two today. But be sure to get the *quick setting* kind—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box.

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Gastrogen
quickly stops
Indigestion

WHEN you feel logy and upset after eating, take 2 or 3 Gastrogen Tablets. Instantly they'll check indigestion, stop acidity, flatulence and heartburn.

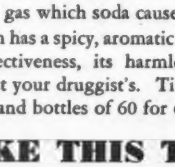
Gastrogen doesn't disturb normal digestion or alkalize the stomach, as "bicarb" does, because it contains only insoluble antacids. It's a welcome relief from the embarrassing hiccups and gas which soda causes.

Gastrogen has a spicy, aromatic taste. You'll like its effectiveness, its harmlessness. Get Gastrogen at your druggist's. Tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ and bottles of 60 for 60¢.

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*



3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

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no, by hunger! It was the room swaying caused the mind to sway.

"——same old busy business girl?"

"——guess that's what you'd call it."

"——your sister Freda says—wholesale millinery house——"

"——yes. Now is my vacation."

"——good—want to see a whole lot of you. What about a good beefsteak supper at Lüchow's? Fellow took me there last night. And then a good show. Only here a week. Show me the town."

Good beefsteak. *Good beefsteak.* GOOD BEEFSTEAK.

She didn't cry. She daren't cry. She mustn't cry. The thing to do was to sit quietly and say quietly something like, "That will be nice." But what if she could not restrain the impulse to do something insane? Grasp his hand and sink a tooth into one of his fingers.

Oh, this madness! Heat-and-hunger madness. She must somehow trump up the clarity to say, "That would be nice."

"What do you say, Ray?"

"That would be nice."

And to think that in that stagnating afternoon, while heat moved into the room like slow pants from some crazed old dragon on a Chinese pagoda, with nothing but the wall of her flesh preventing her topsy-turvy sensation from spilling into shrieks and cries, he could sit there so insulated from her misery. The shock it was even to contemplate what it would have meant if Kurt had not come. Dear Kurt. Godsend Kurt.

"——getting back to my hotel now. Call for you round about seven. Biggest treat I've had, seeing you. Now you've got to do a little seeing of this old New York with me. Seven is the hour."

"Yes, Kurt."

Before she closed her hot eyelids, not three minutes after his departure, and fainted on the couch, it struck her how blissful it would be to swoon away instead of wait away the hours that intervened between that hot mid-afternoon and beefsteak dinner at seven.

It was difficult, crossing streets, climbing stairs and doing the up-and-down things that gave license, to crowd back the impulse to clutch Kurt's sleeve. That was wrong, because once or twice Kurt had given back warm pressures and it was not his sleeve that she was clutching. It was any sleeve. It was a tangible something to grasp, in a world where everything seemed to be falling away.

No question about it, after that first evening at Lüchow's something had perched itself across Kurt's face just as surely as his glasses were perched there.

Heaven only knew, Kurt least of all, what had been in his mind when he looked her up. As he told her, it wasn't that she had been consistently to the fore of his mind all these years. It was rather that in the interval he had never thought of another woman in connection with his own life. Hope had lain dormant for so long, and now that same hope, feeble, was lifting its head.

That, to Ray, was the sin of it. And yet, by virtue of a week of evenings when they dined at the Waldorf, Astor House, Martin's, Shanley's, Browne's Chop House, Jack's, she encouraged that look to gleam across his face.

"Ray," he said to her one evening at Shanley's, "I think I was a fool to give up so easy back there in Cincinnati when you threw me over. I think if I had made a fight for you, I'd at least have got your respect. Women are like that."

She was looking well, but for the hundredth time she wondered if Kurt was not suspecting her of being in some sort of extremity. But no, not even the fact that she, whose generosity was a badge, had not once offered him the hospitality of her table, had apparently penetrated the simplicity that was Kurt's.

He was precisely what he seemed to be: a man to whom the fascination of one particular woman was irresistible, and who was eagerly, almost pathetically attempting to get some sort of footing in her affection. What Kurt did not see, he did not query, and what Kurt saw was a beautiful, slightly matured, good-natured Ray—same Ray as of old, only sifted over now with the mysterious diamond-dust of a metropolitan quality.

Same old good-natured, easy-going, up-and-ready Ray of the days of Over the Rhine, only older in a way that was strangely moving, and crammed to the ends of her long fingers with something that was everything to his desires.

No, only that which Kurt saw literally with his eyes did he actually behold. Ray, living in New York, enjoying her vacation from the millinery and trimmings firm, at home in a flat that, so far as his judgment told him, was the flat of any clever New York business girl, was just Ray. Oh, a little bold, some folks might take it, living alone that way, but not if you knew Ray as the boys back in Cincinnati had known Ray. Not if you knew Ray!

Exposed once more to the aura of a personality from which he had in a measure, at least, been freed, it was a simple matter for the old headiness to return. After the third or fourth evening, the need of withdrawing into the terror of her predicament impressed itself upon her.

The chicanery to which that prospect reduced her was to scorch her memory even in the retrospect of years.

There had been occasions, during these days with Kurt, when, against the prospect of the painful gnawing day ahead of her, she had slipped into her large beaded reticule a roll off the dinner table, a stalk of celery, olives and on one occasion an orange and a plum.

That, it seemed to her, must represent the bottom of the abyss of her plight, but as the situation with Kurt wore its way more and more perilously to its peak, she found herself resorting to this: one evening after theater, at a restaurant, she clapped hands to her brow in the manner of one suddenly recalling an oversight.

"Forget something, Ray?" His quick and right reaction made it easier.

"I should say I did! Forgot to go down to the store after my money envelope today and tomorrow's Sunday and Labor Day after that!"

"Is that all?" he said. "Guess I can help you out on that, if you're right good."

"I hate like everything to ask it, Kurt. But I like to pay my rent on the dot. I'm afraid I'll have to strike you for a loan for over Sunday."

He began pushing bills at her out of his well-filled wallet, his delight in this service so genuine that she could have cried for him.

"Kurt, Kurt, not so much!"

"Take plenty, Ray. I'm not afraid you'll run away. Wish you would, with me!"

She lifted three twenty-dollar bills.

"Please take eighty dollars, at least."

She crowded back his bank notes in her anxiety to terminate the hatefulness of what she was doing. "This is plenty."

"Just doing a little thing like this means a lot to me, Ray. Don't be mean."

"I know, Kurt. You're the best thing."

"Ray," he said, leaning across the table, "does what you told me back there in the old days still hold, or is there a chance? Now, with both of us older—

life being so short—— Guess you're not of a mind to turn-about-face on that turndown you gave me 'way back there?"

"You mean——?"

"My sun just rises and sets in you; always has, always will. And there's all there is to it."

"No, no, no. Please, Kurt."

"That the way you feel about it still, Ray?"

This, she said to herself, is the folly of unreal people in plays and books. This, she said to herself, is the equivalent of insanity. To sit here saying no, no, no to Kurt, was an act without rhyme or reason. To be incapable of any of the pride and resentment and outrage which Walter's behavior towards her should so legitimately have engendered, was to own herself stricken with a fatal kind of folly. Here before her eyes was the same kind of security that was Corinne's. Here it was! There it went!

"All right with me, of course, Ray. Seeing you again must have gone to my old head as well as to my heart. All right with me. Forget it."

This was insanity, all right. The insanity of being glad, what with Kurt well on his way back to Detroit, that there was a tomorrow to face, which would be filled with the folly of continuing to wait for Walter.

The morning after Kurt had taken train, Ray was making jelly out of Malaga grapes. Walter liked Malaga grape jelly. The act of doing this homy chore for Walter kept her from the mad feeling of wanting to cry out loud. It kept her from experiencing impulses to rush down the railroad tracks after the train that was carrying the security and the safety and the rightness of Kurt away from her growing loneliness and her growing fear.

Hayfoot, strawfoot, she began to have a habit of saying to herself. Hayfoot, strawfoot, was a rhythm to which you could make a bed, stir Malaga jelly, stitch a turnover to wear around the black ribbon stock of shirtwaists. Hayfoot. Strawfoot.

Allowing herself to worry more and more about Freda's little Emma helped, too. Concentrating on the child was more rousing than anything she could think of. The thing to do was to get away, begin over, take up the thread of the workaday life. And—perhaps—adopt Emma! The thing to do was to throw this nightmare off.

Of course, in her heart, she knew that she could do nothing of the sort, and that just as surely as the blood was locked in her veins, so was her inertia about clearing herself of this octopus of circumstance locked in her temperament.

How right it would be for Walter to walk back into a flat that bore no trace of her. No little personal thing of her own. Only his sticks of wood. All there, waiting, empty, eloquent.

As a matter of fact, after the pouring-out of the jelly, she did sit down to write to Freda. "Out of a position for the time, but prospects. Eager to help with the problem of little Emma's eyes. Write, Freda, and tell me everything. Enclosed is a dollar bill for Emma. Please have her write me a nice little note!"

It was toward the end of this letter that, without the preamble of telephone or doorbell, in walked the figure around which, from the first moment she had clapped eyes on it, her emotions had thundered and lightened.

She had often, in contemplation, dreaded this moment for what she feared would happen. She would begin to cry terribly. Ugly tears that should be reserved for privacy. Walter would dislike

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them and be cold toward them, and whatever else she was to endure upon this return, it seemed to her that cold distaste at her exploding agony would be beyond her power to bear.

There were no plans against this return, no schemes for the marshaling of her restraints, just this fear. The fear of crying. She might have spared herself this dread. She rose, glad that her dotted-Swiss wrapper was crisp and that there was a bottle of beer on the ice.

"Why, Walter," she said, as he kissed her, "you're wearing glasses!"

The thought struck her that they were unpleasant. An obstacle to his nearness. Just five months, a week and two days since he had sailed, and yet to her, who had kissed his eyes a hundred hundred times, how changed and fenced-off he seemed, for the moment, in the shining gold-rimmed spectacles!

He had the perspicacity to lift them off and embrace her again.

"I came in yesterday," he said.

A wave of the anger she had anticipated washed over her then. So he had come in yesterday!

He felt her stiffen.

"I've thought of you every instant since, Ray, but it hasn't been possible to get in touch with you sooner. Richard has measles. Luckily, the ship's doctor didn't pronounce it or we would have been quarantined. Of course his mother was in a state. It's been serious."

"Oh, my poor boy—poor little Richard—my poor you." Her hands encased his cheeks while she held his face closer.

He looked tired and already there was about his eyes the look of a man accustomed to glasses and deprived of them. She fitted them back. She dragged him to his chair. She began the routine of the countless small deeds that kept him clamped to the habit of needing her.

He had been through bad times. That there should be suffering she had not shared with him! That was what made separation so cruel to bear.

"It's good, Ray, to be back," he sighed.

She was at her tricks. Bolstering him, quick with refreshment, and then, collapsible as a traveling cup, down she went on the couch beside him, in an attitude that made his relaxation complete, even if her elbow "went to sleep" with the strain of keeping him at ease.

"Ray, you look well. A little peaked from the heat I hear you've been having, but you look beautiful to me."

He had always told her she was beautiful.

"Do I? It's because I'm happy you're back. And Walter, you look not only well—but successful!"

"I have been, Ray," he said. "I have been, Ray, but more of that later."

"Oh, my dear, I knew you would be, but it has been so long—waiting."

"Successful beyond my dreams."

"And now?"

"And now—nothing, except these good old times with my good old Ray."

"Good old Ray!" It was the first time those three words had been assembled for her. She was not sure she liked them. Good—old—Ray.

"Bad old Walter," she said playfully.

His eyes widened. "Bad?"

Now why had she said that? What good was it going to accomplish at this moment? There would be time to establish her self-respect with herself, at least, by somehow bringing him to judgment for his incredible omissions and the pain and danger and mental anguish he had bequeathed to her during his absence. "Dear old Walter."

He had the look of a man with whom all is right in the world. His and Corinne's world. All the squashed-down jealousies which had been pecking at her for months now came pushing to the surface. Walter and Corinne and their children. The habit of solidity must be upon him. All the lean, waiting, scorching months that Ray had been sitting there in the midst of her terrible embarrassment, the solidity had been solidifying.

Unless Ray were of the stuff that heroines in plays were made of, it was impossible to yield him to that solidity. Yield him? It seemed to Ray, alive to his nearness, thawed to happiness in a way that made her feel as if all her veins were little icebound streams suddenly released by spring, that as never before here lay perfection.

"Walter, Walter, life is so short. We must never again be apart."

"Never, Ray. I needed you terribly."

"Say that again."

"Terribly. Time and time again it seemed that I must cable for you. I've been in large affairs, babe. Of course you read how everything went through."

She had not. It had never occurred to her that this matter of a loan was of sufficient significance for press notation.

"And Walter, it was all your doing!"

"Naturally, the papers did not treat it from that angle. I wasn't mentioned, but my wife's uncle is enormously pleased and so is the firm, and of course it is known all over banking circles."

His wife's uncle! If only he would stop putting it that way! He did it so unconsciously. So solidly. So satisfiedly. Sometimes, on those rare occasions when these forbidden rages crept out like mice from their corners, she had to stamp them down and stamp them down.

After all, she was there to take what she could get. The fringe of his life. The fringe of his time. If need be, the fringe of his affections. Beggars were not choosers.

"These have been the most strenuous, nerve-racking months of my life, Ray, but they have been worth it, the endless delays and all. I have my pace now. This game no longer has me frightened. I've been through hell, though, getting that pace. I've needed you, Ray."

"Oh, my dear boy!"

"And I've needed this part of my life, babe. Needed it until it seemed to me I must fly across the ocean. Time and time again I'd have given the whole bunch of plenipotentiaries for a fifteen-minute look-in on this. I feel like a man who is all of a sudden out of tight boots into his carpet slippers."

"Never, never let it happen again, Walter," she said. "It has been terrible for me, Walter. Terrible."

"I'll tell you the entire story another day, when I'm not so dead-beat, babe. I'm tired with my brain and tired with my bones. Is it any wonder, girl?"

"No, dearest, no."

"Did you think about me a great deal?"

"You know I did."

"I need to relax. I'll get to relax—here."

"My dear. My dear."

"I've been like a tightly wound clock for months now. Rest me, Ray."

"My dear. My dear."

"I need to be rested, by you."

"Ray will rest you. Lie here, my love."

His eyes closed, but his lips, against her hand, opened intermittently to whisper. "Tired. Dog-tired. I'm tired. Rest me, Ray. I'm tired."

"My poor tired dear. Rest. Rest."

"I'm tired—tired."

Sitting there, as his weight relaxed more and more against her, and her arm began to grow numb, a tom-tom began to beat itself softly into her brain.

Hayfoot. Strawfoot. I'm tired. I need to relax. I've been like a tightly wound clock. I'm tired. I need to relax. I. I. I. I. Me. Me. Me. Me. Me. I. Me. I. Me. I. I. I. I. I.

"I've been so pressed, Ray. So pushed. So dazed by it all. I've been so dazed."

I. I. I.

"I never knew how really tired I was."

I. I.

"I'll need you, babe, more than ever now."

"My dear."

"I'm so tired."

I.

While he slept, the tom-tom in her brain became slow anger.

Not one word. Not one question, apparently not one direct concern for the interminable weariness of her waiting months. The worse than weariness, the interminable torment, deprivation, yes, actual want. There were soft pouches sagging from his face. Indulgences. A face that had not been denied.

The planes of her own face, which he had described as a little peaked, were flat. A lean, denied face. Not one question. Not one concern. Me. I. I. Me. Not one realization. And it would go on like this. Trapped by the incredible quality of her folly.

Soiled, sordid, three-cornered predicament. Prisoner to this infatuation which had no ending; prisoner to his happiness; his desires; his well-being. If only he had asked once, just once! It was anger's turn now, and as her eyes grew dry and hot he stirred and reached up to stroke her cheek.

"That five hundred dollars that I stuck in the bisque basket the night before I left—I hope it lasted all right, babe."

Before she need reply, he had dropped off again, this time relaxing against the cushion, leaving her arm free.

What had happened flashed to her clearly. Even before she rose to tiptoe over to the sideboard, where the bisque boy stood in his accustomed place, it was all clearly defined in her mind in its dreadful irony. There was the bisque boy, all right! What had occurred was no more than a small incident that had happened to her once before. The bills must have slipped down on the ledge of an "X" of unfinished woodwork reinforcing the back of the sideboard.

There they were! A roll of greenbacks caught in the crisscross of woodwork. Nothing to be surprised about. There they were! Things happened that way. She started to laugh. Sh-h-h. She must not wake Walter.

Finally, because she could not crowd back the growing, crowing laughter, she went into the clothes closet of the bedroom, and there, crouched among such muffling objects as her hanging dresses, let laughter have its way . . .

The year Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States, Walter's eldest child, Richard, was fourteen. These events synchronized indelibly in the mind of Ray, because she had planned Walter's birthday gift to his son—a long framed panel containing the photographs of the full line of Presidents of the United States, with those of Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson autographed.

At Ray's instigation, Walter had written to the two living ex-Presidents, and he had sent a messenger to Washington for the Wilson signature.

The extent to which Ray had set her heart on Richard's having his birthday gift from his father set off with the

finishing touch of that signed photograph of the new President was little short of fanatical. The photograph was procured and, mounted in its frame, which Ray had designed so that it could be enlarged for the photographs of future presidents, stood wrapped and waiting for Walter to deliver it to his son.

The frame itself was of embossed leather, with the names of the states tooled in it, each name intertwined with its official flower.

"It's the kind of gift, Walter, a boy can remember his father by all his life," Ray tried to impress upon him during the long period of its making. "Richard is old enough now for educational presents."

"Something in that, of course," Walter had assented. "But what is the use of putting your eyes out over all that fancywork of flowers around the names? The boy won't appreciate the amount of work that went into it."

"I want him to know the flowers of the states."

"Rubbish! Leave that to his teachers."

"It's not rubbish for an American boy to know such things."

"Well and good, but don't get that fagged look around your eyes. It makes you look cross-eyed. Ever know that, Ray? When you get tired nowadays, you take on a curious out-of-focus look."

"Why, Walter," she said, coloring as she always did when he made reference to her appearance, "what in the world put that into your head? You do get the funniest ideas. Here you've been wearing glasses for several years, and I don't even need specs for sewing."

They had just completed dinner in the fashion they had been completing these weekly and biweekly occasions year in and year out. There hung in the portières and curtains and upholstery of her rooms the same old highly seasoned odors.

There seemed to be something of subconscious pride in Walter's attitude toward the changelessness of this flat. Not even the two trips to Europe, Ray each time following discreetly, by another ship, in the wake of "Walter Saxel and family," had jarred the precious immutability of life in this flat.

Traipsing around Europe with Ray in the uncertain offing, tucked into this *pension* or that, was one matter; snug here, aloof, insulated in these rooms that were security and relaxation to him, was another. A dear, indispensable another.

With practically every other pattern of his life moving, shifting, jutting off into new forms, and the past decade one that had brought pomp and circumstance into his life, here was the one permanence, the one stability, the one rock against which swift tides pulled in vain.

At least, this was how Ray, when nothing in his attitude or his actions seemed explicable, tried to explain to herself the inexplicable.

Why did Walter, already a vastly rich man, permit luxury to permeate every aspect of his life except that which he shared with Ray? The two hundred dollars which he now left monthly in the bisque basket on the sideboard did not mean what the sum formerly would have implied. The scale of the value of the dollar had been a diminishing one that decade, as the scale-price of living rose.

Two hundred dollars a month still meant that an occasional bout at the races, or the sale through the Women's Exchange, of embroidered sofa pillows, with which handiwork she had followed up the demise of the fad for painted china, was an aid in such little side luxuries as the overelaboration of her menu, or a gift for Emma.

Well, she told herself over and over again, there was only one reason. He wanted to keep intact that which had given him the most happiness. And what had given Walter the most happiness—of this she felt sure in a way that made the unendurable endurable—was the stability of his life with her.

Here was stability without the complications of ambition, the unease of responsibility, the inevitable dilemmas of family. Here was surcease from those things which maddeningly and paradoxically he both wanted and despised. It was as if those things which could matter so passionately in the growing complexities of his rôles of banker, philanthropist, parent, husband, and in a small way, art collector, need matter not at all, here, in the fastness, except in so far as he was sure of sympathetic interest in and abetment of all his plans.

No strain here; no conflict. No struggling to get on. No children, who even while you doted on them, had a tendency to pull at tired nerves. No Corinne, who had changed surprisingly little from the unnervous, prettily plump little person of Richmond Street, except in the elaborate paraphernalia of externals, which gave her life somewhat the aspect of a simple girl walking down a boulevard, attired in a pagoda.

Change, change, everywhere except here. And the way to keep change away from here was to keep small, intact, unnervous, unambitious, untempted and untempting, the unadorned, changeless Ray, who, in her thirties, had gained flavor with the curious deepening quality characteristic of the type of woman who matures too soon.

Corinne, now, had ripened out of her transient girlhood into this little matron whose lust for position and power and wealth for her husband and children was the animating force of her life. That was as it should be.

A man sat opposite Corinne at the end of his long and elaborate table, and gloried in this wife and mother who graced his board. She was the fitting complement for the growing solidity of his life, his importance, his success, his philanthropies.

If the persistence of her various pressures upon him made him nervous and even unnerved him, and her impeccable motherhood, her unassailable righteousness and conspicuous virtue, continued to drive him more and more surely to the less exacting atmosphere of a woman who also fed him well and loved him not wisely but well, the fact remained that in Walter's new house on Fifty-third Street there resided, in virtue, the fitting complement for the growing solidity of his life.

It was difficult, indeed impossible, to explain the tremendousness of trifles. Never in this flat: Ray, are you tired? But: Ray, I am tired. Never: Is it convenient for you, Ray, to hold dinner until eight tonight? But: Ray, have dinner at eight. Never: Can you? But: I cannot. Never: Do you prefer? But: I prefer.

The nearest she ever came to voicing the unconscious bitterness that on occasion would surge against him was once when she said to him playfully: "That is because always I must be content to walk skulking along the back streets of your life." And he, who was quick to take offense, had sulked days after this.

"Why, Walter, I meant what I said, but I'm not complaining. Suppose I do walk the back streets of your life? I love them because they are your life."

"I despise veiled discontent. I'd much rather you would come out with what you have to say."

"With what I have to say! Silly, what could I have to say in that respect?"

"That is precisely what I cannot understand. I cannot see much back street connected with all the comfort you need, plenty of relaxation, to say nothing of trips to Europe. The fact that you cannot travel on the same ship with me, or live in the same hotels, seems hardly to need discussion. I——"

"That is just what I meant by back streets, Walter; nothing more. Of course it is wonderful going to Europe, but me, being piggy, would so love it if things were different, so piggy could cross on the same ship with you and not live in *pensions* around the corner from her Walter's hotel. That's all I meant."

"I see. In order to make things even more dangerous than they are?"

"Silly. Did I say anything like that? I was just trying to imagine what it would be like if we didn't have to do it this way. That's all I meant, Walter."

He was difficult to placate. He could withstand her importunings for hours. His capacity for remaining silent was eternally baffling to her.

"Walter, some time I'm going to try to get angry with you and stay that way, if only I could!"

"I am not angry."

"You are!"

"You are what you are, that's all, and nothing can change you."

"But Walter, I only meant——"

"'Back streets of my life!' Do you think it's pleasant or easy for me? A man in my position! Lies. Evasions. Fears. My children growing up. My affairs more and more in the public eye. It is danger every instant, and now I suppose you want a pair of marble front stairs on which to air the situation."

Was this the Walter who could be so suave; the Walter who practiced after-dinner speeches in this very room, after she had typed them on the machine she had recently acquired and mastered as a surprise for him? Was this the Walter she had seen ride up Fifth Avenue in the wake of some distinguished visiting personage? This snarling petty boy.

"Oh, Walter, how can you think such things!"

"If you had any conception of what it means to live day and night the kind of life that could ruin you!"

Why hadn't she the pride to throw his freedom in his lap? Hundreds of times that question had moved tormentingly in her breast and each time her sole response had been to wind her arms about his neck, placate him with every method at her command.

"Walter, isn't our love worth it?"

"I suppose it is, or I couldn't go on."

"Walter darling, you know it is."

"All right; anything you say."

This mood was terrible to her. Impenetrable, sometimes for hours.

"I'll go now."

"Walter, not this way. I couldn't stand it. Don't leave this way."

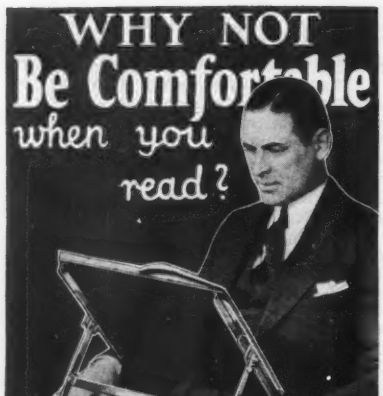
"Well," resignedly, "what do you want me to do?"

"Smile. Be bright. Be sweet."

"Oh, I see. Smile because you feel as you do about the back stre——"

"Walter, if you don't stop putting words into my mouth that I didn't say I'm going to stand you right over there in the corner. Darling, don't you know that the back streets with you are more than heaven would be with anybody else? I love the flat I live in and everything about everything, Walter—darling!"

His resistance gave way reluctantly,



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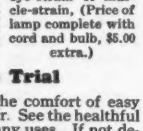

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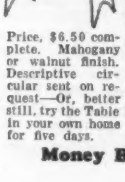

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but surely. Reconciliation, when it did come, swept him on a wave of contrition into her arms.

"You shouldn't torture me, Ray. You are my everything."

"And you are mine."

"Everything I have the strength or the purpose to do dates right back to you. I wouldn't have the courage to face this terrible game called success without you."

"Oh, Walter, one minute I'm 'way down in the cellar and a danger to you and drain on you, and the next minute you put me up on a pedestal. I'd rather be somewhere in the middle. It's safer."

"I can't ever place you high enough. There is not an hour in the day that I am not leaning on you, even if it is one of the days we don't meet. It isn't only your advice about everything pertaining to my life, Ray. It's more than that. It's the knowledge that there is one person capable of something utterly selfless and unselfish where I am concerned. No children to come between, no social considerations, no worldly ambitions, no consideration but me."

(Me-Me-Me-Me-Me-Me-Me-Me-Me.)

"I love you, Walter."

"I love you, Ray."

It should be said for Walter that his part in a drama that was to be played against the background of World War, international affairs, economics, diplomacy, philanthropy, arms, armistice and finance of high and intricate order, was in his mind nothing short of phenomenon and accident of circumstance.

Months before America made formal entry into the World War, the firm of Friedlander-Kunz had established conspicuous precedent for what was to remain its policy consistently throughout the holocaust years.

On the other hand, even when Ray had occasion to hear Walter address a ready-to-be-hysterical throng upon the supreme patriotism of the purchase of bonds, there seemed nothing incongruous in this evidence of his place in the affairs of men.

Not once did it strike her that it might be a far cry from the remote, diminished-looking little citizen with the authority to plead from the immense stage of the Metropolitan Opera House for the financial cooperation of his nation, back to the black-haired, gray-eyed youth she had first encountered in front of the C H and D station in Cincinnati. His place seemed rightly here among men of weight in the affairs of state and finance.

Walter's was not an impassioned speech. A war-blinded soldier, the mayor, Otto Kahn, Felix Warburg, John Finley, had previously moved the audience to tears, cheers and checks. Walter's speech was a careful and studied compendium of statistics and facts which he had placed in a sheaf on Ray's typewriter just twenty-four hours previous. The paper he was reading was her careful compilation of that material.

She wished passionately, sitting there bending forward to lose no sound, that he need not read it. Part of the success of his predecessors lay in the gesture of conviction, the burning eye, the booming and diminuendo voice. Walter's voice almost droned through his material, although in the flat, before the mirror, there had seemed to her to be the forthright qualities of vigor and passion.

"Read, Walter, as if your country were a son bleeding to death, and you had to save him; as if your mind were marching. Stun your audience to attention."

All very well and good within the crowded little room that was so benign to him at all times. There, his voice did boom and his eye command, but here in the impersonal vastness that voice became the recitative one of the statistician, and the audience, which had cried and wanted to sob, began to squirm.

With a sense of frenzied futility, Ray felt his ill-projected fervor and yearned for the power somehow to divert it into ringing blasts against a slipping audience. Secretly, ashamedly, and almost too privately for her to admit to herself, that fervor of war hysteria was not her own.

Of course, she said nothing of this to Walter. No little ashamed at the inner lagging of her spirit, she lent her efforts, too, sitting with the women in hired halls, knitting and assembling kit boxes for distribution overseas.

Secretly, over her task, her fingers fumbled and lingered. Even to send a kit bag was to aid and abet the business of routinizing that abattoir over there.

It would have humiliated and terrified her had Walter suspected any of this.

Because he was so heart and soul and pocketbook in the carrying-forward of his country to the stage where it more successfully poured more bullets into the gizzards of Germans than Germans were able to pour into the gizzards of Allies, there must somehow, some way, be something sublime about this business. There must be! Walter could not be wrong. The world could not be wrong.

It was as it should be. Guns and cannon and bayonets and swords were carved into the greatest of the public monuments she had seen in the public squares of Europe. It was as it should be—even, perhaps, that spectacle in the third box to the right of the first tier.

In that box were Corinne, Richard and Irma. Corinne in a handsome mink jacket thrown open and a shower of lace flowing among two strings of pearls. Every inch the prideful secure wife, the impeccable mother, the entrenched, the chaste, the normal.

Everything had happened right in its place and in its order and as it should be, to Corinne. It always would. Life would see to that. Walter would see to that. Even her children were already grouped about her in a small barricade.

Richard, a lean, supine young fellow, too tall for his age, strangely unlike either Corinne or Walter. Irma, the plump, fair image of her mother.

They were like a dream, down there in that box, so snugly partitioned by brass and red velvet—a warm, fragrant dream of security and solidity, a dream tinctured with nightmare. There were, in addition, two distant cousins in that box, strong, lean, aquiline, maiden women.

They were Hannah and Jennie Friedlander, maidens of vast inheritances, and, according to many a humorous recital by Walter, pests in the Saxel household. But none the less they were part of the solidity. The entrenchment of Corinne: The entrenchment of the Friedlanders. Of the Saxels. Of the race.

How different the falling-away of her family had been. It was more than a month after Tagenhorst's death that little Emma had written Ray thanking her for a ten-dollar check for an Easter gift, and adding, almost by way of postscript, news of the serious accident to her grandmother, of a fall over a porch rail while shaking a rug, which had caused her death. Even though Ray kept in contact with her stepsister's family, by way of letters and gifts, solidarity was lacking. The superb solidarity of clan, which, with a paradoxical insistency, was something to admire, even while it continued to crush and defeat her.

There was, to be sure, her pride in Emma. The never-ceasing thrill of

"Aunt Ray" with which her lusterless little letters began. But even this rather vicarious yearning of a step-aunt over a step-niece was not quite the thing which you could trace by a dotted line, the way they did in comic strips, from the calm eyes of Corinne to the figure of Walter, framed in the huge proscenium.

Curse them. Bless them. These solid Jews. These tight units of kith and kin, which are more ostracizing than ostracized. How they did for one another!

Already, in his forties, Walter's name was well to the fore of practically every large charity in the name of his people. You could count them off, too, the Jews the country over, who, like Walter, were giving in the name of the solidarity.

Try to break in. Try to crash that gate. Yes, even defeated by it, ostracized by it, Ray could not look upon the calm dowager prettiness of Corinne and not thrill, and at the same time, paradoxically, not feel hurt and soiled.

This was the part, this last, this feeling of smirch, that she never quite dared to meet.

As she was leaving the opera house, there they were: Corinne, the Misses Friedlander, a governess, Richard, Irma, almost close enough to touch. In fact, she could have reached out and tapped Walter as he joined them.

More and more, as the public aspect of his life claimed him, he insisted upon Ray's presence in the throng. It made subsequent discussion so much more vitally their common interest if she had heard his address, witnessed the same play or opera or attended the same art show or auction.

Then, too, on occasions like the present one, it was part of her duty to keep her ear primed for comment. Helpful hints, as Walter called them, demanding of her the uncomplimentary along with the plaudits. She knew better than that. Oh, Walter, the elderly man sitting behind me thought your voice carried magnificently. Never: Oh, Walter, I sat next to Mrs. Sparfeld, the wife of the Senator, and she said you had the most tiresome voice in the world. Never: I heard a woman say you were a wolf in lamb's clothing. Not only a wolf in Wall Street but a wolf who prowled up forbidden lanes.

That remark was six months old. What had it meant? Their discretion was so perfect. Their rule never to be seen in public together so rigid. Was this figure of herself, Ray, skulking the back streets of his life, becoming noticeable?

For three months in Paris she had lived within a stone's throw of the Crillon. An entire season at Aix-les-Bains she had occupied a room in a *pension* just a flight of hillside stairs below the Hôtel Bernascon, where Walter and Corinne had taken the cure. Nightly, she had skirted the tables at the casino, sometimes standing elbow to elbow with him at the gaming tables, and yet never once had they even exchanged greetings.

What had it meant—a wolf who prowled up forbidden lanes!

It was in the milling of the crowd around her the day of the conclusion of the Victory Drive at the Metropolitan Opera House, that Ray, her ear cocked for titbits for Walter, heard a remark which, directed against herself, raced down her spine like a mouse.

"There she is! The tall one in the broadcloth suit. Saxel's shadow. They say he's been keeping her for years . . ."

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Go East, Young Man (Continued from page 55)

"at all interested in your lowbrow plans. I am going to Paris to study art. In five years from now I shall be exhibiting in—in all those galleries you exhibit in. I hope you have success with your money-grubbing and your golf. Drop in to see me at my *petit château* when you're abroad. I must dot out now and do a bit of sketching."

Whitney Dibble, riding a Pullman to greatness, arrived in Paris on an October day of pearl and amber. When he had dropped his baggage at his hotel, Whit walked out exultantly. The Place de la Concorde seemed to him a royal courtyard; Gabriel's twin buildings of the Marine Ministry and the Coislin were the residences of emperors themselves. They seemed taller than the most pushing skyscraper of New York, taller and nobler and more wise.

All Paris spoke to him of a life at once more vivid and more demanding, less hospitable to intrusive strangers, than any he had known. He felt young and provincial, yet hotly ambitious.

Quivering with quiet exaltation, he sat on a balcony that evening, watching the lights fret the ancient Seine, and next morning he scampered to the atelier of Monsieur Cyprien Schoelkopf, where he was immediately to be recognized as a genius.

He was not disappointed. Monsieur Schoelkopf (he was of the celebrated Breton family of Schoelkopf, he explained) had a studio right out of fiction; very long, very filthy, with a naked model on the throne. The girls wore smocks baggy at the throat, and the men wore corduroy jackets.

Monsieur Schoelkopf was delighted to accept Whit, also his ten thousand francs in advance.

Whit longed to be seated at an easel, whanging immortal paint onto a taut canvas. He'd catch the model's very soul; make it speak through her eyes, with her mere body just indicated . . . Great if his very first picture should be a salon piece!

But before leaping into grandeur, he had to have a Bohemian background, and he went uneasily over the Left Bank looking for an apartment. (To live in comfort on the Right Bank would be Bourgeois and even American.)

He rented an apartment 'way out on the Avenue Félix-Faure. It was quiet and light—and Whit was tired.

That evening he went to the famous Café Fanfaron, on the Boulevard Raspail, of which he had heard as the international (i. e., American) headquarters for everything that was newest and most shocking in painting, poetry and devastating criticism in little magazines.

In front of the café the sidewalk was jammed with tables at which sat hundreds of young people, most of them laughing, most of them noticeable—girls in slinksy dresses, very low; young men with jaunty tweed jackets, curly hair and keen eyes; large men (and they seemed the most youthful of all) with huge beards that looked false.

Whit was waved to a table with a group of Americans. In half an hour he had made a date to go walking in the Bois de Boulogne with a large-eyed young lady named Isadora, he had been reassured that Paris was the one place in the world for a person with Creative Hormones, and he had been invited to a studio party by a lively man who was twenty-four as far up as the pouches beneath his eyes, and sixty-four above.

It was a good party.

They sat on the floor and drank cognac and shouted. The host, with no great urging, showed a few score of his paintings. In them, the houses staggered and the hills looked like garbage heaps, so Whit knew they were the genuine advanced things, and he was proud and happy.

From that night on, Whit was in a joyous turmoil of artistic adventure. He was the real thing—except, perhaps, during the hours at Monsieur Schoelkopf's, when he tried to paint.

Like most active young Americans, he discovered the extreme difficulty of going slow. During a fifty-minute class in Yale he had been able to draw twenty caricatures, all amusing, all vivid. That was the trouble with him! It was infinitely harder to spend fifty minutes on a square inch of painting.

Whit was reasonably honest. He snarled at himself that his pictures had about as much depth and significance as a *croquis* for a dressmakers' magazine.

And Monsieur Schoelkopf told him all about it. He stood tickling the back of Whit's neck with his beard, and observed "Huh!" And when Monsieur Schoelkopf said "Huh!" Whit wanted to go off and dig sewers.

So Whit fled from that morgue to the Café Fanfaron, and to Isadora, whom he had met his first night in Paris.

Isadora was not a painter. She wrote. She carried a brief case, of course. Once it snapped open, and in it Whit saw a bottle of vermuth, some blank paper, lovely pencils all red and blue and green and purple, a handkerchief and a pair of silk stockings. Yet he was not shocked when, later in the evening, Isadora announced that she was carrying in that brief case the manuscript of her novel.

Isadora came from Omaha, Nebraska, and she liked to be kissed.

They picnicked in the Forest of Fontainebleau, Isadora and he. Whit was certain that all his life he had longed for just this: to lunch on bread and cheese and cherries and Burgundy, then to lie under the fretwork of oak boughs, stripped by October, holding the hand of a girl who knew everything and who would certainly, in a year or two, drive Edith Wharton and Willa Cather off the map; to have with her a relationship as innocent as children, and, withal, romantic as the steeple-hatted princesses who had once hallooed to the hunt in this same royal forest.

"I think your water-color sketch of Notre Dame is wonder-ful!" said Isadora.

"I'm glad you like it," said Whitney.

"So original in concept!"

"Well, I tried to give it a new concept."

"That's the thing! The new! We must get away from the old-fashioned Cubists and Expressionists. It's so old-fashioned now to be crazy! We must have restraint."

"That's so. Austerity. That's the stuff . . . Gee, dog-gone it, I wish there was some more of that wine left," said Whit.

"You're a darling!"

She leaned on her elbow to kiss him, she sprang up and fled through the woodland aisle. And he gamboled after her in a rapture which endured even through a bus ride back to the Fontainebleau station with a mess of tourists who admired all the wrong things.

The Fanfaron school of wisdom had a magnificent show window but not much on the shelves. It was a high-class evening's entertainment to listen to Miles O'Sullivan, the celebrated Irish critic from South Brooklyn, on the beauties of

Proust. But when, for the fifth time, Whit had heard O'Sullivan gasp in a drowning voice, "I remember dear old Marcel saying to me, 'Miles, *mon petit*, you alone understand that exteriority can be expressed only by interiority,'" then Whit was stirred to taxi defiantly over to the Anglo-American Pharmacy and do the most American thing a man can do —buy a package of chewing gum.

Chewing gum was not the only American vice which was in low repute at the Fanfaron. In fact, the exiles agreed that with the possible exceptions of Poland, Guatemala and mid-Victorian England, the United States was the dumbest country that had ever existed. They were equally strong about the inferiority of American skyscrapers, pork and beans, Chicago, hired girls, jazz, Reno, evening-jacket lapels, Tom Thumb golf courses, aviation records, tooth paste, bungalows, kitchenettes, dinettes, dishwashettes, eating tobacco, cafeterias, Booth Tarkington, corn flakes, flivvers, incinerators, corn on the cob, Coney Island, Rotarians, cement roads, trial marriages, Fundamentalism, preachers who talk on the radio, drug-store sandwiches, letters dictated but not read, noisy streets, noiseless typewriters, Mutt and Jeff, eye shades, mauve and crocus-yellow golf stockings, chile con carne, the Chrysler Building, Jimmy Walker, Hollywood, all the Ruths in Congress, Boy Scouts, Tourists-Welcome camps, hot dogs, Admiral Byrd, flagpole sitters, safety razors, the Chautauqua and President Hoover.

The exiles unanimously declared that they were waiting to join the Foreign Legion of whatever country should first wipe out the United States in war.

For three months, Whit was able to agree with all of this indictment, but a week after his picnic with Isadora he went suddenly democratic. Miles O'Sullivan had denounced the puerility of American fried chicken.

Now it was before dinner, and Miles was an excellent reporter. The more Whit listened, the more he longed for the crisp, crunching taste of fried chicken, with corn fritters and maple sirup, candied sweet potatoes and all the other vulgarities loathed by the artistic American exiles who were brought up on them.

Whit sprang up, muttering "Urghhg," which Miles took as a tribute to his wit.

It wasn't.

Whit fled down the Boulevard Raspail. He had often noted, with low cultured sneers, a horribly American restaurant called "Cabin Mammy's Grill." He plunged into it, now. In a voice of restrained hysteria he ordered fried chicken, candied sweets and corn fritters with sirup.

Now, to be fair on all sides—which is an impossibility—the chicken was dry, the corn fritters were soggy, the fried sweets were poisonous and the sirup had never seen Vermont. Yet Whit enjoyed that meal more than any of the superior food he had discovered in Paris.

The taste of it brought back everything that was native in him . . . . Return home for Christmas vacation in his freshman year; the good smell of the midwestern snow; the girls whom he had loved as a brat; the boys with whom he had played. A dinner down at Momauguin in senior year, and the kindly tragedy of parting.

They had been good days; cool and realistic and decent.

So Whit came out of Cabin Mammy's Grill, thinking of snow on Chapel Street and the New Haven Green—and he was buffeted by the first snow of the Paris winter, and that wasn't so good.

Although he was a college graduate, Whitney had learned a little about geography, and he shouldn't have expected

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Paris to be tropical. Yet he had confusedly felt that this capital of the world could never conceivably be cold and grim. He turned up the collar of his light topcoat and started for—oh, for Nowhere.

After ten blocks, he was exhilarated by the snow and the blasty cold which had first dismayed him. From time to time he muttered something like a sketch for future thoughts:

"I can't paint! I'd be all right drawing machinery for a catalogue. That's about all! Paris! More beautiful than any town in America. But I'm not part of it. Have nothing to do with it. I've never met a real Frenchman, except my landlady, and that hired girl at the apartment and a few waiters and a few cops and the French literary gents that hang around the Fanfaron because we give 'em more of a hand than their own people would.

"Poor old T. Jefferson! He wants me to be a Genius! I guess you have to have a little genius to be a Genius. Gosh, I'd like to see Stuyvy Wescott tonight. With him, it would be fun to have a drink!"

Without being quite conscious of it, Whit drifted from the sacred Left Bank to the bourgeois Right. Instead of returning to the Fanfaron and Isadora, he took refuge at the Café de la Paix.

Just inside the door was a round-faced, spectacled American, perhaps fifty years old, looking wistfully about for company.

Whit could never have told by what long and involved process of thought he decided to pick up this Babbitt. He flopped down at the stranger's table, and muttered, "Mind 'f I sit here?"

"No, son, tickled to death! American?"

"You bet."

"Well, say, it certainly is good to talk to a white man again! Living here?"

"I'm studying art."

"Well, well, is that a fact!"

"Sometimes I wonder if it is! I'm pretty bad."

"Well, what the deuce! You'll have a swell time here while you're a kid, and I guess prob'ly you'll learn a lot, and then you can go back to the States and start something. Easterner, ain't you?"

"No; I was born in Zenith."

"Well, is that a fact! Folks live there?"

"Yes. My father is T. Jefferson Dibble of the Small Grain Products Company."

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! Why, say, I know your dad. My name's Titus—Buffalo Grain Forwarding Corp.—why, I've had a lot of dealings with your dad. Golly! Think of meeting somebody you know in *this* town! I'm leaving tomorrow, and this is the first time I've had a shot at any home-grown conversation. Say, son, I'd be honored if you'd come out and bust the town loose with me this evening."

They went to the Exhibit of the Two Hemispheres, which Miles O'Sullivan had recommended as the dirtiest show in Europe. Whit was shocked. He tried to enjoy it. He told himself that otherwise he would prove himself a provincial, a lowbrow—in fact, an American. But he was increasingly uncomfortable at the antics of the ladies at the Exhibit. He peeped at Mr. Titus, and discovered that he was nervously twirling a glass and clearing his throat.

"I don't care so much for this," muttered Whit.

"Neither do I, son! Let's beat it!"

They drove to the New Orleans bar and had a whisky-soda. They drove to the Kansas City bar and had a high ball. They drove to the El Paso bar and had a rock and rye. They drove to the Virginia bar, and by now Mr. Titus was full of friendliness and manly joy.

Leaning against the bar, discoursing to a gentleman from South Dakota, Mr. Titus observed:

"I come from Buffalo. Name's Titus."

"I come from Yankton. Smith is my name."

"Well, well, so you're this fellow Smith I've heard so much about!"

"Ha, ha, ha, that's right."

"Know Buffalo?"

"Just passing through on the train."

"Well, now, I want to make you a bet that Buffalo will increase in pop'lation not less than twenty-seven percent this decade."

"Have 'nother?"

"Have one on me."

"Well, let's toss for it."

"That's the idea. We'll toss for it . . . Hey, Billy, got any galloping dominoes?"

When they had gambled for the drink, Mr. Titus bellowed, "Say, you haven't met my young friend Whinney Dibble."

"Glad meet you."

"He's an artist!"

"Zatta fact!"

"Yessir, great artist. Sells pictures everywhere. London and Fort Worth and Cop'nagen and everywhere. Thousands and thousands dollars. His dad's pal of mine. Wish I could see good old Dibble! Wish he were here tonight!"

And Mr. Titus wept, quietly, and Whit took him home.

Next morning, at a time when he should have been in the atelier of Monsieur Schoelkopf, Whit saw Mr. Titus off at the Gare St-Lazare, and he was melancholy. There were so many pretty American girls taking the boat train; girls with whom he would have liked to play deck tennis.

So it chanced that Whit fell into the lowest vice any American can show in Paris. He constantly picked up beefy and lonesome Americans and took them to precisely those places in Paris, like the Eiffel Tower, which were most taboo to the brave lads of the Fanfaron.

He tried frenziedly to paint one good picture at Monsieur Schoelkopf's; tried to rid himself of facility. He produced a decoration in purple and stony reds which he felt to be far from his neat photography.

And looking upon it, for once Monsieur Schoelkopf spoke: "You will be, some time, a good banker."

The day before Whit sailed for summer in Zenith, he took Isadora to the little glassed-in restaurant that from the shoulder of Montmartre looks over all Paris. She dropped her flowery airs. With both hands she held his, and besought him:

"Whit! Lover! You are going back to your poisonous Middle West. Your people will try to alienate you from Paris and all the freedom, all the impetus to creation, all the strange and lovely things that will exist here long after machines have been scrapped. Darling, don't let them get you, with their efficiency and their promise of millions!"

"Silly! Of course! I hate business. And next year I'll be back here with you!"

He had told the Fanfaron initiates not to see him off at the train. Feeling a little bleak, a little disregarded by this humming city of Paris, he went alone to the station, and he looked for no one as he wretchedly followed the porter to a seat in the boat train.

Suddenly he was overwhelmed by the shouts of a dozen familiars from the Fanfaron. It wasn't so important—though improbable—that they should have paid fifty centimes each for a *billet de quai*, but that they should have arisen before nine o'clock to see him off was astounding.

Isadora's kind arms were around him, and she was wailing, "You won't forget us; darling, you won't forget me!"

Miles O'Sullivan was wringing his hand

and crying, "Whit, lad, don't let the dollars get you!"

All the rest were clamoring that they would feverishly await his return.

As the train banged out, he leaned out waving to them, and he was conscious that whatever affectations and egotism they had shown in their drool at the Fanfaron, all pretentiousness was wiped now from their faces, and that he loved them.

He would come back to them.

All the way to Cherbourg he fretted over the things he had not seen in Paris. He had been in the Louvre only three times. He had never gone to Moret or to the battlemented walls of Provins.

Whit ran into the living room at Floral Heights, patted T. Jefferson on the shoulder, kissed his mother and muttered, "Gee, it certainly is grand to be back!"

"Oh, you can speak to us in French, if you want to," said T. Jefferson Dibble. "We've been studying it so we can return to Paris with you some time. *Avez vous oo un temps charmant cette*—uh—year?"

"Oh, sure, *oui*. Say, you've redecorated the breakfast room. That red-and-yellow tiling certainly is swell."

"Now *écoutez—écoute, moh fis*. It's not necessary for you, Whitney, now that you have become a man of the world, to spare our feelings. I know, and you know, that that red-and-yellow tiling is vulgar. But to return to pleasanter topics, I long for your impressions of Paris. How many times did you go to the Louvre?"

"Oh. Oh, the Louvre! Well, a lot."

"I'm sure of it. By the way, a funny thing happened, Whitney. A vulgarian by the name of Titus, from Buffalo, if I remember, wrote to me that he met you in Paris. A shame that such a man, under pretense of friendship with me, should have disturbed you."

"I thought he was a fine old coot, Dad."

"*Mon père!* No, my boy, you are again being conciliatory and trying to spare my feelings. This Titus is a man for whom I have neither esteem nor—in fact, we have nothing in common. Besides, the old hellion, he did me out of eleven hundred and seventy dollars on a grain deal, sixteen years ago! But as I say, your impressions of Paris! It must seem like a dream wreathed with the vapors of golden memory.

"Now, I believe, you intend to stay here for two months. I have been making plans. Even in this wretched midwestern town, I think that, with my aid, you will be able to avoid the banalities of the young men with whom you were reared. There is a splendid new Little Theater under process of organization, and perhaps you will wish to paint the scenery and act and even design the costumes.

"Then we are planning to raise a fund to get the E. Heez Flemming Finnish Grand Opera Company here for a week. That will help to occupy you. You'll be able to give these hicks your trained European view of Finnish Grand Opera. So, to start with this evening, I thought we might drop in on the lecture by Professor Gilfillan at the Walter Pater Club on 'Traces of Mechanistic Culture in the Coptic.'"

"That would be splendid, sir, but unfortunately—— On the way I received a wire from Stuyv Wescott, asking me to the dance at the country club this evening. I thought I'd dine with you and Mother, and then skip out there. Hate like the dickens to hurt their feelings."

"Of course, of course, my boy. A gentleman, especially when he is also a man of culture, must always think of *noblesse oblige*. I mean, you understand, of the duties of a gentleman. But don't let these vulgarians like Wescott impose on you. You see, my idea of it is like this . . ."

As he drove his father's smaller six to

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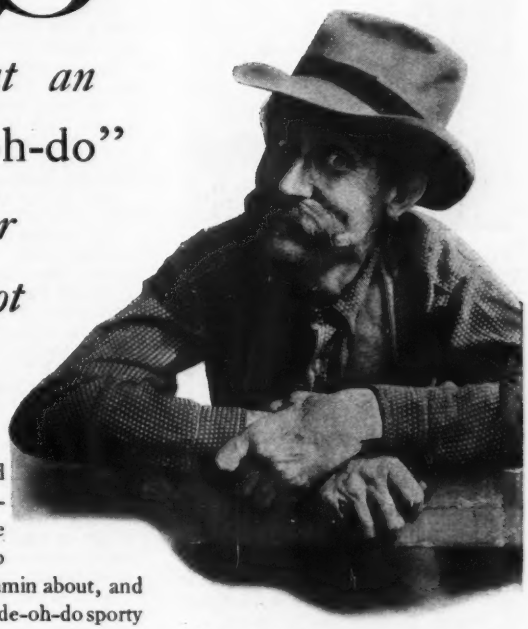
tells *about an* "Oh-de-oh-do" *Feller who Got His*



WE was sittin' around the store, jest gabbin' and carryin' on like a gang of men will do when there ain't any wimmin about, and in come one of these Oh-de-oh-do sporty fellers. You know the kind—axle grease on his hair, knickerbocker pants on a pair of skinny legs a dog wouldn't even stop to bite, and a umbrella holder full of golf clubs.

Most of those golfers are all right, but this one was a smart aleck. He looked around and sez: "When's the next train out of this mud hole you call a town?" Didn't anybody answer him. So he sez: "Are you birds deaf and dumb?" Well sir, Filbert Twitch gets up sort of slow like and pulls a little tin box out of his pocket. Without crackin' a smile he takes some chocolate tablets out of the box and hands them to the dude and sez: "Take these and be a regular feller."

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the country club, Whit was angry. He was thinking of what his friends—ex-friends—at the club would do in the way of boisterous "kidding." He could hear them—Stuyv Wescott, his roommate in Yale, Gilbert Scott, Tim Clark (Princeton '28) and all the rest—mocking:

"Why, it's our little Alphonse Gauguin!"

"Where's the corduroy pants?"

"I don't suppose you'd condescend to take a drink with a poor dumb Babbitt that's been selling hardware while you've been associating with the counts and jukes and highbrows and highbrowesses!"

And, sniggering shamefacedly, "Say, how's the little midinettes and the *je ne sais quoi's* in Paris?"

He determined to tell them all to go to the deuce, to speak with quiet affection of Isadora and Miles O'Sullivan, and to hustle back to Paris as soon as possible. Stick in this provincial town, when there on Boulevard Raspail were inspiration and his friends?

Stay here? What an idea!

He came sulkily into the lounge of the country club, cleared now for dancing. Stuyvy Wescott, tangoing with a girl who glittered like a Christmas tree, saw him glowering at the door, chucked the girl into the ragbag, dashed over and grunted, "Whit, you old hound, I'm glad to see you! Let's duck the bunch and sneak down to the locker room. The trusty gin awaits!"

On the way, Stuyv nipped Gil Scott and Tim Clark out of the group.

Whit croaked—Youth, so self-conscious, so conservative, so little "flaming," so afraid of what it most desires and admires!—he croaked, "Well, let's get the razzing over! I s'pose you babies are ready to pan me good for being a loafer, while you've been saving the country by discounting notes!"

The other three looked at him with mild, fond wonder.

Stuyv said meekly, "Why, what a low idea! Listen, Whit, we're tickled to death you've had a chance to do something besides keep the pot boiling. Must have been swell to have a chance at the real Europe and art. We've all done pretty well, but I guess any one of us would give his left leg to be able to sit down on the Champs Elysées and take time to figure out what it's all about."

Then Whit knew that these were his own people. He blurted, "Honestly, Stuyv, you mean to say you've envied me? Well, it's a grand town, Paris. And some great eggs there. And even some guys that can paint. But me, I'm no good!"

"Nonsense! Look, Whit, you have no idea what this money-grubbing is. Boy, you're lucky! And don't stay here! Don't let the dollars get you! Don't let all these babies with their promises of millions catch you! Beat it back to Paris. Culture, that's the new note!"

"Urghhg!" observed Whit.

"You bet," said Tim Clark.

Tim Clark had a sister, and the name of that sister was Betty.

Whit Dibble remembered her as a subflapper, always going off to be "finished" somewhere in the East. She was a Young Lady of twenty-odd, now, and even to Whit's professionally artistic eye, it seemed that her hair, sleek as a new polished range, was interesting. They danced together, and looked at each other with a fury of traditional dislike.

Midmost of that dance, Whit observed, "Betty! Darlingest!"

"Yeah?"

"Let's go out and sit on the lawn."

"Why?"

"I want to find out why you hate me."

"Hm. The lawn. I imagine it takes a training in Yale athletics and Paris artisticking to be so frank. Usually the kits start out with a suggestion of the club porch and the handsome modernist reed chairs and *then* they suggest the lawn and 'Oh, Greta, so charmé to meet you' afterwards!"

But during these intolerabilities Betty had swayed with him to the long high-pillared veranda, where they crouched together on a chintz-covered glider.

Whit tried to throw himself into what he conceived, largely from novels, to be Betty's youthful era. He murmured: "Kiddo, where have you been all my life?"

From Betty's end of the glider, a coolness like the long wet stretches of the golf course; a silence; then a very little voice:

"Whit, my child, you have been away too long! It's a year now, at least, since anyone—I mean anyone you could know—has said 'Where have you been all my life?' Listen, dear! The worst thing about anybody's going artistic, like you, is that they're always so ashamed of it. Jiminy! Your revered father and the Onward and Upward Bookshop have grabbed off Culture for keeps, in this town. And yet—

"Dear, I think that somewhere there must be people who do all these darn' arts without either being ashamed of 'em—like you, you poor fish!—or thinking they make the nice gilded cornice on the skyscraper, like your dad. Dear, let's us be *us*. Cultured or hobos, or both. G' night!"

She had fled before he could spring up and be wise in the manner of Isadora and Miles O'Sullivan, or the more portentous manner of T. Jefferson Dibble.

Yet, irritably longing all the while for Betty Clark, he had a tremendous time that night at the country club, on the land where his grandfather had once grown corn.

What did they know, there in Paris? What did either Isadora or Miles O'Sullivan know of those deep provincialisms, smelling always of the cornfields, which were in him? For the first time since he had left Paris, Whit felt that in himself might be some greatness.

He danced that night with many girls. He saw Betty Clark only now and then, and from afar. And the less he saw of her, the more important it seemed to him that she should take him seriously.

There had been a time when Whit had each morning heard the good, noisy, indignant call of T. Jefferson demanding, "Are you going to get up or ain't you going to get up? Hey! Whit! If you don't wanna come down for breakfast, you ain't gonna have any breakfast!"

Indeed it slightly disturbed him, when he awoke at eleven of the morning, to find there had been no such splendid, infuriating, decent uproar from T. Jefferson.

He crawled out of bed and descended the stairs. In the lower hall he found his mother.

(It is unfortunate that in this earnest report of the turning of males in the United States of America toward culture, it is not possible to give any great attention to Mrs. T. Jefferson Dibble. Aside from the fact that she was a woman, kindly and rather beautiful, she has no existence here except as the wife of T. Jefferson and the mother of Whitney.)

"Oh, Whit! Dear! I do hope your father won't be angry! He waited such a long while for you. But I am so glad, dearie, that he understands, at last, that possibly you may have just as much to do with all this Painting and Art and so on as he has! . . . But I meant to say: Your father is expecting you to join him at three this afternoon for the meeting of the Finnish Opera Furtherance Association. Oh, I guess it will be awfully interesting—it will be at the Thornleigh. Oh,

Whit, dear, it's lovely to have you back!"

The meeting of the Finnish Opera Furtherance Association at the Hotel Thornleigh was interesting.

It was more than interesting.

Mrs. Montgomery Zeiss said that the Finns put it all over the Germans and Italians at giving a real modernistic version of opera.

Mr. T. Jefferson Dibble said that as his son, Whitney, had been so fortunate as to obtain a rather authoritative knowledge of European music, he (Whitney) would now explain everything to them.

After a lot of explanation about how artistic opera was, and how unquestionably artistic Zenith was, Whit muttered that he had to beat it. And while T. Jefferson stared at him with a sorrowful face, Whit fled the room.

At five o'clock Whit was sitting on the dock of Stuyv Wescott's bungalow on Lake Kennepoose, muttering, "Look, Stuyv, have you got a real job?"

"Yeah, I guess you'd call it a job."

"D'you mind telling me what you are making a year now?"

"About three thou. I guess I'll make six in a coupla years."

"Hm! I'd like to make some money. By the way—it just occurs to me, and I hope that I am not being too rude in asking—what *are* you doing?"

"I am an insurance agent," remarked Stuyv with a melancholy dignity.

"And you're already making three thousand dollars a year?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"I think I ought to be making some money. It's funny. In Europe it's the smart thing to live on money that somebody else made for you. I don't know whether it's good or bad, but fact is, somehow, most Americans feel lazy, feel useless, if they don't make their own money.

"Prob'ly the Europeans are right. Prob'ly it's because we're restless. But anyway, I'll be hanged if I'm going to live on the Old Man the rest of my life and pretend I'm a painter! The which I ain't! Listen, Stuyv! D'yuh think I'd make a good insurance man?"

"Terrible!"

"You're helpful. Everybody is helpful. Say! What's this new idea that it's disgraceful to make your own living?"

"Don't be a fool, Whit. Nobody thinks it's disgraceful, but you don't get this new current of thought in the Middle West, that we gotta have art."

"Get it! Good heavens, I've got nothing else! I will say this for Paris—you can get away from people who believe in art just by going to the next café. Maybe I'll have to live there in order to be allowed to be an insurance agent!"

Stuyv Wescott was called to the telephone, and for three minutes Whit sat alone on the dock, looking across that clear, that candid, that sun-iced lake, round which hung silver birches and delicate willows and solid spruce. Here, Whit felt, was a place in which an American might find again, even in these days of eighty-story buildings and one-story manners, the courage of his forefathers.

A hell-diver, forever at his old game of pretending to be a duck, bobbed out of the mirror of the lake, and Whitney Dibble at last knew that he was at home.

And not so unlike the hell-diver in her quickness and imperturbable complexity, Betty Clark ran down from the road behind the Wescott bungalow and profoundly remarked, "Oh! Hello!"

"I'm going to be an insurance man," remarked Whit.

"You're going to be an artist!"

"Sure I am. As an insurance man!"

"You make me sick."

"Betty, my child, you have been away

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too long! It's a year now, at least, since anyone—I mean anyone you could know—has said, 'You make me sick!' "

"Oh—oh! You make me sick!"

T. Jefferson was extremely angry when Whit appeared for dinner. He said that Whit had no idea how he had offended the Opera Committee that afternoon. Consequently, Whit had to go through the gruesome ordeal of accompanying his father to an artistic reception in the evening. It was not until eleven that he could escape for a poker game in an obscure suite of the Hotel Thornleigh.

There were present here not only such raw collegians as Stuyv Wescott, Gil Scott and Tim Clark, but also a couple of older and more hardened vulgarians, whereof one was a Mr. Seidel, who had made a million dollars by developing the new University Heights district of Zenith.

When they had played for two hours, they stopped for hot dogs; and Room Service was again drastically ordered to "hustle up with the White Rock and ice."

Mr. Seidel, glass in hand, grumbled: "So you're an artist, Dibble? In Paris?"

"Yeah."

"And to think that a fella that could bluff me out of seven dollars on a pair of deuces should live over there, when he'd be an A-1 real-estate salesman."

"Are you offering me a job?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it . . . Sure I am!"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five a week and commissions."

"It's done."

And the revolution was effected, save for the voice of Stuyv Wescott, wailing, "Don't do it, Whit! Don't let these babies get you with their promise of millions!"

Whit had never altogether lost his awe of T. Jefferson and he was unable to dig up the courage to tell his father of his treachery in becoming American again until eleven of the morning, when he called upon him at his office.

"Well, well, my boy, it's nice to see you!" said T. Jefferson. "I'm sorry that there is nothing really interesting for us to do today. But tomorrow noon we are going to a luncheon of the Bibliophile Club."

"That's what I came to see you about, Dad. I'm sorry, but I shan't be able to go tomorrow. I'll be working."

"Working?"

"Yes, sir. I've taken a job with the Seidel Development Company."

"Well, that may be interesting for this summer. When you return to Paris——"

"I'm not going back to Paris. I can't paint. I'm going to sell real estate."

The sound that T. Jefferson now made was rather like a carload of steers arriving at the Chicago stockyards. In this restricted space it is possible to give only a hundredth of his observations on Life and Culture, but among many other things he said:

"I might have known! I might have known it! I've always suspected that you were your mother's boy as much as mine. How sharper than a serpent's tooth! Serpent in a fella's own bosom!

"Here I've given up my life to manufacturing Puffy Wuffles, when all the time my longing was to be artistic, and now when I give you the chance—— Serpent's tooth! The old bard said it perfectly! Whit, my boy, I hope it isn't that you feel I can't afford it! In just a few days now, I'm going to start my schemes for extending the plant; going to get options on the five acres to the eastward. The production of Ritzy Rice will be doubled in the next year. And so, my boy . . . You'll either stick to your art or I'll disown you, sir! I mean, cut you off with a shilling! Yes, sir, a shilling! I'll by thunder make you artistic, if it's the last thing I do!"

On the same afternoon when he had, and very properly, been thrown out into the snowstorm with a shawl over his head, Whit borrowed five thousand from Stuyv Westcott's father, with it obtained options on the five acres upon which his father planned to build, with them reported to Mr. Seidel, from that low realtor received the five thousand dollars to repay Mr. Wescott, plus a five-thousand-dollar commission for himself and his weekly check of twenty-five dollars, spent the twenty-five dollars in flowers, and with them appeared at the house of Betty Clark at six-fifteen.

Betty came down, so lovely, so cool, so refreshing in skirts that clipped her ankles; and so coolly and refreshingly she said: "Hey, Whit, my dear! What can I do for you?"

"I don't think you can do anything besides help me spend the five thousand and twenty-five dollars I've made today. I spent the twenty-five for these flowers. They're very nice, aren't they?"

"They certainly are."

"But do you think they're worth twenty-five dollars?"

"Sure, they are. Listen, darling! I'm so sorry that you wasted your time making five thousand dollars when you might have been painting. But of course an artist has to be an adventurer. I'm glad that you've tried it and that it's all over. We'll go back to Paris, as soon as we're married, and have a jolly lil Bohemian flat there, and I'll try so hard to make all of your artistic friends welcome."

"Betty! Is your brother still here?"

"How should I know?"

"Would you mind finding out?"

"Why, no. But why?"

"Dear Betty, you will understand what a scoundrel I am in a few minutes. Funny! I never meant to be a scoundrel. I never even meant to be a bad son . . . Will you yell for Timmy, please?"

"Of course I will." She yelled, very competently.

Tim came downstairs, beaming. "I hope it's all over."

"That's the point," said Whit. "I am trying to persuade Betty, to persuade you, to persuade T. Jefferson, that I don't want to be an artist. I'm trying—Lord knows what I'm trying!" With which childish statement Whit fled from the house.

He found a taxi and gave the driver the address of his boss, Mr. Seidel, at the Zenith Athletic Club.

In his room, sitting on the edge of his bed, Mr. Seidel was eating dinner. "Hello, boy, what's the trouble?" he said.

"Will you let me pay for a telephone call if I make it here?"

"Sure I will."

Whit remarked to the Athletic Club telephone girl, "I'd like to speak to Isadora at the Café Fanfaron, Paris."

The voice of that unknown beauty answered, "Which state, please?"

"France."

"France?"

'Yes, France."

"France, *Europe?*"

"Yes."

"And what was the name, please?"

"Isadora."

"What is the lady's last name?"

"I don't know . . . Hey, get me Miles O'Sullivan, same address."

"Just a moment, please. I will get the supervisor."

A cool voice said, "To whom do you wish to speak, please?"

"I wish to speak, if I may, to Miles O'Sullivan at the Café Fanfaron. In Paris . . . Right. Thank you very much. Will you call me as soon as you can?

"All right, thank you . . . I am speaking from the Zenith Athletic Club and

the bill is to be charged to Mr. Tiberius Seidel."

When the telephone rang, it was the voice of the head waiter of the Fanfaron, a Russian, that answered.

He said, *"Allo—allo!"*

"May I speak to Miles O'Sullivan?" demanded Whit.

"Je ne comprends pas."

"C'est Monsieur Dibble qui parle—d'Amérique."

"D'Amérique?"

"Oui, et je desire to talk to Monsieur Miles O'Sullivan, right way, *tout suite."*

"Mais oui; je comprends. Vous desirez parler avec Monsieur Miles O'Sullivang?"

"That's the idea. Make it snappy."

"Oui, right away."

Then O'Sullivan's voice on the phone.

While Mr. Seidel smiled and watched the second hand of his watch, Whit bellowed into the telephone, "Miles! Listen! I want to speak to Isadora."

That voice, coming across four thousand miles of rolling waves and laboring ships and darkness, mumbled, "Isadora *who?* Jones or Pater or Elgantine?"

"For heaven's sake, Miles, this is Whitney Dibble, speaking from America! I want to speak to Isadora. *My* Isadora."

"Oh, you want to speak to Isadora? Well, I think she's out in front. Listen, laddie, I'll try to find her."

"Miles, this has already cost me more than a hundred dollars."

"And you have been caught by the people who think about dollars?"

"You're darned right I have! Will you please get Isadora quick?"

"You mean quickly, don't you?"

"Yeah, quick or quickly, but please get Isadora."

"Right you are, my lad."

It was after only $16.75 more worth of conversation that Isadora was saying to him, "Hello, Whit darling, what is it?"

"Would you marry a real-estate man in Zenith, in the Middle West? Would you stand for my making ten thousand dollars a year?"

From four thousand miles away, Isadora crowed, "Sure I will!"

"You may have to interrupt your creative work."

"Oh, my darling, my darling, I'll be so glad to quit four-flushing!"

Mr. Whitney Dibble looked at his chief and observed, "After I find out how much this long-distance call has cost, do you mind if I make a local call?"

Mr. Seidel observed, "Go as far as you like, but please give me a pension when you fire me out of the firm."

"Sure!"

Whit telephoned to the mansion of T. Jefferson Dibble.

T. Jefferson answered the telephone with a roar: "Yes, yes, yes, what do you want?"

"Dad, this is Whit. I tried to tell you this morning that I am engaged to a lovely intellectual author in Paris—Isadora."

"Isadora *what?"*

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know who Isadora is?"

"Oh, *Isadora!* The writer? Congratulations, my boy. I'm sorry I misunderstood you before."

"Yes. Just talked to her, long-distance, and she's promised to join me here."

"That's fine, boy! We'll certainly have an artistic center here in Zenith."

"Yeah, we certainly will."

Mr. Seidel remarked, "That local call will cost you just five cents besides the eighty-seven fifty."

"Fine, boss," said Whitney Dibble. "Say, can I interest you in a bungalow on Lake Kennepoose? It has two baths, a lovely living room, and—— Why do you waste your life in this stuffy club room, when you might have a real home?"

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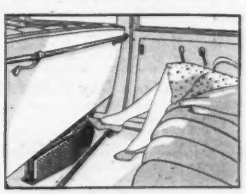

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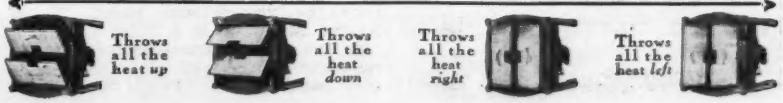

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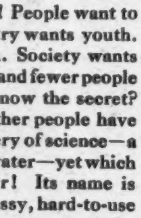

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The Gay Bandit of the Border (Cont. from page 25)

then sprawled face down upon the sand. At this turn of events his companion halted, and after a moment of stupefied silence called in Spanish to Manuel, "Who is this gringo fool that he interferes with the riders of Paco Morales?"

Before Manuel could reply, Radcliffe himself answered.

"Come just a little nearer, *amigo*, and I will interfere yet again." The giant muscles of his shoulder twitched as if eager to strike.

The *vaquero* stepped back a pace.

Gently Radcliffe spoke to the boy. "Why do they beat you?"

"Because I watered my father's cattle at the stream, Señor. They say the stream is low and that the water belongs to Paco Morales."

"Is this so?" He looked up at Manuel.

The old Mexican shrugged. "The stream belongs to all. But the herdsmen of Morales do not suffer others to use it."

"How can they prevent it?"

Moodily Manuel nodded toward the *vaqueros*. "Paco Morales has more than a hundred riders. They shoot well and are unafraid. That is why men who are wise do not dispute them."

The boy's frightened eyes looked up at his pursuers. "But the water from our well has dried. Is it the will of God my father's cattle should die?"

Twirling his quirt, the *vaquero* laughed. "I am no priest. But certainly it is not the will of Paco Morales that you should use his water or his grass." Again he scowled at Radcliffe. "As for you, gringo, our leader, Jito, will make you regret you ever raised a hand against one of his riders."

Grimly Radcliffe smiled back. "If you would only come a little closer I might make it two of his riders." He raised the other man to his feet. "Get out," he ordered briefly, "before I twist your neck."

Sullenly the Mexicans turned up the hill, and reaching in his pocket, Radcliffe dropped a silver dollar in the peon's hand. But Manuel's face was troubled as they rode back toward the border.

"It is not often, Señor, that one touches a herdsman of Jito's band," he said at last. Then he chuckled aloud. "*Que va*, how that carrion flew through the air!" He looked admiringly at the muscular form. "But the fellow was right. Jito will try to tear you apart for this."

"Do you think he could?"

Again Manuel took in the big, tightly knitted form. "Now, by Our Lady, I do not know," he said doubtfully. "There is none on the border one-half so strong as Jito. *Caramba!* It would be a fight worth living for."

In silence they rode slowly up the long slope toward the mesa, and Radcliffe, remembering his dinner appointment at the military post, touched spurs to his horse. He hurried into his evening clothes just as an army car drew up before the bungalow, and was driven through a crimson sunset to the little cavalry post that lay on the outskirts of Verdi.

Thirty-five years ago it had been a refuge against hostile Navahos in the days when Verdi itself was a turbulent cow camp. But for many a year now the well-kept military reservation had dozed through a long, uneventful succession of commanding officers. Before the quarters of the latest of these the car stopped, and Radcliffe read the sign over the vine-covered porch, "L. R. Blount, Major, U. S. A."

It was Mrs. Blount—Aunt Clara, he remembered the girl had called her—who received him. From the first he liked this vigorous middle-aged woman. Liked the firm handshake, the keen, straight look and the deep, restful voice.

"I sent for you before the others." She led him to the broad fireplace. "That was partly selfishness to have to myself the new mysterious arrival. And then I can describe the menagerie before it arrives."

"You're being awfully good to a stranger."

"Rot. You're not a stranger here. Already Verdi is whispering that you've come out to buy miles and miles of land and irrigate the whole desert. Verdi well remembers that father of yours."

Radcliffe nodded somberly. "Yet this same Verdi sent him away a pauper. It took him years to win back prosperity."

"But men say he did win it back—with interest." She lighted a cigaret. "Why did you come, really?"

"Would you believe me if I said I didn't know? That's the real truth. Five days ago I was back in New York without a thought of coming West. I had just returned from Europe and found a letter from my father's banker telling me to come out and see Bob Harkness. Father and Bob, you know, were partners in the old days."

His hostess considered the end of her cigaret. "So perhaps there is a mystery, then. We'll ask Bob tonight. Bob, of course, has told me all about you. But I didn't expect to see a young giant saunter in on me. You're too big and good-looking to have come out here. If the boys don't lynch you before the month's out, and if Adela spares you——"

"Adela," he repeated. "That should be the name of some goddess of the desert."

The woman nodded. "It almost describes her. The Mexican ranchers and peons would tell you she is a saint from Heaven. Some day she will be the richest girl in all North Mexico."

He laughed. "And beautiful, of course; she would have to be beautiful."

"Aren't all heiresses beautiful? No? Well, a dried-up old colonel once said that Adela had hair like a desert sunset."

A sudden recollection seized the man. "Good Lord! Has she violet eyes?"

"If you wanted to be Ritzy you might call them violet. As a matter of sober truth, they're a very nice shade of blue."

"And she speaks with just the——"

"Just the suspicion of an accent. That's Adela."

Once more in retrospect the man saw that upturned, smudgy face; then to the delight of his hostess he told the tale, adding, "But the little impostor said she lived on a ranch with two or three cows."

"Two or three thousand wouldn't cover it." Her kindly eyes became serious. "Adela puzzles me," she added. "I think perhaps she puzzles herself. Behind her lies a queer childhood. As a child she had all the freedom of the desert ranges, but now she is held as strictly as in a cloister. She's both Mexican and American, yet never one or the other. Adela changes so swiftly. At times she's as you saw her this morning; at times the quiet, aloof Mexican princess. Never really gay. Well, there are reasons for that, too. Meanwhile, look behind you."

It had grown dark outside and across the room, outlined against the lamplight, Radcliffe saw again his girl of the morning. That coppery wealth of hair curved now in a braid about her head, and the ivory of her skin gleamed against a low-cut black evening dress. She was the same but somehow subtly different.

Their eyes met as he rose, and a little

smile played about her lips. She took the older woman's extended hand.

"It's been so long," she said.

"Ages," agreed Aunt Clara. "And all your fault. If you would leave that feudal dungeon once in a while, you'd learn what's happening in the world of Verdi. Here, for example, is something important. Here is Mr. Ted Radcliffe, who rides out of the East. He's been boring me with tales of some impossibly lovely lady who met him at the junction."

The girl smiled and seated herself beside Aunt Clara. "And I suppose," she said, "that like all lovely ladies she left him and will never come back."

"Never," Radcliffe agreed. "I'm beginning to believe she never existed. She was just a mirage of the desert."

The girl turned to Aunt Clara. "Tell me more about your mysterious guest."

"Here's what Don Bob reports: It appears that this Mr. Radcliffe who stands smoking before us was first brought into prominence by his ability to carry an inflated pigskin through eleven opposing young gentlemen. For this naïve gift he was twice made captain of his football team. He also took great interest in contests whereby two opposing youths attempt to unravel each other's limbs and dislocate various joints for the purpose of forcing their opponent's shoulders on a dusty mat. Mr. Radcliffe was so successful in this pursuit that he was later amateur heavyweight wrestler of the East."

Ted Radcliffe nodded. "I also played on the freshman chess team."

Aunt Clara ignored the interruption. "Later this burly gentleman graduated with some such silly title as Bachelor of Arts and spent a year in Europe and another in Africa, hunting the kind of thing one hunts there."

The girl shook her head. "This amazing Señor, then, is of the very rich?"

"He is, I am sorry to admit, one of the dirty rich. I gather that he has been reared in luxury."

"That," Radcliffe countered, "shows how even reasonably intelligent women can be misled."

Aunt Clara turned toward him. "Rumor says you have entirely too much money for your own good."

"Rumor is probably right. But I don't believe rumor ever said I was 'reared in luxury.' I wasn't. I've sold papers and shined shoes. One of my first memories is of my father's holding me in his arms while we waited in a long bread line because the holes in my shoes let snow in. That was what your border country did to Father. No, I certainly wasn't reared in luxury."

He stopped, looked down at the two listening women, then went on. "How terribly strapped we were! I remember once a woman gave me a dollar for cleaning the snow from her pavement. I ran all the way home to show the big silver piece to Dad. You know, there were tears in my father's eyes. He held it up in the sunlight and said to me, so earnestly that I remember every word, 'Never be without these, son. To be poor —that is the unforgivable sin.'"

Radcliffe's brooding face cleared. "We weren't poor long after that. My father's luck seemed to have turned. That winter he herded sheep on shares, and next spring had a band of his own. That was near Denver. Later we went to Washington and in a year Father was the leading spirit in a group of men who were developing land in South and Central America. He touched every kind of industry, and they all yielded gold. I'm very proud of him, and I respect him more than any man in the world. You see, we suffered together and

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came through the dark places together." Radcliffe stopped and added slowly, "Then five years ago, he died."

The silence that followed his words was broken by a closing door above them, and a moment later Major Blount clattered down the stairs.

He boomed his greeting from across the room. "Glad Clara asked you both to get here ahead of the mob."

Over Adela's hand he made his stiff military bow, and holding Radcliffe's hand for an instant, looked up into the younger man's eyes. To Radcliffe it seemed that some momentary pain passed across the old soldier's face, vanishing as he spoke again.

"Bob left a note asking us to take care of you until he gets back. It's a pleasure to do that." Abruptly he asked, "Staying long in Verdi?"

"I can't say. My coming has been unexpected and a little mysterious."

Again that fleeting look of pity seemed to touch the major's eyes.

Aunt Clara lighted another cigaret. "It was pretty low-down to let you in for a formal dinner party this first night. There will be twelve of us. Adela and you are the only ones that haven't reached second childhood."

"If ever Uncle Paco hears that you are numbering him among the old and toothless," the girl warned, "there will be international complications."

Mrs Blount turned to her guest. "We're talking about the big man of northern Mexico."

"Paco Morales?"

The woman nodded. "You know him?"

"No." Radcliffe shook his head. "But I saw him once back East. My father told me he held this border country in the palm of his hand."

"That's true enough. But his greatest claim to immortality lies in being Adela's uncle. He is her guardian and he's finding it a life work." Aunt Clara smiled. "If Paco Morales had his way, Adela would be in a convent or——"

"Or married to Jito," added the girl with a little grimace.

Radcliffe looked up quickly, remembering the *vaquero* and the words, "Our leader, Jito, will make you regret . . ."

"Morales is really the government of northern Mexico wrapped up in one man," the major was saying. "It does whatever he says, and he controls practically every foot of land south of the Rio Grande back to the mountains. A man of the old Spanish blood."

"What other lords of the earth do I meet tonight?" asked Radcliffe.

"The rest," replied Aunt Clara, "are mostly deuces and treys, except, of course, your host, 'Don Bob.' But you probably know him well."

"No. Not well at all. I couldn't have been more than six years old when I saw him last. I remember a man with black hair, and gray eyes that always seemed smiling, as if at some secret jest. I remember wondering whether he was happy or sad. Is Don Bob raising cattle?"

"Cattle and a few horses," replied the major. "In his spare time he is director of the bank here. But he comes and goes. Often absent for days out on the range. He has land and live stock on both sides of the border line."

The voices of arriving guests called the major and his wife away, and for the first time since morning Radcliffe found himself alone with the girl. The mask of aloofness had gone. He saw again the smiling eyes that had looked into his out in the desert.

Already guests were approaching, and leaning down Radcliffe spoke quickly. "If I'm not allowed to sit by you at dinner, I want to warn you here and now I'm coming over to that feudal castle of your uncle's and make him let down the drawbridge some afternoon."

She laughed the same rippling laugh he had heard that morning. Raising a slender arm, she pointed toward Mexico. "My friend," she replied, "there is an imaginary line about two miles south of us. You can't really see it and the country on both sides looks the same, but that imaginary line has certain effects. Over there you move into a land of old-world things, of formal things and very strict ordering. Even big, good-looking giants over there can't just drop in, as you Americans say. They must be invited. And when they do come, they're expected to sit and discuss the weather learnedly with all the rest of the family."

"That must be ghastly."

"Oh, no. Not ghastly. One gets used to it—or pretends to. True, there are times when I think of setting fire to the place, or eloping with one of the *vaqueros*, but I never really do. I just want to. And that's bad, isn't it?"

Someone was approaching.

"But I may come?" he urged.

"Let's see what Uncle Paco says." Once more that impassive mask had returned to the girl's face and she turned toward the tall man approaching them.

Paco Morales had probably looked much the same for thirty years. He was slender—thin, almost. His skin was a kind of pallid white that accented the blackness of his eyes and his thinning hair. His infrequent smile held a charm. His eyes, intelligently alert, rested for a moment on the American's face, then passed to his niece, and when he spoke his voice was deep and rich.

"Hiding from me, *chiquita?*"

"I've been guarding the lion of the evening for you, my uncle. This is Aunt Clara's guest of honor, Mr. Radcliffe."

Ceremoniously the Spaniard bowed. "I have heard of your coming, Señor. I knew your father. A great man. Very—how do you say?—audacious; very brilliant in the things of finance. He dreamed great dreams." The Spaniard bowed again. "You are most welcome."

"He seems to know that already," laughed the girl. "He is just warning me that he intends to come over to the hacienda."

"But certainly. We shall be charmed. You must come over next day of fiesta with Don Bob. We will show you how life is lived as our ancestors lived it since the time of the Conquerors."

"Not all our ancestors, uncle," smiled the girl.

"Not all of yours, little barbarian, but all of mine." He added in explanation, "Adela is only half Spanish. The rest, I apologize, is Irish and Mexican. That accounts for her demon's temper." For a moment his eyes dwelt affectionately on the girl's face; then he asked abruptly, "You are a friend of Don Bob, no?"

"The son of his friend. My father and Bob Harkness were partners once. And I think Father once said you and he had interests together."

The Spaniard nodded. "Once, yes." His lips seemed to pause on a question. But he only said, "A remarkable man, Don Bob. He stands for everything I am opposed to—for the illusion of democracy and for the rights of the peon against his master. We hardly ever agree. Yet I have a real affection for him. No one knows this borderland and its people so well as he."

"No one is so widely loved by the people," added Adela.

The old man nodded impatiently. "True. But I cannot include that among Don Bob's virtues. No. They love him, these vermin, because he shares their

tortillas and plays with their brats—an untidy pastime."

A moment later dinner was announced. But the dark eyes of Paco Morales dwelt musingly on Radcliffe even after the younger man had turned away.

"Why are men so obvious?" the major's wife asked as Radcliffe seated her at the long table.

"It's part of our sterling simplicity—but what made you think of it?"

"My husband. He makes me think of all the masculine shortcomings from time to time. Now I can see he is longing to break some choice piece of news. I suspect it has something to do with our famous bandit, 'El Coyote,' as they call him."

"I've heard you have an untamed bandit," Radcliffe replied. He looked about him. "Has he robbed anyone here?"

The question put a sudden end to the talk. As of one accord the little group turned toward Paco Morales. An air of tenseness seemed to have come upon the party. Morales alone seemed unconcerned, for he smiled.

"El Coyote, yes. His chief amusement lies in robbing me. You will hear much of El Coyote, Señor. The bandit most famous of the Southwest border. Also he does me the honor to be my personal enemy, although I have never seen him. His raids are almost always against me. Not too freely do men speak of him, for no one knows who are his friends."

"He has friends?"

"Friends? Of a surety. Friends and followers—perhaps powerful ones. He would create a legend, this El Coyote, that he is the protector of the poor and that he steals only from the rich. *Bueno!* It is an empty gesture, to refrain from plundering paupers, no?"

"Is he American or Mexican?"

"We do not surely know, although I am certain he is American."

"Has no one ever seen him?"

"Not without his mask, Señor. No one, that is, who has lived. We know he rides a white horse and that he carries two automatics at his side."

Radcliffe leaned forward. "Tell me more about him."

Morales smiled in grim amusement. "You love adventure, no? *Bueno!* This El Coyote has gathered a band and they live somewhere out toward the foothills in Mexico. From there they swoop down on the ranches, plundering them of cattle and sometimes of gold. In two years this bandit king has cost me many thousand pesos and the lives of six men.

"To me it has been an expensive form of entertainment and the end—*quién sabe?* The Mexican cavalry have hunted him, but they are not *fuerte*—not vigorous. Almost I think they do not want to catch him. Partly are they afraid, and partly do they sympathize. Myself, I have no sympathy. Five thousand pesos I have offered for him, dead or alive. I have promised a thousand pesos for information alone.

"Listen. I will tell you one little story that happened only last night, and then, Señor, you can decide whether we have here a real bandit or not.

"Two nights ago Lopez, a Mexican rider, offered to guide the soldiers to El Coyote's camp. By chance or treachery the bandits had already learned of their coming and fled. The soldiers got nothing but a few abandoned horses, some blankets and embers of a camp fire. But they had learned something of the bandit's habits. *Bueno.* In any case, Lopez had earned his reward.

"Yesterday a little boy came bearing a note to Lopez. A folded paper some stranger had given him in the road, and

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the paper said in Spanish that before the full moon died Lopez himself would die.

"Last night, under cover of darkness, Lopez came to my hacienda. I gave him the thousand pesos in American gold. He was leaving, he told me. He trembled. *Dios*, how frightened he was!" The Spaniard stopped as if sunk in reverie.

"Well," asked the major at last, "what happened?"

"Nothing very important. Before dawn this Lopez is found in the Verdi road, a bullet through his throat and the bag of gold cut open. A few coins lay scattered over the man, as if in contempt. A gesture, no?"

He turned toward Radcliffe. "Such is our bandit. He has terrorized this country too long, and until the troops of your country will help our Mexican soldiers, I fear we will never get him. But I have good friends in Washington. Each day I am expecting word that Major Blount's cavalry will help drive out this thief and killer."

Across the table from Radcliffe a heavy red-faced man of fifty was listening intently. He had been introduced as Doctor Price, and in the pause that followed he raised his voice.

"I could never see why our troops should come into the picture, Morales," he began. "This Coyote is a bandit, technically, and deeds like last night's have an ugly sound. But everybody who knows the border country will admit that if it weren't for El Coyote the little ranchers about here would have been gobbled up slick and clean by you big fellows long ago. As it is, this bandit, if you want to call him that, has kept the big fish from eating the little ones."

Morales showed no slightest sign of irritation. "*Bueno*. But perhaps the big fish believe that for the good of the border country it would do no harm if these little fish were eaten up. Today is the day of efficient things, no? You Americans have taught us that. And it is not efficient for every hundred acres of land to have a ranch house and family when I can control half a million acres without all the waste of money that these little ranches bring.

"*Si*, long ago they would have been driven out had it not been for this El Coyote protector of theirs. This country is for great herds of cattle. It has been that since first my ancestors took it from the Indian. It is not meant to be cut up into silly farms and villages. It is a country for the few and the strong."

The major had risen. His wife whispered to Radcliffe, "The time for that big speech has come."

Impressively the major coughed. "I have some interesting information for all of you," he began importantly. "It is in regard to this bandit. Señor Morales, you have long wanted the use of my cavalry in running down El Coyote. Well, you'll be glad to know this afternoon I received telegraphic instructions from Washington to take the field until El Coyote is either killed or driven from the country. I promise you that in one month we will have him."

A kind of animal ferocity flared for a moment in Morales' eyes. "*Bueno, bueno!* That means battle. It means——" He stopped and, following his eyes, Radcliffe saw a figure standing in the doorway.

The major's wife touched her guest's arm. "Don Bob," she said.

To Radcliffe's watching eyes there was an immense air of repose about the erect, slender figure, a sense of quiet confidence, coupled with a great alertness.

Quietly Don Bob moved to his hostess' chair. "So sorry to be late."

The major waved him toward a seat, but Don Bob had already seen Radcliffe and stepped forward. Unhesitatingly he grasped the younger man's hand.

"It's good to see you, Ted." With a swift glance he appraised the straight, strong body and nodded silent approval. "The years have done well by you, Ted. You—yes, you look like your father, but so much bigger." He laid a hand on Radcliffe's shoulder, then passed to his seat at his hostess' left. "But what was that impassioned speech I interrupted?" He raised his eyes to the major.

And Blount, eager to pass on his morsel of news, replied, "The United States Government has decided it is tired of El Coyote's playfulness. Tomorrow the cavalry and I take the field in Mexico."

Don Bob's eyebrows raised. "How can you go hunting there?"

"We'll ask permission from the Mexican authorities to hunt the bandit wherever he goes."

Confidently Morales added, "The Mexican cavalry will give you whatever you ask. I can answer for that." The Spaniard turned toward Don Bob. "Important news, eh, Don Bob?"

But Doctor Price interrupted. "That sort of thing plumb wearies me—if you don't mind my saying so. What have we to do with El Coyote so long as he keeps away from property on this side of the line? It's just making Blount's cavalry a private detective agency for Morales."

The major was noncommittal. "All that may or may not be true. But I'll be glad of a little activity for the boys. Personally, I don't give a hang one way or another, but running him down will add a little variety to life."

"That's no good reason," objected the doctor.

Don Bob smiled. "It's the best of reasons, Price. Man-hunting has always been a popular sport. Besides, we all believe that our mysterious Coyote is an American, and why shouldn't Americans have the fun of killing him?"

"Will they catch him?" asked Adela.

"Oh, as to that"—Doctor Price considered a moment—"they may not catch him, my dear, but in any case I think it means the end of El Coyote."

"How?" several voices asked in unison.

"Well, it will make the odds against him too strong. The Mexican soldiers weren't really dangerous. They actually sympathize with him, for, after all, they are peons, and it is the peons that El Coyote has always befriended. But for our soldiers the chase will be just a game and they will give bay like a pack of hounds smelling blood."

"Of course we'll get him," added the major confidently.

"Have you heard of last night's murder, Bob?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"A peon gave information on the bandit and collected Morales' thousand dollars. That same night he was found by Mexican soldiers dead in the trail."

Don Bob nodded thoughtfully. "That would happen, of course. Did the Coyote leave any souvenir?"

Morales raised his expressive hands. "That is most interesting. The soldiers found Lopez' body just below where the road pitches down from the mesa. They dismounted. Picture, my friends, that group, so silent in the moonlight, looking down on one who the night before had guided them to the bandit camp. In black fear they stood there. Then from the cliff someone laughed, and there they see on his white horse El Coyote, watching them.

"He waved; he laughed again, that jester; he threw down a handful of the gold coins he had taken, and he was gone. Is it not contempt for all of us he holds, this killer and cattle thief?"

"He seems to go in for melodrama," commented the major.

Price shook his head. "Not a bit of it. But he knows the effect of that sort of thing on both his enemies and his friends. Lord, man, it seizes the imagination! Remember last Easter Sunday? You couldn't beat that, could you?"

"What happened?" asked Radcliffe.

"Easter," Price explained, "is one day when every Mexican goes to church. That morning the little church over at Rio Dulce was jammed. Then just before services a horse galloped up to the door and El Coyote, masked and spurred, stood in the doorway with his two guns at his side.

"Five thousand pesos on his head, and there he stood alone! He walked slowly down the long aisle, laid an offering of gold pesos before the little altar, and as quietly walked out. Not a man moved.

"What a gesture that was, eh? Bravado and melodrama, if you want, but it meant that in every peon hut along the border a secret prayer was raised that day for his safety, and the effect is, as Señor Morales points out, the soldiers aren't half eager to find him, and no one is willing to give information."

The major expanded his broad chest. "Well, legends and white horses won't annoy *my* boys very deeply."

"No," agreed the doctor testily. "They'll carry out their orders in the brave and blundering manner of all good soldiers."

"You couldn't speak with deeper feeling if you were married to one," observed Aunt Clara, and led her guests to the drawing-room.

But as the major passed through the hall, Don Bob's hand closed on his arm. "Ted hasn't heard?" he asked.

"Not a word."

"I'll tell him tonight," Don Bob said, and slowly walked across the room toward Radcliffe, who stood beside Adela Morales' chair. He laid his hand on Ted's shoulder.

"Rotten luck I had to be out of town when you arrived. Something imperative. Then this little girl came to my rescue and Aunt Clara promised to see that you wouldn't be bored tonight."

"I've been treated as an old friend because everyone remembers Dad. I was telling Miss Morales a little about him. She'd have loved him"—he looked at Don Bob for confirmation—"wouldn't she?"

"All women had a way of loving your father; he was extremely lovable."

Something in the man's voice made Radcliffe look down at the erect figure beside him. A sudden flood of memory swept over him. He remembered hearing of the man who had loved his mother once and who later, when she married his father, had disappeared into the West. He realized now who that man had been.

The girl broke the silence. "It's been long weeks since you came to the hacienda, Bob. Don't dare forget that next Saturday is our Fiesta of the Rains. And bring your tenderfoot giant."

Don Bob smiled, and hurried off to help Aunt Clara with the bridge tables.

Lost in thought, Radcliffe still stood beside the girl. Then she saw his eyes twinkle. "If I come to your fiesta will you take me riding?" he asked.

"Perhaps." The girl considered. "Yes, I'll take you riding, Ted Radcliffe—at least once." And she turned away.

A moment later Adela found herself at the table of her hostess.

"Out here in the great open spaces we never gossip," Aunt Clara began while

the cards were being dealt. "But I was just wondering in my arch fashion what must happen if two very spoiled young men of different nationalities should fall in love with the same girl."

Adela sighed. "You always think of the most interesting possibilities. But I wonder if your American giant could be touched by this thing called love. Are we playing contract, dear, or auction?"

"Contract." She smiled approvingly at her cards. "Two without."

For more than an hour the flick of cards and the deliberate bidding of the players were the only sounds. Twice on the path outside the slow, even tread of a sentry rose and died away. Then from out the silence horses' hoofs pounded on the hard gravel walk. They clattered sharply to a halt, and at a word of command spurs clanked on the porch steps just as the major opened the door. A cavalry sergeant stood before him, and after a word the two stepped out into the night.

Inside, the guests caught only a low rumble of the two men's voices. At last the major entered, visibly the proud bearer of news. He took a step forward and cleared his throat.

"Nothing important," he began, making his voice elaborately casual. "The boys captured a Mexican skulking around the corrals. He's wounded slightly, and I want Doctor Price to have a look at him."

"How was he wounded?"

"They're not sure. When the Mexican cavalry raided El Coyote's camp one man was seen making off among the mesquite. The Mexicans fired on him, but without effect. When the boys captured this chap he crumpled and they found a deep flesh wound in his leg. It's just possible that we've got one of El Coyote's men. I'd like Señor Morales and Don Bob to take a look at him. We may learn something."

"I suppose," commented Aunt Clara grimly, "this is your idea of how to conduct a bridge game?" She turned to Doctor Price. "You'll find bandages in the desk above the table. Call me if there is anything else. And leave Ted Radcliffe here in case the rest of El Coyote's band drop in."

Silently the four men walked out into the night, following the flagstone walk to the low building which all Verdi knew as the major's office. The soldiers had halted inside with their prisoner, and as the major switched on the lights all eyes turned toward the captive, standing between two tall troopers. He was small, very dirty, and his eyes drooped either with pain or weariness. The weight of his body rested on the left leg.

Doctor Price stepped forward. "Speak English?"

The Mexican shook his head.

"They never speak English until they want something," the doctor muttered. Then, to Morales, "Please tell him to sit down there. Tell him I may hurt him a little. Bob, fill that basin, will you?"

Swiftly the doctor cut away the cloth from about the wound and examined the discolored flesh.

"Anyone here ever seen him?" asked the major.

Morales and Don Bob regarded him closely.

"Never," said Morales at last.

Don Bob shrugged his shoulders. "His face looks familiar, but one can't be sure. Will he talk?"

"The soldiers can't speak Spanish. Let's see what Morales can get out of him."

"Where do you come from?" began Morales in Spanish.

The captive made no reply.

"Answer me. Where are you from? What is your name?"

Again silence, and the flush on the major's face deepened. "A few days in the guardhouse may help him remember." Then to a soldier: "Search his pockets."

Quickly the contents of the peon's coat were spread on the table. A bag of tobacco, crumpled cigaret papers and matches, a bundle of rawhide string—the soldier gave a quick whistle of surprise. "That bird's sure well-heeled." He held up two twenty-dollar gold pieces.

Instantly Morales pounced on them. "*Dios y Maria!*" He carried them nearer the light. "Almost I could swear to it."

"Swear to what?" The major's voice was eager.

"That they are of the same bag I paid Lopez."

"You mean every gold piece was marked?"

"No. Not marked. I grant, of course, there are other twenty-dollar gold pieces in the world, but see, these are new—as were the ones I had from the bank. And what would this dog be doing with two pieces of gold? I think, major, you have caught one of El Coyote's band."

"Perhaps El Coyote himself," suggested Don Bob, smiling.

"Hardly that." The Spaniard looked menacingly down at the captive. "If one could only make this swine speak!"

Doctor Price had finished his bandaging. "The wound doesn't look bad. Don't move him any more tonight. Can you keep him here?"

"He'd be safer in the guardhouse."

"Oh, a man with a leg like that isn't going to break any long-distance records. Can't you lock him in here and put twenty or thirty noncoms over him?"

Blount smiled at his friend's impatience. "All right. I'll have the guard keep an eye on him. We'll want a talk with this fellow tomorrow before I start after El Coyote. Well, let's go back to the house."

Inside, Major Blount confined his tale to the fact that the Mexican had been wounded in the leg by someone unknown.

"Probably the girl's husband," suggested Aunt Clara hopefully, and there the matter rested. But it was too late to resume bridge, and so a few minutes later Radcliffe found himself laying Adela's cloak about her shoulders.

"I'm wondering," he said without a smile, "if tomorrow I'll wake up and discover you never existed."

She looked up at him, so close he caught again the fragrance of her hair, and her eyes were a little mocking. "Perhaps the me you have created never did exist. At any rate, dear stranger, come to us next fiesta. And now, as we say in my country, '*Hasta la vista.*'" She made a little gesture of farewell, and followed her uncle out into the night.

As he stood looking after her, Don Bob joined him. "We've a lot to talk about before you go to bed tonight. Let's be going." And in a few moments they had taken leave of the Blounts.

Radcliffe settled back as Don Bob drove rapidly over the moonlit road past Verdi. He wanted to talk, but the graying man beside him seemed so sternly silent, and somehow forbidding. He leaned forward to light a cigaret and was aware that the other's eyes were on him.

"What were you thinking, Ted?"

"Just then I was thinking of the freedom of life out here and the friendliness of everyone, and I recalled something Dad once said—that if you trust life—trust it with utter faith—it never lets you down. He's right, isn't he?"

For a time there was no reply. Then, as if from far away, came the quiet voice of Don Bob.

"I'd give my right arm, Ted, if I could say yes to that. But, instead, I'm going to tell you something tonight that will make you lose that trust in the kindliness of this world. It's a message that is going to strip you of everything you've ever had. Even," he added sorrowfully—"even your memories."

Before Radcliffe could answer, Don Bob had stopped before the ranch house and hurried him up the steps.

A Mexican servant dozed in a corner and with a nod Don Bob dismissed him. He pointed to a deep leather chair.

"Sit down, Ted. There are cigarets and pipe tobacco."

For a time he busied himself with the glowing logs in the fireplace while Radcliffe watched him closely.

"It's about Father?" the younger man asked at last.

Bob slowly filled his pipe, then sat down. "Yes, part of it is about your father. But most of it is about you. Up to the time your father died, just how much did you know about his affairs?"

"Nothing, except that they were perfectly sound. He always had the strongest kind of backing."

"He was a great gambler, remember. I mean in the adventurous sense."

"He loved to experiment and try what others never dared. He was always willing to back his judgment with his last penny. If that's what you mean, yes, he was a gambler. And why not? There was always his own fortune of a good many millions behind him."

The man opposite was silent for a time, then at last he said quietly, "I had a letter from your father just before he died. Things had broken badly. He had put everything into a number of new ventures. Most of it was put in those Mexican plans of his. Then, without warning, the Mexican Government canceled its agreement for that power project and withdrew the permit for the irrigation work. As a result all those hundreds of square miles he had leased became overnight just so much valueless sand. Then came a quick panic of early spring. It caught him. It wiped him out."

"Ruined?" The whispered word seemed to linger in the quiet room.

"Utterly. I think it broke his heart. Not just the money, not that, but the death of all his plans, the crashing of twenty years of work and dreams. His first thought was to keep it all from you," Bob added softly.

"But he must have known that I'd rather a thousand times have faced the music with him!"

"I don't believe he could have endured your seeing him beaten. I think he wanted always to remain the successful demigod of your childhood—until the end. And the end came in six months. But before your father died he had paid off every cent. It left him with a few thousand to put you through school and give you those two years abroad."

Radcliffe's grim face looked up. "And I thought it was just an allowance."

"It took every penny your father owned. Well, it was his wish that you should have those years unclouded. And now you've had them."

A silence, broken only by the crackling logs, while slowly the first realization of it all crept in upon Radcliffe.

The world was tumbling about him. That stalwart father of his with all his power, the very symbol of power and success, the idol of his childhood, had ceased to exist. He shook his head as if to rid himself of this nightmare. It couldn't be true; life wasn't like that.

Suddenly he found himself walking

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the length of the room. "It's not real," he said once. "I suppose, tomorrow, I'll accept it—I'll have to. But now it's as if it all were happening to someone else—while I stand by and watch." He whirled back toward the quietly seated figure. "But why did he send me out here to learn all this?"

"For two reasons. First, he wanted me rather than a stranger to tell you. And second, he wanted me to give you this." Don Bob walked to his desk and held up a long envelope. "His last word to you."

Radcliffe's fingers closed gently, almost reluctantly on the envelope and for an instant his eyes dimmed to see his own name written there in his father's careless, heavy scrawl.

Motionless he stood there, then felt Bob's hand on his shoulder, and while the firelight flickered on their faces the two men stood looking into each other's eyes. Behind them a clock chimed midnight. It had a quality, that moment, the quality of a bond between them. Very slowly Ted tore open the envelope.

At last he raised his eyes from the loosely written pages and spoke in a voice that tried ineffectually to be calm. "I can't read it all to you; it's like Dad talking once again about his plans for me and the things we were to do together"—he stopped, then went on—"and it tells all you've already told me, but at the end Dad says this: 'I have a reason for sending you out there. Bob may guess it. Especially when I say it has to do with Paco Morales. Study him, Ted, my boy. He is an education, old Morales. But his tuition is sometimes a little high.'"

For a moment Radcliffe looked at Don Bob, then read on: "'I want you to be happy as I have been. I want you to be true to yourself—there is no other success in life. My love to you always——'"

He stopped abruptly. He folded the letter and after a long silence asked, "What does Father mean about Morales?"

The older man mused over his cigaret. "Ted," he said at last, "if the real story of your father's downfall is ever told, we're going to find that Morales played some part in it. He was supposed to stand behind your father's development plans in Mexico with money and, what is more important, with his influence over the Mexican Government. I believe Morales promised your father full support, and then, at the time when he needed support, the Spaniard withheld his money and turned the government against the work. That meant the end."

"But Father's plan was for irrigation. His dreams were of bringing water to the desert and changing this dry cattle country to farms. Wouldn't that have benefited Morales' land?"

"The land, yes. But not Morales. Legally Morales owns not over ten thousand acres about the hacienda. But by the power of his *vaqueros* he is king of more than a million. And of course, Morales pays a little to the proper officers to keep the thing quiet. So you see that to bring prosperity and people to this land would mean the end of Morales' reign."

Ted made no answer. He looked again at the letter, and for a moment everything seemed swept from beneath his feet. His future plans, his hopes had been dashed away. He was a pauper. The thought made him look up.

"Two hours ago I thought I was a rich man. I could do with my life what I wanted. Now I'm a charity guest of yours. Why, I haven't five hundred dollars to my name, and I can't stay here."

Bob shook his head. "You've got to stay here. Ted, if you go before we've had a chance to talk and plan, I'll think

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rather poorly of my old friend's son. We'll build again, you and I. We'll lay our campaign. I can do something, old man. You've got to let me."

Ted laid both hands on Bob's shoulders. "Well, I'm mighty thankful you are here. It's all so unreal. And tonight I can't see ahead."

A dying ember clattered noisily on the hearth. Bob walked toward the door.

"There's rye and Scotch in that cabinet, Ted. You've been through a dark place in your life tonight, and in a few hours it will be dawn. Let's think of it as a real dawn. Meanwhile, I've got something that has to be done before the sun rises, so don't wait up."

Radcliffe's eyes watched the graying logs. He seemed to be talking to the fireplace. "Queer," he said, "I can't feel sorry for Dad. I can't find pity for him. He was too fine for pity."

But the quiet voice only answered: "I think I knew your father even better than you. And I know, too, something of the feeling that makes a gambler of a man and makes him willing to stake everything, perhaps even the things he has no right to stake. And now, good night."

The footsteps of Don Bob died down the path. Ted stood before the hearth, with somber, unseeing eyes fixed on the graying fire.

A chapter closed. The chapter of his youth had closed. For the first time a sense of the great uncertainty of life came over him, a sense of the vast, unreasoning tyranny of fortune. At last, a sigh escaped him.

All life would be different now. Doors were closing on him that had once been opened wide. He looked up. Well, one had to sleep. Even paupers. But at the door he looked back and raised his clenched hand toward the darkness outside.

"You got Dad, damn you!" he said. "Now let's see if you can get me."

For Ted that night always remained a memory of racing waking thoughts; a nightmare of fantastic dreams. His life, the life that had been taken away forever, passed before him in confused array. The days of poverty on the streets of Denver; the better days of college; the days of wealth. Like bright, brief pictures in the darkness, the pageant of his yesterdays passed.

So his father had trusted too much—trusted life and people and himself. Then life had let him down. Life and—Morales. And strangely, the word evoked not the austere face of the Spaniard, but the ivory-pale features of the girl. Adela Morales. That, too, was past. Past before it had begun.

He may have slept. Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright, looking out on the first red shafts of light that crept over the desert. That ache of loneliness had gone, and the long fight of the night had left him with a new sense of mastery. He was to carry on—to face whatever the future might bring.

A breeze from the window fanned his cheeks. He breathed deeply, knowing the black night had passed forever, and with it the blackness of his pain. All life lay before him, bidding him build again. He would look a hostile world in the face and carve a place for himself. And then—his lips tightened—he would come to grips with the forces that had meant his father's ruin. And in some unreasoned way he felt that this, too, was part of his father's plans.

A servant brought fruit and coffee, and half an hour later Ted found Bob on the porch, listening in amused silence to the profanity of a wrathful major.

As Radcliffe approached Bob smiled up

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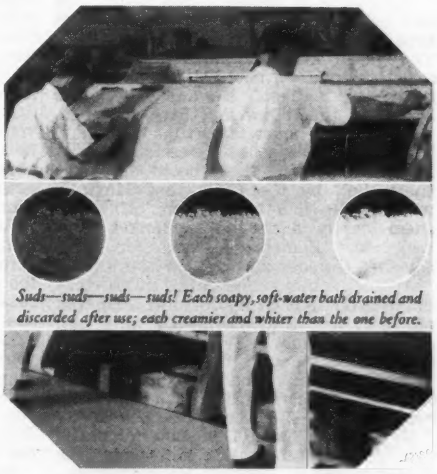
Successive creamy, soft-water suds mean cleaner, longer-lived clothes.



Suds—suds—suds—suds! Each soapy, soft-water bath drained and discarded after use; each creamier and whiter than the one before.

THIS explains the new, *supremely gentle* way your clothes are washed in the present-day laundry. The way that has influenced 8 million women to "let the laundry do it." It is called the *multiple-suds* method You can just *see* the clothes getting cleaner as the suds get richer and whiter. For each creamy suds-bath is fresh, rainsoft water; the old bath is drained and discarded forever. After swishing through these mild soapy baths even stubborn, under-the-surface dirt has vanished!

This *multiple-suds method* is a development of the American Institute of Laundering—the million-dollar "proving ground" of the laundry industry. In every washday step, laundries following the Institute standards exercise the same super-care.

Telephone a present-day laundry, and know the multiple joys the *multiple-suds* method can bring to you! Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Left—America's stage and screen favorites rely upon the laundry. Here is "Puff" Devereaux, personal maid to Frances Williams of the "Scandals," putting away some of the lovely star's freshly laundered things.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

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SECOND SEMESTER ENROLLMENTS

PARENTS who were away for the summer, or who for other reasons failed to enter their children in private schools, may arrange to enroll them for the spring term. At many of the best schools there will be two or three vacancies after the Christmas holidays.

The schools listed in Cosmopolitan are thoroughly meritorious—we have kept in close contact with most of them for years and are glad to recommend them.

If you do not find in the preceding pages the school you have in mind, or if you wish further information before writing any schools, we shall be pleased to advise you.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
MAY G. LINEHAN, DIRECTOR
57th at Eighth Avenue New York City

at him. "The major has news for us. Tell him, Blount."

"It's about that Mexican captive. He got away!"

"But the fellow was wounded," protested Radcliffe. "He couldn't have got away!"

"Of course he couldn't. Not alone. He had help. All night someone must have kept watch. Sweet piece of business, eh? The guard looked in at midnight and saw the greaser's boots sticking out beneath the blanket. He flashed on the light and the fellow lay there all quiet.

"Every two hours after that the guard looked in and the boots were still there. And this morning those boots were still there, but, by the Lord, that Mexican wasn't! He had taken them off, stuck them neatly outside the blanket, and vanished. Somebody came for him, smashed the lock and carried him away."

Again the old soldier called down eternal maledictions on his fortune. "He was our best bet, that peon—our only bet. And now he's gone. Vanished. It's uncanny. That bandit has friends everywhere. We all know half the border people are in secret league with him. But here in Verdi—I never realized."

"My friend," said Don Bob solemnly, "you had better realize it if you ever expect to get El Coyote. Your most secret plans are going to be known to him. He probably knows where you are at this moment. So, for you, major, I predict an interesting chase, but I hardly predict success."

As if stung to instant action, the major rose and clattered down the steps to his horse. As he climbed into the saddle he called back: "I'll lay you a dinner that before I'm done I capture or kill this all-seeing bandit of yours."

"Taken," laughed Don Bob. For a time he watched the retreating figure of the old soldier. "You know"—he turned toward Ted—"I sometimes envy that man. He has never once been assailed by doubts, either of himself or of his destiny. How simple that must make life."

TED nodded. "I wonder if life can ever be simple. I was just wondering how one begins to build it up again."

"It's not so hard. Your father did it twice. I've done it. When I was just about your age my whole world was knocked from beneath my feet. And I got over it, although some scars do remain."

"I'm willing to face it—and the scars too. Only where do we begin? I'll never be willing just to live on you."

"Who wants you to? Perhaps I need you more than you need me. Yes, don't smile. Right now, Ted, I need a foreman, the kind of man I can make a partner of, that I can trust. If you are your father's son, that man is you."

Radcliffe was looking out over the desert. For a moment his eyes softened. "I'm not going to try to thank you, Bob," he said at last. "But I wonder if I'd be a safe foreman for anyone to take on just now. Bob, it came to me this morning that Dad sent me out here to carry on the fight. I remember once he said, 'The greatest inheritance I could leave you would be a good scrap on your hands.' So, Bob, your new foreman sooner or later may clash with Morales."

"A fight with the power of Paco Morales should be big enough to suit anyone, but I think we could stand it. So let's call it settled. Work for me and it will give you your best chance to get around and dig things out. For above all things you've got to avoid suspicion. Remember, there's no sacred regard for life out here—especially across the border. You'll be safer as one of my cow-punchers earning his day's wages."

Ted nodded. "There's one thing I want to learn. I remember Dad talked once of a piece of land over in Mexico that he either owned or controlled. It had a name, that land. Last night and all this morning I've tried to remember it, but I can't. Do you know about it?"

Bob shook his head. "I don't believe your father owned a foot of land in Mexico. Once he held thousands of acres in the form of governmental concessions, but these were later taken from him. If he owned any—which I doubt—it would be hard to find. There's no complete record kept of land ownership across the border, and it won't do to ask too many questions. Still, that's another reason why it'll be better for you to take the job of head rider for Don Bob.

"Now for the sordid details. I'll start you with the magnificent salary of one hundred a month and keep. You can handle a horse and a gun. I'll teach you to handle men. In six months, if Jito and Morales spare you, I'll have the best foreman on the border."

As he spoke, Don Bob buckled on his spurs. "I'm off to the upper ranch. And remember, at noon tomorrow we drive over to Morales' for the big fiesta. One thing more. Do nothing that will make an enemy of Morales yet. I have certain plans of my own. *Adiós.*"

It must have been late that night when Bob returned, for Radcliffe saw no more of him until the following morning when, as they sat over a late breakfast, Doctor Price joined them for coffee and a smoke.

"No gossip or scandals," the doctor laughed, "except that the major's all overheated about catching El Coyote."

"People don't seem to agree about this bandit," said Ted. "Is he really a killer?"

The doctor nodded over his coffee. "Sure. He has to be. You've got to remember El Coyote is an absolutely logical individual. His is a deadly kind of logic. Whoever endangers his fight against the system dies."

"But just what is the system that El Coyote hates so?"

"Over across the line," Price answered slowly, "the man who owns an acre or twenty acres is little better than a vassal of the big fellow. Your big fellow dictates. Your little man wants to run a few head of cattle; wants to raise a little food about his ranch; wants to have a home. The big man, with his cowboys, forces the little fellow away from the water holes, overrides his range, tramples his fields. What can the little fellow do?

"The law—there's no law down here that can take care of a poor man against one of these well-entrenched lords of the land. Look what happened night before last. Morales has succeeded at last in getting the United States Government to declare El Coyote an outlaw. It makes me tired. What we are really doing is helping Morales keep this land enslaved."

"How does Morales go about it?"

"In a thousand ways. There are plenty of ways of bullying a lone man and his family when you have a hundred cowboys at your back. Ways of making his water holes unfit for drinking and ways of stampeding his steers or driving them across his farm crops. They've all been tried. The little fellow always got the worst of it until El Coyote came. Then one fine day he appeared from somewhere, gathered a band of followers and served notice that the border country was meant for men, not cattle."

"But can he carry it through?"

"No one knows. But listen. Not long ago some of Morales' outfit set fire to the haystack of a farmer down in the valley. They figured if they destroyed his cattle feed the farmer would have to move out—that meant more range for Morales. El Coyote promptly sent word that unless Morales paid the man five hundred pesos he would regret it. Morales sat tight and swore he would see the Coyote hanged.

"WELL, we all waited, pretty sure something would blow up. The following week two of Morales' barns were burned, and a day or two later one of Morales' paymasters was halted and exactly five hundred pesos taken. No more, no less; just five hundred pesos." Price smiled. "That's the kind of thing that keeps the heart beating in the little rancher."

"How much of this does Adela know?" Radcliffe asked after a pause.

Price shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Well, after all, one doesn't tell a girl that her uncle is a scoundrel. Adela has done much to help the people, and they adore her. Still, it can't be a gay life for her. That may be why she is different from any girl I ever knew."

"Just where does this man Jito fit into the picture?"

Price smiled and looked toward Bob.

"Border rumor has it he's a left-hand son of Morales," Bob replied. "At any rate, it's certain he's chief bully for Morales. Jito is a man of some education, and famous throughout the border for his strength. You'll see him this afternoon. A great hulk of a man, with a way of making himself feared as only the devil is feared by every peon."

"He lives at Morales' hacienda?"

Don Bob nodded. "Surely. Morales entrusts all his affairs to him. He's a kind of general manager over there. It's a perfect combination: Morales the brains and Jito the courage and the brawn."

Ted thought for a while. "It was about this Jito I heard Aunt Clara joking Adela Morales."

"Perhaps."

"Are they——?"

"No." Bob interrupted the unfinished question. "Jito has always been a kind of watchdog for Adela. He's absolutely devoted. I suppose he loves her. In the end she may marry him. It may be one of Morales' wishes, and in a sense it would be the fitting thing."

"I'm hanged if it would," Radcliffe burst out.

Both men looked up in mild surprise. "Why not?"

"Why should it be fitting for a girl like Adela to marry a hired bully?"

"You do Jito an injustice, old son," Bob answered. "He's much more than that. Jito is a born leader, even if his methods are crude. As a matter of fact, it is the dread these border people have for Jito that is old Morales' trump card."

For a moment Ted was silent, his eyes fixed on the desert sky. "Then one of the ways to strike at Morales would be through Jito," he answered thoughtfully.

Price had been watching Radcliffe. He saw Ted's eyes grow hard. The doctor rose. "Whoever strikes at Jito, or Morales either, must be prepared for everything from persecution to cold, relentless murder. But I'd wish him luck," the doctor added. "By the Lord, he'd need it."

In Tom Gill's Next Installment Ted Radcliffe for the first time meets Jito and finds in the giant Mexican an implacable enemy

The Wall Street Crash (*Continued from page 51*)

was profitable as a result of prosperous conditions, and the public had become Wall Street-minded. I was much in favor of the move. I was sure Jerry would make good, and I secretly looked on this as our first step toward wealth.

My husband shortly organized himself in the brokerage field, confident that his returns would soon be large. We continued to live on the same budget, and I held my breath in anticipation.

One day late in 1927 Jerry showed me some figures. I was astounded at the volume of business he had recently done. His operations had exceeded his own most optimistic expectations. Jerry said: "I'm headed for the millionaire class if things go this way two more years. We'll step out in the spring when I take this year's profits from the works."

I was thrilled. My golden dream was coming true at last!

Believing that plenty of money would only increase our happiness and contentment, Jerry and I looked forward with eager anticipation to our impending wealth. Our idea was to make money enhance and lend glamour to life. It did not occur to us that money often affects something much deeper than one's economic mode of living. Like too many cocktails, too much money is intoxicating, and destroys one's true sense of values.

Jerry took his profits. We immediately gave up our budget system for the golden scale of living.

Neither Jerry nor I wanted a country house. We expected to spend many nights in New York for the theater and parties, and to travel extensively. We hit on the idea of maintaining an apartment in Rye and a suite at a hotel in town. I leased two apartments in exclusive Blind Brook Lodge in Rye, and threw them into one rather pretentious place.

I employed a high-grade couple to run this establishment for me. The woman was a capable housekeeper and an excellent cook. Her husband was a trained butler and a skillful chauffeur. Marie, my part-time maid, came to do odd jobs and take John and Dick entirely off my hands. These arrangements left me with no job and no responsibilities.

Thus, almost overnight, I found myself enjoying the life of my dreams, with plenty of money in my pocket and time to burn. Jerry bought a Cadillac eight and gave me a generous dress allowance. My only work was to shop for beautiful clothes, patronize my beauty specialist and fill my leisure with good times. After more than ten years of budgeting I felt justified in taking full advantage of the situation.

I turned to our three new clubs for diversion and amusement. Having ordered the keel laid for an expensive yacht in a Boston shipyard, Jerry had joined the American Yacht Club. Then he added a fast-moving country club on the Sound, and the Westchester Hills Golf Club. I discovered quickly that a young matron can find plenty of exciting entertainment if she joins in the activities of the smart club sets. I went in strongly for this sort of life.

Only one thing was lacking—a beautiful car for my own use—and Jerry shortly presented me with it. At the time I thought my new car would increase my happiness. But I was wrong. Nothing will take a husband and wife away from each other so fast as two high-powered cars—except two airplanes. Given a car apiece, financial independence and different places to go, the modern couple will soon find themselves without need of each other.

Our experience substantiates this statement. The first week-end we owned two cars there was to be a party at the yacht club and a Gypsy Masque at the country club. Jerry expected to meet some attractive yachting people, and was set on going to the yacht-club affair. I wanted to go to the Gypsy Masque.

Jerry and I argued in favor of our parties, with the result that we decided to go our separate ways. I should like to stress this point now. With only one machine between us we either would have gone to the same affair, or stayed home and quarreled the evening out. (Family fights aren't pleasant but at least they keep a man and wife together while they last!) Having two cars, we went to different parties.

One thing was inevitable in these circumstances. We both developed new and separate interests, and these interests eventually severed the old ties.

The Gypsy Masque presented me with the opportunity for my first summer romance. I met an attractive man; the charming, gallant type of man that can make himself alluring to any woman. He wanted to give a cocktail party in my honor at his club on the following Tuesday. I was flattered. Of course he told me to bring my husband along, but Jerry had made other plans for this date with some new yacht-club friends. So I went alone, and my first season of wealth was off to a whirling start.

Thus, the first night we went to different parties in our own cars was the fatal beginning. Almost before we knew it, money had not only altered our economic existence, but destroyed our personal relations.

As I ran around from party to party, Jerry was doing likewise with his own crowd. In fairness to him, I must admit that his friends were less frivolous and sensational than mine. Business, tennis and yachting became his main concerns. He didn't care for bridge, and was usually too tired for dancing.

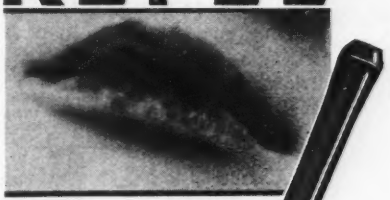
The surest sign that we were fast losing interest in each other was the fact that we were allowed to go our own sweet ways without argument. This is always a dangerous symptom. Arguments are proof of mutual interest and concern.

Shortly we were appearing at the same places only when this arrangement suited our own purposes. On the few occasions we were accidentally alone together we were bored and restless. Our Wall Street money had dissipated our mutual likes and desires. I was no longer vitally interested in his thoughts and ambitions, whether or not he was happy and satisfied with the course his life was taking. I never took the trouble to find out what was on his mind. I was the only one to be gratified and pleased.

In the meantime my children were growing up without my assistance or companionship. I let Marie take entire charge of them when they were not in school or in camp. The truth was that they would have interfered with my selfish schemes.

Jerry's business continued to boom along with the general prosperity of the country. He never told me much, but I judged from the way we spent money. He suddenly decided to go to Paris with some friends. I determined to go along too, not to be with Jerry but because I hoped to meet some interesting people. Although we shared the same cabin on the steamer, and the same rooms in Paris, our physical nearness to each

YELLOW LIPS that REPEL



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other didn't mean anything. We were still far apart because our common ties had been severed.

I met an engaging Englishman in Paris, and my experience with him indicates the kind of woman I had become as a result of wealth. My Englishman flattered me with a great deal of attention, courting me under Jerry's slightly amused nose. On our last night in Paris the Englishman said it was apparent that I did not love my husband, and that Jerry didn't love me, for otherwise he wouldn't tolerate another man's making love to me. He proposed that I remain in Paris, obtain a divorce and marry him.

I was interested. But my answer was a blunt question. I asked him the size of his income. He told me. My interest died. I looked at him coldly.

"Marry you!" I said. "Why, you couldn't even keep me in hats and shoes!"

Yes, money had turned me into that kind of woman.

I was bored when I returned to New York and Rye. My old sets and their activities failed to offer thrills. Speed always calls for more speed, and I had been hitting a high pace.

I tried to drink away my sophisticated boredom. I tried to find a thrill in gambling and flirtations. But these things failed. I never thought of returning to the real things in life. Instead, I looked around for untried means of stimulating my jaded appetite for the fleshpots. In my frame of mind I was riding for a fall that would probably have carried my whole family down.

But fortunately the Wall Street crash stopped me in the nick of time. The sudden loss of our wealth forced the chance upon me to retrieve the real happiness that money had taken from me.

Our experience was that of hundreds of others who were over their heads in Wall Street stocks at the time. Of course, for almost two years Jerry's business had been returning grand profits, but we had been spending them as fast as they rolled in. We had not put by one cent for a rainy day. Consequently, when the crash came everything that Jerry had was tied up in stocks. The values of these stocks were smashed to nothing, and everything was wiped out.

I have already told you how our financial tragedy first affected me, and how I decided that I could not and would not start all over again. But I have not told what it was Jerry said that kept me from carrying out this cowardly decision. Jerry said:

"I'm absolutely ruined. I've got to start all over again. But I can't count on you, Carol. You're too soft and pampered. It's not in you to go away from New York and help me fight to come back."

I felt as if my husband had struck me. I left him without a word and went into my room. I locked the door and sat down to think.

At first everything was chaos. Then slowly I began to see things more clearly than ever before in my life. I saw our marriage from the beginning. We had been happy until money came. I saw all the worthless, tawdry things to which I had given my thoughts and energy since our budgeting days. Not one of these things had given me one ounce of honest happiness.

I told myself that the loss of money would only mean giving up the artificial for the genuine. This would be a terrific wrench at first. But Jerry was on the point of a mental break. Without my help he could never pull himself up.

He had said that I wasn't up to helping him. Was he right?

Did I have the courage left to fight with him to keep the wolf from the door while he tried to come back? Or if I had this courage, had luxury softened me too much to stand the gaff?

Suddenly I decided that the only worthwhile things in the world were the health, happiness and future of my husband and two boys. I determined I would not fail them—and I was happy for the first time in many months.

Why? Because I had a job again; I was absolutely necessary to my family once more. If my husband was to hold his health and succeed, it would be because I was at his side. If he and my boys had a comfortable home again I would have to make it for them. Everything was up to me.

The realization of my family's dependence on me—and mine on them—acted like a magic welding process on the old common ties that money had broken. I understood that I was letting myself in for the hardest job of my life. But I was ready to tackle it.

I went back to Jerry with a smile and told him of my determination. He asked if it would be too much for me to go to a small city with him to try anew. Without a moment's hesitation I said I would go with him anywhere.

We sold our expensive motors, the yacht and most of our other possessions, and moved to the city in northwestern New York where we now live. No interior decorator has touched a thing in our new little home. I have done it all myself, and I run it without a servant.

Jerry is doing something that interests him intensely. All his life he loved to make things out of wood, and his great hobby was building miniature ships and yachts. Following this natural bent he has organized the Rockwell Studios and is now manufacturing novelties in wood. His new business is still a venture. But I am sure he will make good again, and this time it will be worth while.

I have no time to be bored, restless or dangerously questing. I'm tired at night, but it's a good healthy tiredness. I love my home, and I take greater pride in my shining china, polished by my own hands, than I ever did in my Paris gowns.

Have my reverses made an old woman of me? Broken my finger nails and ruined my figure? They have not. Making beds and sweeping are no worse a strain on the body than sports, and not nearly so hard on the looks as three or four hours of dancing on a crowded night-club floor.

Flirtations and other minor intrigues aren't on the list any more. I am genuinely glad to see my friends. They have become a diversion, not an occupation.

Of course it has taken time and some grit to get readjusted to all this. I was weary at first, and secretly afraid I would fail. But I have made myself think of my changed existence as a game. I feel that I am playing against an economical par and I intend to break it. I glory in my account book and the smallness of my expenditures.

Like thousands of others I have found that it's all in the point of view. There is just as much thrill in seeing how little money you can spend to do things nicely as there is in seeing how much you can spend to do them elaborately.

But the main thing is that Jerry, the boys and I are closer together and happier than we have ever been.

The Wall Street crash has done all this for me and mine. I think you will agree with me that it was the best thing that could have happened to us. And I believe you will understand why I am honestly glad that it cleaned us out, and forced us to start all over again.

White Face

(Continued from page 83)

two men returned to the apartment and made a more careful scrutiny in the hope that White Face might have left something behind besides his gloves.

"I don't even know that these won't tell us something." Mason slipped the gloves into his pocket.

He returned to the station, a baffled man. He had two pieces of evidence, and these he had locked away in the station safe. He took out the ring and the capsule and brought them into the inspector's room. The garrulous Rudd would be able to tell him something about the capsule. He called to the station sergeant.

"I suppose Rudd will be in bed by now?"

"No, sir; he rang me up a quarter of an hour ago. He said he was coming round to offer a startling theory."

Mason groaned. "It'll be startling, all right! Get him on the phone and ask him if he'll step round now. I want him to identify a medicine."

He examined the ring through a magnifying glass, but there was nothing that could tell him a twentieth of what Michael Quigley could have told.

The station sergeant looked in. "Doctor Rudd went out five minutes ago on his way, sir," he said, "and there's a message for you from the Yard."

It was from the Information Bureau. The mysterious Donald had been located.

"His name is Donald Bateman," said the reporting detective. "He arrived from South Africa three weeks ago and is staying at the Little Norfolk Hotel, Norfolk Street. The description tallies with the description you sent us, Mr. Mason."

"He's not in the hotel now?"

"No, sir; he went out this evening, wearing a dinner jacket, and said he wouldn't be back till midnight. He hasn't been seen since. He has a scar under the chin—that corresponds with your description, too—and he's about the same height as the murdered man."

"Pass his name to the Identification Bureau," said Mason; "see if we have any record of him and post a man in the hotel. If Mr. Bateman doesn't return by seven tomorrow morning, have his trunks removed to Cannon Row Police Station and held until I search them."

He hung up the receiver. "Donald Bateman, eh? That's something to go on. Mr. Bray hasn't rung up?"

"No, sir."

Mason resumed his examination of the ring and the capsule.

"Where could they have come from?" asked Shale.

"Where else could they have come from except out of Donald Bateman's pocket?" Mason looked at his watch. "How far does that doctor live from here?"

"Not four minutes' walk," said Shale, who had been sent to fetch the divisional surgeon when the murder was reported.

"Then he ought to be here by now. Ring him again."

But Doctor Rudd's housekeeper insisted he had left ten minutes before.

"Go out and see if you can find him."

In ten minutes Shale came back. He had been as far as the doctor's house but had seen no sign of Rudd.

"He may be with Doctor Marford. Ring him."

But Marford could offer no explanation except that he had been in his surgery and that Rudd had passed, tapping on the big surgery window to say good night.

The distance from the doctor's surgery to the police station was less than two hundred yards, but there was another

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way, through Gallows Alley, an unwholesome short cut. As nobody ever went into Gallows Alley except those lost souls who dragged out their dreary existence there, it was presumable that Rudd had taken the longer route.

The lower end of Gallows Alley ran out through a tunnel-shaped opening flush with and a few yards north of Doctor Marford's side door. The doctor was one of the few people who went down that lane day or night voluntarily and suffered no harm.

"I shouldn't think Rudd would go down there," he said in answer to the superintendent's inquiry. "At any rate, if you have any doubt I'll go myself."

Half an hour passed, and at a quarter to two Mason gathered all his reserves and sent them on a search. A telephone call brought police launches to the water front. But there was no sign of Rudd.

This was the situation as Michael Quigley found it when he arrived on the scene. He sought an interview with the superintendent and told him frankly the story of the ring, as Janice had directed him. Mr. Mason listened wearily.

"Why couldn't you have told me right away?" he wailed. "Not that it would have made any difference except that I should have known the name earlier. Yes, that's his name—Donald Bateman. We're getting warmer. Hullo, doctor!"

It was Marford, who had come for news of his colleague.

"None. Sit down, doctor. Where he's gone I don't know and don't care." Mason yawned. "I'm a weary man, and I did hope this murder was coming out nicely. If Mr. Louis Landor would only come home like a good lad, we ought to have all the threads in our hands by the morning."

When the doctor left, Mason walked with him to the door.

"Any more theories?"

"Yes, I've got an absolute conviction now," said Marford quietly. "But for the trifling detail that I'm not in a position to supply the evidence, I think I could tell you the murderer."

Mason nodded. "I wonder if we are thinking of the same person, doctor."

Marford smiled. "For his sake I hope not."

"Which means that you're not going to give us the benefit of your logic and deductions?"

"I'm a doctor, not a detective," said the other.

Mason came back to the charge-room. "No message from Bray or Elk?"

He glanced at the clock; it was a quarter past two. Accompanied by the reporter, he strolled out in the direction of Gallows Alley. The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew fitfully.

The entry of Gallows Alley looked dark and formidable. Within a few yards were the gates of the doctor's courtyard, at one end of which was a shed, which he rented to Gregory Wicks, veteran owner of a taxicab.

It was in another way a most useful assembling place for the doctor, who dispensed his own medicines. Almost any evening a queue of poorly dressed men and women could be seen lined up, waiting their turn to enter the narrow passage that flanked the surgery and receive from the doctor's hands the medicine he ordered and dispensed.

A wall divided Gallows Alley from the doctor's yard. Mason looked up and down, and again felt that unaccountable sensation of menace.

The road was a black canyon, and the starry arc lamps emphasized the desolation. A street of tombs; black, ugly, shoddy tombs. The dingy window glass hardly returned the reflection of the lights; no chimney smoked; no window glowed humanly. Up Gallows Alley, where the door panels had been used for firewood, men and women slept in the open, huddled up in the deep recesses of doorways, old sacks drawn over their knees and shoulders.

As Mason and his companion picked a way over the slippery cobbles, a voice in the darkness chanted:

"I spy a copper with a shinin' collar,
If he touches me I'll holler—P'lice!"

Mason never ceased to wonder how it was they could see in the dark.

"They're rats," said Mike, answering his unspoken thought.

A chuckle of sly laughter came to them.

"They never sleep," said Mason in despair. He wheeled suddenly and called a name. From a dark entry slunk a figure which might have been man or woman. "Thought it was you," said Mason.

(Who it was, or who he thought it was, Michael never learned.)

"How are things?"

"Bad, Mr. Mason; very bad." It was the whining voice of an old man.

"Have you seen Doctor Rudd tonight?"

Again came that eerie peal of laughter from invisible depths.

" 'E's the coppers' man, ain't 'e—Rudd? No, Mr. Mason, we ain't seen 'm. Nobody comes down 'ere. Afraid of wakin' people up, they are!"

The chuckles came now like the rustle of wind.

Mason stopped before Number 9. A man was sitting on the step, his back to the door, a bibulous man who slept noisily. An old hearthrug was drawn over his knees and on top some wag had balanced an empty tomato can.

They came back the way they had entered.

"I'm giving Bray another hour, and then I'm going up to the Yard," said Mason.

"I'll drive you if you like. There's nothing more to be got here."

The shadowy figure they had seen emerged from the opening. "White Face 'as been around tonight, they say, Mr. Mason."

"Do they, indeed?" said Mason politely.

"You don't treat us right, Mr. Mason. If you treated us right, you'd 'ear something. What's the matter with old Gregory, hey? That's something you don't know—and nobody else knows. What's the matter with Gregory?" And with this cryptic remark he vanished.

"He's mad; genuinely mad. No, I don't know his name, but he's mad. What does he mean about Gregory?"

Mike could not answer.

"I'd give a lot to know what that crazy man knew about him—what he was driving at." Mason was disturbed, irritable. A detective officer has an instinct for sincerity and the demented denizen of the court was not rambling. To speak ill or hint suspicion against Gregory Wicks was a kind of treason. "Rum lot of devils," he said, and shrugged off his uneasiness.

The telephone bell had been ringing at frequent intervals in the Landors' apartment; the waiting detectives could hear it in the street: there must have been a half-open window somewhere through which the sound could come.

"It's Mason getting rattled, I should think," said Elk fretfully.

"How many men have you posted?" asked Inspector Bray. "I don't want to give these people a chance of slipping us."

"I've posted none," said Sergeant Elk, almost brightly. "My superior officer has posted three, and takes all the responsibility. I ventured to suggest a different

posting, but I was told to mind my own business."

"I said nothing of the sort!" said Bray.

"You meant it," was Elk's retort.

Bray looked anxiously up and down. Mason was unforgiving when his subordinates fell into error, and this was a murder case where no excuses would be accepted. On the whole, it was better to conciliate his sergeant, who was a favorite of the superintendent.

"If I've been a little short-tempered with you, Elk, I'm sorry," he said. "Where did you say I ought to post a man?"

"In the back courtyard," said Elk promptly. "There's a reachable fire escape up which any healthy man or woman could climb, or vice versa."

Elk was on the point of withdrawing a useless patrol at the far end of the street when a taxicab stopped before the apartment and a woman got out.

"That looks like the lady, eh? What do you think, Elk?"

"That's madam," said Elk. "And I've seen her before somewhere."

She had paid the taxi and it drove slowly away. The watchers still waited.

As Inez Landor put the key in the front door they saw her turn her head and look anxiously round. She hurried up to the first floor, unlocked her own door and went into the apartment.

There was a small hand lamp on the table, working from a dry battery, and it was this she switched on. She went softly to the bedroom door, which opened from the hall, and looked in.

Her heart sank when she saw that her husband had not returned. What should she do? What *could* she do? With a deep sigh she took off her coat and hat, then went into the bedroom, leaving the door open.

There had been a murder in the East End; she had heard somebody speaking about it at Elford's where she had arranged to meet Louis. He had not appeared. In despair she had come home, not daring to buy the midnight sheets being sold on the street for fear . . .

She shivered. She wondered whether that doctor would say anything. She had told him so much—things she would not have told her mother if she were living. There was hardly a step she had taken that day which she did not now bitterly regret. It had been worse than folly to go in search of Louis. Suppose something had happened—a fight. She had broadcast his motives through London.

Inez Landor walked up and down the room, striving to settle her mind to calmness. She had had four deliriously happy years, years of dream-building. That flimsy fabric had been shivered to nothingness.

She thought she heard a step in the hall. "Is that you, Louis?" she whispered.

There was no answer. She could hear the ticking of the hall clock, and the whir of a motor car passing the end of the road. "Louis, is that you?" She raised her voice.

She must have been mistaken, then, for no answer came. She left the door ajar and, going to the window, pulled aside the curtains carefully and looked out. A futile act, for this window looked upon the well at the back of the building.

And then she heard a faint knock. The knock was repeated, and she crept to the door. "Who is there?" she asked.

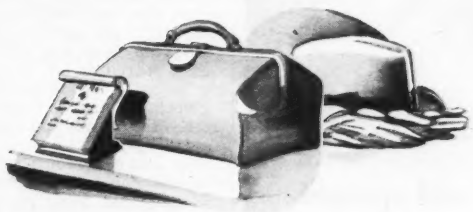
"Louis."

Her heart was beating furiously as she admitted him, and closed the door again.

"Put on the light, darling." His voice was strained and odd-sounding.

"Wait!"

There was a window in the tiny lobby



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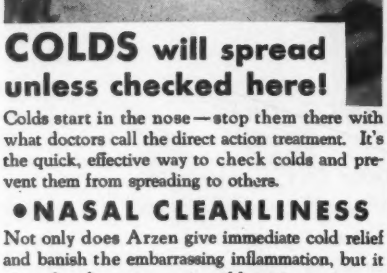

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which could be seen from the street. She pulled down the blind and drew the thick curtains across and closed her own door before she switched on the light in the hall. Save for the blue bruise under one eye, Louis' face was colorless.

Inez stared at her husband with growing terror. "What has happened?"

"Nothing much. I have had a ghastly time. Inez, will you get me a glass of water?"

She was gone for a few minutes; when she returned he was looking at the knife and belt that hung on the wall. It was one of many souvenirs he had collected in his travels—a broad leather belt with big brass bosses, from which hung a knife in a gayly ornamented sheath. Before this day it had meant no more than the lasso, the spears and the strange Aztec relics that covered the wall.

"We've got to get rid of that somehow," he said.

"The knife?"

"Yes; this." He tapped the empty frog where a second knife had been.

She did not ask him why; but what hope there was left in her heart flickered and died. There were questions she wanted to ask him which her tongue refused to frame. She could make only the most commonplace remarks.

"I thought I heard you in the apartment a few minutes ago," she said. "You haven't been in before?"

"No."

"Why did you knock?" she asked.

"I lost my key. I don't know where."

"I could have sworn I heard the door close a few minutes ago," she said.

He smiled and his arm went round her shoulders. "Your nerve is going. Have you been waiting here in the dark?"

She shook her head. "No; I have been out looking for you." She caught his arm. "Louis, you didn't fight? You didn't—do anything?"

Louis Landor did not answer immediately. "I don't know," he said. "Let's go into the sitting room."

"No, no; stay here. None of these lights shows from the street."

He looked at her sharply. "What do you mean? Is anybody outside watching?"

"I'm not sure," she said. "I think so. Before I left the restaurant I telephoned here in the hope that you had returned. I thought the maid was here, not realizing that she couldn't get in. I knew she'd gone to her sister's and I called her up. Louis, the police have been here. Has anything happened?"

Louis Landor ran his fingers through his long black hair. "I don't know; yes, I do know, but I'm not sure how far I am involved. When I went out after him I had an idea I should find him somewhere in the West End, and I was right."

"You spoke to him?"

He shook his head. "No; he was in a car with a girl, a very pretty girl—a poor little fool who has fallen for him. She's a nurse who works for Marford."

Her mouth opened wide in amazement. "For Marford—not Doctor Marford?"

"How the devil did you know that?" he asked, astonished. "Yes; he's got a clinic in the East End. I'm going to see her tomorrow and tell her the truth about Mr. Donald Bateman. I followed them in a cab to Bury Street and then back to his hotel. I wanted to see him alone, but he never gave me the chance. Naturally, I did not want to send my name up to his room, so I waited till he came out.

"There wasn't the ghost of a chance of seeing him; he went to a restaurant which was crowded with people, but I knew that if I was patient I should pick him up and settle our little matter definitely. He lingered over his dinner and I had an idea he was waiting for somebody. She came eventually—rather a pretty woman. She wasn't in evening dress and her voice was common.

"When he went out of the restaurant I followed, keeping at a distance. I think he recognized me this afternoon. Naturally, she complicated matters: I had to wait till he dropped her. After dinner they drove away from the restaurant. I was watching from the gallery upstairs.

"I took a taxi and followed them—they drove to a poor neighborhood—Tidal Basin they call it, I think. There she went into an apartment with him; it was over a shop. It was then I telephoned you. Darling, you didn't follow me?"

She nodded dejectedly.

"I had an uncomfortable feeling you might. You were mad!"

"I know. Go on," she said. "What happened then?"

"He came out alone, and I followed him to a street which has a long wall on one side. I was just going up to him when I saw the woman run across the road. She spoke to him for a little time, and then they parted. It was my opportunity. There was nobody in sight and I came up to him——"

"He had the knife?" she interrupted, and he smiled wryly.

"I gave him no chance to use it."

She had seen the bruise on his face but had not the courage to ask him how he came by it.

"Yes, I hit him. He went down like a log. I got scared. I saw somebody standing in the doorway—a doctor's place—it must have been Marford's. I ran. And then I saw a policeman walking towards me. At the place where I stopped there was a big gate which had a wicket door. By some miracle it was unlocked. I got through and bolted the door. I was in a narrow yard which surrounded the warehouse. The police came and searched it but I hid behind some packing cases."

"The police!" she gasped. "Searched it! Is Donald——?" He nodded. "Not dead!" she wailed.

He nodded again. "The police have been here?"

"Yes. They've been questioning the maid. I don't know what she told them."

He got up and walked to the desk. He opened one of the drawers and took out a thick packet of papers.

"I suppose very few people keep three thousand pounds in the entrance hall of their apartment!" His voice was now almost normal. "Whatever happens, we'll get out of the country tomorrow. If anything goes wrong with me, you take the money and get away."

She clutched his sleeve frantically. "What can happen to you, Louis? You didn't kill him—the knife!"

"I don't know whether I killed him or not. Now listen," he said. "You've got to be sensible about this. Even if this blackguard told everything they can't hurt you. But I don't want you to suffer the ignominy of an inquiry."

Her senses were unnaturally keen. She heard a sound. "There's somebody coming up the stairs," she whispered. "Go into the bedroom; go quickly!"

She ran to the door and listened. She could hear soft, whispering voices. Switching on the table lamp, she found a book and had just opened it with trembling hands when a thunderous knock sounded. Swiftly she opened the door.

Two men were standing there: two tall, grim-looking figures of fate.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"My name is Bray—Detective Inspector Bray, Criminal Investigation Department," one of them said formally. "This is Detective Sergeant Elk."

"Good evening, Mrs. Landor." It was

characteristic of Elk that he took charge of the proceedings from that moment.

"Come in," she said.

They walked into the hall. She made an effort to appear unconcerned. "Will you sit down? Is it about Joan?"

It was cruelly unfair to make this implied libel on an honest and decent servant, but she could not afford to be nice.

"Don't make a noise, will you?" she added. "My husband is asleep."

"He went to sleep very quickly, Mrs. Landor," said Bray. "He only came in a few minutes ago."

"A few minutes ago? Absurd! He's been in bed since ten."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Landor, did another man come into this apartment?"

She shook her head.

"Do you ever have burglars coming up the fire escape?" he asked.

She laughed at this. "I don't even know which way burglars come."

"We'd like to see your husband," Elk said. "Which is his room? Is that it?" He pointed to a door near the hall.

"No; that is the maid's room. My room is here, but I can't have him disturbed. He's not very well. He's had a fall."

"Too bad," said Elk. "Which is his room?"

She did not answer but crossed to the bedroom door and knocked. "Louis, there are some people who want to see you."

He came in immediately. He was without coat and collar, but it needed no experienced observer to realize that he had been interrupted in the process of taking off his clothes rather than of dressing.

"Were you getting up, darling?" she asked quickly.

Elk shook his head reprovingly. "I'd rather you didn't suggest anything to him, Mrs. Landor. You may suggest the wrong things. That is a friendly tip."

Louis looked from one to the other. He had heard Inez say "detectives" under her breath, but he did not need that explanation. Inspector Bray made one effort to control the inquiry.

"I've reason to believe that you know a man who was staying at the Little Norfolk Hotel in Norfolk Street, Strand, and calling himself Donald Bateman."

"No," said Inez quickly.

"I'm asking your husband," said Bray.

Louis shrugged. "I have no personal acquaintance with anybody named Donald Bateman."

Elk resumed charge of the examination and his superior assented.

"We don't want to know whether you're personally acquainted with him, Mr. Landor. That's beside the question. Have you ever heard of, or have you in any way been associated with, a man called Donald Bateman, who arrived from South Africa in the last few weeks? Before you answer, I wish to tell you that Inspector Bray and I are investigating the circumstances under which this man met his death in Endley Street, Tidal Basin, at ten o'clock tonight."

"He's dead?" said Louis Landor. "How did he die?"

"By a knife wound," said Bray.

He saw the woman sway.

"I know nothing about it," said Louis.

Elk's eyes were roving the curios on the wall. He stepped closer, and lifting the belt from the nail, laid it on the table. "What is this supposed to be?"

"It's a knife I brought back from South America," said Louis immediately. "I had a ranch there."

"There were two knives in this belt," said Elk. "Where is the other?"

"We lost it." Inez spoke quickly. "We haven't had it for a long time."

Elk ran his finger along the belt. "There's dust here. There ought to be

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dust inside this empty frog," he said. "If the story is true and there has been no knife here for a long time, the inside would be thick with dust. On the other hand, if your story isn't true, there was a knife here today."

He rubbed the inside of the leather and showed his finger practically speckless.

"I dusted it myself this morning," said Inez, and Elk smiled at her admiringly.

"Mrs. Landor!" he said in reproach.

"Well, I've got to tell the truth," she said desperately. "You want the truth, don't you?" She was on the verge of hysteria. "You're not entitled to draw inferences without my offering some explanation. Haven't I suffered enough through that man!"

"Which man?" asked Bray sharply.

She was silent.

Louis Landor had recovered his self-possession. "My wife isn't quite herself tonight," he said. "I have been out late and she got worried about me."

"What's the use of making a mystery of something that's perfectly clear?" asked Elk. "You wife knew Donald Bateman?"

Louis did not answer.

"I'm going to be frank with you. I told you we were inquiring into the murder of this man. That is our duty as police officers. The only person we want is the murderer of this man! If you are responsible, Mr. Bray, my chief and the whole crowd of us at Scotland Yard will work night and day to bring you to the Old Bailey! If you're not guilty we'll do all we can to clear you. The only thing you can give us for the moment is the truth."

"We've told the truth," said Inez.

"No, you haven't." Elk shook his head. "I didn't expect you would. What are you hiding, Mrs. Landor? It all comes down to that. You're hiding something and your husband's hiding something that maybe doesn't matter ten loud hoots."

"I'm hiding nothing," she said.

"You knew Donald Bateman?"

"I don't remember him," she said.

"You knew Donald Bateman." Elk was infinitely patient, and when she shook her head he put his hand slowly into his inside pocket. "Well, I don't want to give you an unpleasant experience, Mrs. Landor, but I've a photograph of this man—a flash-light taken after his death."

She reeled back, her hands outthrust. "I won't look at it! I won't!"

Louis' arm was around her; his cheek was against hers. He stretched out his hand to the detective.

"Perhaps I could identify this man. I know most of my wife's friends."

Elk drew the picture from his pocket.

"Yes, my wife knew this man ten years ago, when she was seventeen."

"When did you last see him?" asked Bray.

"A few years ago."

"He only arrived in England last week," said Bray coldly.

"He may have come to England every year, for all you know," said Louis. "No; I saw his photograph."

"What did he call himself in those days, Mrs. Landor?"

She was more composed now. "I knew him as Donald. He was just—an acquaintance."

"Surely, Mrs. Landor, you're not telling us the truth, are you?" Elk asked. "Just now you told us you'd 'suffered enough' through this man. You can't suffer deeply through any man whose name you couldn't remember except as Donald, can you, Mrs. Landor? He was a close friend, wasn't he?"

"I suppose he was. It's not a thing I want to talk about——"

"You knew this man before you met your husband, I suppose, or was it after?"

"It was before," she replied.

"Was he—anything to you?"

Elk found difficulty in putting the matter delicately. He saw Landor's face go red and white.

"You're being mighty offensive, aren't you?" Louis was glowering at him.

Elk shook his head wearily. "A man has been murdered tonight, Landor; I'm anxious to put the murderer under lock and key, and it's only possible to put him under lock and key by asking all sorts of innocent people offensive questions." He addressed Inez. "Did you know Donald Bateman was in town?"

"No," she answered.

"Mrs. Landor," said Elk, "you've been very unhappy this last day or two: your servant told us all about it."

"I've not been well," she said.

"Is it because you've seen Bateman, the man through whom you suffered?"

"No," she replied.

"Nor you?" asked Bray.

"No," answered Louis.

"Tonight, for instance?" suggested Elk. "You haven't seen Donald Bateman?"

"No," said Louis.

"Have you been in the neighborhood of Tidal Basin tonight?" asked Elk. "Be careful how you reply."

"No."

Elk took a slip of paper from his pocket. "I'm going to ask you a question, Landor, which I'd like you to consider before you answer. In the pocket of the man known as Donald Bateman were found two one-hundred-pound notes, indicator numbers 33/0 11878 and 33/0 11879. They were new notes, recently issued from the Maida Vale branch of the Midland Bank. Can you tell me anything about these notes?"

Landor was silent.

"Can you, Mrs. Landor?"

"I don't know anything about the numbers of bank notes——" she began.

"That's not what we're asking," said Bray. "Have you given or sent to any person during the past week two bank notes each for a hundred pounds?"

"They come from my account," said Louis quietly. "I suppose I'd better tell the truth. We did know Donald Bateman was back in London. He wrote us that he was in great distress and asked for the loan of two hundred pounds."

"I see," nodded Bray. "You sent them to his address in Norfolk Street by post?"

Louis nodded.

"Did he acknowledge receipt of the money?"

"No," said Louis.

"He didn't even call to thank you?"

"No," said Inez. She spoke a little too quickly.

"You're not going to tell us the truth." Elk's voice was sad. "Not the truth about this man or this money or your visit to Tidal Basin. You've a bruise on your face, Landor; been fighting?"

"No; I hit it against a cupboard door."

"Your wife said you fell down," said Elk, "but it doesn't matter. Why do you keep these knives here?" He picked up the belt and dangled it in his hand.

"They are prizes he got at a rodeo in the Argentine," said Inez.

"For what?" asked Bray.

"It was a knife-throwing competition——" began Louis, and stopped.

"Hiding up!" groaned Elk. "Get your coat on, Landor!"

Inez Landor caught him frantically by the arm. "You're not going to take him away?"

"I'm taking you both away," said Elk cheerfully, "but only to Scotland Yard. You'll have to see Mr. Mason, but you needn't worry. He's a sympathetic man."

Inez did not go into the bedroom with

her husband; her coat was lying on the back of a chair. Louis came back in a short space of time and helped her into her leather jacket.

"I shan't want you to come with me, Elk," Bray said shortly. "You can help shove these people into the car, and then you can come back and search the apartment. Would you like to see the warrant?" he asked Landor.

Louis shook his head. "There's nothing in the apartment that I object to your seeing," he said, and pointed to the escritoire. "There's about three thousand pounds in that drawer, and some railway tickets. I was leaving the country tomorrow with my wife. Give Mr.——"

"Elk's my name."

"Give Mr. Elk the keys, Inez."

Without a word she handed her keys to Elk.

As they walked through the door of the apartment Bray instinctively put out his hand and switched off the light. He was a man with a taste for economy.

"Save your light, Mrs. Landor," he apologized for his action.

The door closed and the sound of their movements grew fainter to the listening man who stood behind the locked door of the maid's room. He came out noiselessly, a dark figure, a black felt hat pulled down over his eyes, his face hidden behind a white mask.

Quickly he went to the desk, took something out of his pocket; there was the sound of breaking wood and the drawer slid out. A small pocket torch revealed what he sought, and he thrust money, passport and tickets into his pocket. He had hardly done so before he heard the detective returning, and moved swiftly towards the door. He was standing in its shadow when it opened.

Elk's back was towards him when he heard a slight sound and turned quickly. Not quickly enough. For the fraction of a second he glimpsed the white-faced thing, and then something struck him and he went down like a log.

A second later White Face had slipped out of the apartment, leaving the door ajar. He ran swiftly up one flight of stairs, passed through an open window and went down a narrow iron stairway which brought him to the courtyard. There was no guard there, as he knew.

Ten minutes later one of the detectives waiting outside the house went upstairs to proffer his assistance to Elk. He heard a groan and, pushing the door open, found the sergeant in his least amiable mood.

Superintendent Mason boasted that he could sleep anywhere at any time. He certainly needed a considerable amount of rousing when the police car reached Scotland Yard. As for Michael Quigley, he had never felt less sleepy in his life.

In the superintendent's room Mason examined the two or three telephone messages that were on the desk, but there was no news from Bray.

Michael looked at his watch. It was too late to go to bed. He wanted to see Janice early in the morning.

"You can call back and I'll tell you anything that's going," said Mason. "About that ring, Michael: I'm afraid I shall have to have a little talk with the young lady. Maybe you can arrange for us to meet—I don't want to bring her down to the Yard."

Michael was grateful for this concession. Ever since he had told Mason the truth about the ring a dull shadow of worry had rested in his mind.

Michael strolled out to the Embankment and up through Northumberland Avenue. He had reached Trafalgar Square and was standing at the corner

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RC-12-30

of the Strand when a taxicab went rapidly past him. Midnight taxicabs either crawl or fly, and this one was moving quickly—not so swiftly, however, that he did not glimpse a familiar figure sitting on the box. If the taxi had been moving more slowly Michael would have hailed old Gregory Wicks.

"Did you want a cab, Mr. Quigley?"

It was a policeman by his side; Michael was well known to this division.

"No, thank you."

"I thought you were trying to stop that driver."

Michael laughed. "That was an old friend of mine. I suppose you know him—old Gregory Wicks."

"Gregory, eh?" The policeman was a middle-aged man who knew his West End well. "The old fellow's getting about again. I hadn't seen him for months till I saw him the other night sleeping on his box at the corner of Orange Street. He lost a good fare that night. I wanted him to take Mr. Gasso down to Scotland Yard to make a statement. I was in that case," he added proudly.

Chance policemen encountered in the middle of the night can be very talkative, and Michael was in no mood for conversation. But the mention of Gasso arrested his attention.

"You were in what case?"

"The Howdah case. You know, the night they held up Miss What's-her-name—Duval or something—and pinched her diamond chain."

"Old Gregory was about here that night, was he?" asked Michael.

"He had his cab about fifty yards from the club. He never joins a rank, and, knowing him, we aren't very strict."

Old Gregory! Then in a flash Michael remembered the mysterious words of the nondescript of Gallows Court: "What's the matter with Gregory?"

Here was a new angle to many problems. Michael made a quick decision. Calling a more leisurely taxi, he drove off to Tidal Basin. Gallows Court had something to tell, and since Gallows Court never slept it might be more instructive in the middle of the night than in the broad and hateful light of day.

Shale arrived at Scotland Yard simultaneously with the telephoned news that Bray was on his way accompanied by the two people he had been sent to seek. Mr. Mason leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hands. He was relieved.

Wender, of the Identification Bureau, was ready to see him, with his data.

Wender was a small, stout gentleman with a tiny white mustache, and large horn-rimmed spectacles. He arrived with a bundle of documents under his arm. Wender was an authority on fingerprints.

"Come in, Charlie," said Mason. "It's good to see somebody looking cheerful at this hour of the morning."

"I'm always cheerful because I'm always right," said Wender, pulling up a chair and sitting down.

"Before we start discussing whorls, islands and circles," said Mason, as he took from his pocket the capsule, "what is this?"

Wender turned it over between his fingers. "Butyl-ammonol, I should think. I've seen it done up in capsules like that. Where did you find it?"

Mason told him.

"I'm not sure, of course," said Wender, "but it's that color. Now, what else did you want to know?"

"Is there any record of the Landors?"

Mr. Wender shook his head. "None whatever. That doesn't mean we haven't a record under another name. I took this particular job on myself," he explained, "because my night man is about as useful as a performing flea." He laid the documents on the table. "There you are."

"Have you got the fingerprints of the dead man?"

"Yes."

Mason examined the cards with their black smudges. "Is he known?"

"Is he known!" scoffed Wender. He sorted out another document. "Donald Arthur Bateman, alias Donald Arthur, alias Donald Mackintosh."

Mason frowned heavily. "Donald Arthur Bateman? I know that name. Why, I had him at the London Sessions for housebreaking."

"Fraud," corrected the other. "Twelve months hard labor, 1919."

Mason nodded. "That's right—fraud. He swindled Sir Somebody Something out of three thousand pounds—a land deal. That was his specialty. And then he was up again at the Old Bailey."

"Acquitted," said Wender. "The prosecutor had something to hide and was too ill to give evidence. There's a conviction here at the Exeter Assizes—eighteen months."

"Then he went abroad."

"And died there! Semiofficially!"

Mason read the note. "'Reported dead in Perth, Western Australia, in 1923. Doubtful. Believed to have gone to South Africa.' He's dead enough now," he added.

He brooded over the card.

"Blackmail, fraud, fraud, blackmail—he was versatile. Married, of course; dozens of times, I should think. 'Went to Australia; concerned with the brothers Walter and Thomas Furse in holding up a branch of the South Australian Bank. Offered king's evidence—accepted; no prosecution. Walter Furse eight years penal servitude; Thomas Furse three years. Walter an habitual criminal; Thomas, who had only arrived in Victoria from England a month before his conviction, released after two years.'"

He read it aloud, and then picked up the "confidential."

"'During their imprisonment,'" he read, "'Bateman disappeared, taking with him the young wife of Thomas.'" He looked up. "That's Lorna. 'Walter Furse died in prison in 1925.' Tommy's the murderer; Lorna's his wife; Bateman's the murdered man. It's as clear as daylight. There's the motive! What do we know about Tommy? Have you any Australian records?"

Mr. Wender had laid three paper-covered books on the table. He selected one of these. "Here you are: 'Strictly confidential. Record of persons convicted of felony in the State of Victoria, 1922. Published by authority——'"

"Never mind about the authority."

The identification man turned over the leaves rapidly, murmuring the names that appeared at the head of each column. "'Farrow, Felton, Ferguson, Furse'—here you are: 'Walter Furse, see volume six, page thirteen.'"

He pushed the book toward Mason. This collection was more interesting than most government bluebooks, for the record of every man was in the form of a short and readable biography.

Thomas Furse. This man was educated in England by his brother; was probably unaware of his brother's illegal occupation when he came to the colony. Furse was certainly an assumed name (see W. Furse, Vol. 8. p. 7) and there is a possibility that he was educated under his own name by his brother and with his brother's money, though he adopted the name of Furse when he came to the colony. He married Lorna Weston whom he met on the voyage out to

Agnès designs this cap of black velvet.

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Australia. She disappeared after his conviction. Thomas released . . .

He read on in silence, and presently closed the book.

"The identity of these people is now positively established," he said. "The motive is here for anyone who can read. Thomas goes to Australia; within a month or two he is caught for this hold-up and gets two years. Donald Arthur Bateman turns king's evidence and disappears with Lorna. Thomas comes back to England and in some way meets Donald. Now the question is: Is Thomas Furse another name for Louis Landor? That's what we've got to find out."

There were one or two other documents and he turned them over.

"What's this?" he asked.

It was a photograph of a thumb-print.

"That was on the back of the watch," said Wender. "Harry Lamborn, as plain as a visiting card. Five convictions——"

"I know all about him, Charlie," interrupted Mason. "I shan't want you any more."

"Then I'll toddle home to bed." Mr. Wender stretched himself and yawned.

He had left when Bray came importantly into the room. "I've got those people."

"Eh?" Mason looked up. He was reading again the account of Thomas Furse. "You've got those people, have you? Did you search the apartment?"

"I left Elk to do that."

Mason nodded. "What are they hiding?"

"That's what I don't know. I should have found out, but unfortunately Elk is difficult. I don't want to complain, chief, but I'm placed in an awkward position when a subordinate takes a case out of my hands and starts cross-questioning."

"He does it with me." Mason smiled broadly. "Why shouldn't he do it with you? As a matter of fact, you oughtn't to complain. These darned regulations about questioning prisoners are so framed that it's good to have some other officer responsible for breaking them—you can always pass the kick on to him. Shoot 'em in, Bray."

He laughed quietly to himself after Bray had left. Elk was incorrigible, but Elk was invaluable. There was some odd kink in his mind which prevented his passing the educational test which would raise him to the dignity of inspector. For the fourth time Mason determined to beard the commissioners and demand promotion for his erratic subordinate.

He rose to his feet when the door opened and Inez came in ahead of her husband. She was more composed than he had expected. He went across the room to shake hands with her, an unexpected greeting which took her aback.

"I'm terribly sorry to bring you out in the middle of the night, Mrs. Landor. If it had been a less serious case I shouldn't have bothered either you or your husband."

He placed a chair for her. Shale drew up a chair for Mr. Landor.

"I hope we've not alarmed you." Mason's voice betrayed an almost tender solicitude. "But as I say, in a case of this character it often happens that decent citizens are put to inconvenience."

It was Louis Landor who answered. "I'm not at all worried, but it is unpleasant for my wife."

"Naturally," agreed Mason. He sat down and looked up at Bray. "Now what has Mr. Landor told you?"

Bray took out a notebook. He had jotted down the gist of the statements which they had made to him.

" 'Mrs. Landor knew the murdered man, and Mr. Landor knew him also

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slightly,'" he read. "'The two notes for a hundred pounds found in the pocket were given to the deceased by Mr. Landor, who says it was a loan. This statement was made after Mr. Landor had said he did not know Donald Bateman.'"

Mason nodded. "Subsequently he admitted he did?"

"Yes. He also said he'd never been in Tidal Basin. Mrs. Landor said the murdered man was an intimate friend of hers many years ago, but she hasn't seen him since. She has been married five years; was the widow of a man named John Smith. In the apartment I found a belt with a place for two knives. One of the knives I found." He put it on the table. "The other was missing."

Mason pulled the knife from its sheath and looked at the initials. "'L.L.'—those are your initials?" Landor nodded. "Where did the other knife go?"

Bray supplied the answer from his notes. "Mrs. Landor said it was lost. Both knives were presented to her husband at a rodeo competition in South America for his skill in knife-throwing. That is all the statement they made."

Mason's face was serious. "You agree that that was what you said tonight to Inspector Bray?" and, when they answered in the affirmative: "Would you like to correct that statement in any way?"

"No," said Louis.

"I'd like to point out, sir," interrupted Bray, "that he has a bruise on his face. He said he knocked it against the door; Mrs. Landor said he got it as the result of a fall."

"Would you like to make a statement of any kind?" asked Mason.

Louis Landor drew a quick breath. "No, I don't think so."

"Have you any objection if I ask you a few questions?"

Landor hesitated. "No." The word seemed forced from him.

"Or your wife?"

Inez shook her head.

"I'll make it as easy as I can. I realize it is very trying for you. Have you ever been to Australia?"

To his surprise, Landor replied instantly: "Yes, many years ago. I made a voyage round the world with my father. I was very young at the time."

"Did you ever meet there or at any other place a man named Donald Arthur Bateman, an ex-convict?"

Landor shook his head.

"You say you have never been to Tidal Basin? If I tell you that you were seen in the vicinity of Endley Street fighting with Bateman, would you deny it?"

It was a bluff on Mason's part, but it came off.

"I shouldn't deny it—no."

Mason beamed. "That's sensible! There's no need to hide anything. Now, just forget the statement you made to Mr. Bray and we'll forget it too. You're hiding something. To save yourself or your wife from some imaginary danger you're implicating yourself further in the crime of willful murder. Now, what are you afraid of?"

Louis Landor avoided his eyes.

"You're probably hiding something that doesn't matter two hoots. What does matter is that I have sufficient evidence to charge you with murder. You were in Tidal Basin; a knife similar to this—I have the sheath—was used in the murder of Bateman, and you have been paying, or have paid, money to the dead man which is traceable to your banking account. Now, why? You were being blackmailed: isn't that the truth?"

"Yes; that's the truth." It was Inez who spoke. "That *is* the truth! I can tell you that."

"Exactly. The murdered man knew you or your wife had committed some offense, whether against the law——" He paused expectantly.

"I'm not prepared to say," said Louis.

"You're prepared to go in the dock on a charge of willful murder, and your wife is prepared to let you. Is that what I understand?"

She was shaking her head, momentarily inarticulate.

"Very well, then. You were being blackmailed."

"Yes." The word came faintly from Inez.

"What had you done? Had you murdered somebody? Robbed somebody? I know! You had committed bigamy!"

"No," said Louis.

"This man Bateman was your husband." He pointed toward Inez. "He was alive when you married your present husband. Isn't that the truth?"

"I thought he was dead." Her voice was low but he heard every word. "I was sure of it. I had the newspaper cutting. He told me when I saw him that he circularized the story because he wanted the police off his track for some crime he had committed in England. I swear I didn't know."

"Even Scotland Yard didn't know. Mrs. Landor. Good Lord! What a thing to worry about—bigamy! And that's what you've been hiding? When did you see him last?"

The eyes of the husband and wife met.

"Today," said the woman.

"You heard he was in London four days ago," interposed Bray. "Your servant said you'd been distressed for four days."

She hesitated, then: "He wrote; I couldn't believe he was alive."

Bateman knew they were well off; suggested she should pay him money, threatening to publish the story of her bigamy. He arrived from South Africa penniless. But he had excellent prospects, he told her.

"Yes," said Mason dryly; "I know her name. He called at your house—when?"

"Today," said Inez.

"Did he call yesterday for the money?"

"No; that was posted."

"Then what did he call about today?"

She did not answer.

"Your husband was out? Was he—affectionate?"

Bray was nearest to her, and caught her before she slid to the floor.

"All right; get some water."

There was a water bottle on the mantelpiece. Shale poured out a glassful. Presently her eyes opened and her husband lifted her into a chair.

"You needn't ask her anything more," Landor said. "I can tell you everything."

"I think you can," said Mason. "What time did you arrive at the apartment—after this man had seen your wife?"

"Immediately after. I passed him on the stairs but didn't know who he was."

"And yet you recognized him in the photograph?"

"I've seen him since: I admitted that, or practically admitted it, when I said I was in Tidal Basin."

"You found your wife upset? She told you what it was all about?"

He nodded.

"And you went after him?"

"Yes," defiantly.

"With a knife similar to this?"

Inez Landor came to her feet at this, her hands on the table. "That's a lie! He didn't go after him with a knife," she said passionately. "Donald took the knife; he took it from me. I'll tell you the truth. I tried to kill him. I snatched the knife from the wall. I hated him! For all the years I had with him, for all I suffered when he was out of prison,

for my baby who died because of his beastliness!"

There was a silence. Mason could hear her quick breathing.

"He took the knife from you?"

"Yes. He said he'd keep it as a souvenir, and took the sheath and put it in his pocket. You know what he wanted, don't you? He wanted me to live with him again." Her voice rose.

Mason came round to the side of his desk and pushed her back into the chair. "Gently, Mrs. Landor. Don't get rattled. You're doing fine." He looked at Louis. "You followed this man to Tidal Basin and fought with him. Did you know he had the knife in his pocket?"

"I didn't know anything about it till my wife told me on the telephone. I didn't see the knife or use it."

"Why did you run away?"

Again Louis paused before he answered. "I thought I'd killed him. My wife begged me not to touch him. He had some sort of heart disease."

Mason nodded many times. "And carried butyl-ammonol in his pocket?"

"Yes," said Inez eagerly; "a little thing he crushed in a handkerchief and inhaled. He always carried that."

Mason began to walk slowly up and down the room. "You bolted, and found a door open in the gate of the Eastern Trading Company. And that's all you know about it?"

"As Heaven is my judge," said Landor.

"You never used a knife?"

"I'll swear I never did."

"Did you hear all the commotion when we were outside the gate?"

Louis shook his head. "No; I was trying to find a way out of the yard."

"And how did——"

Mason got so far when the door was flung violently open. He stared in amazement at the man who stood there. It was Elk, part of his face hidden in white bandages.

"For the love of Allah, what has happened?"

"Don't touch me!" snarled Elk, as Bray made a motion to assist him. He glared down at Inez. "Did you hear anybody come into your apartment before your husband returned?"

"I thought I did," she said.

"How right you were! He was there, in the maid's room, waiting for me when I came back, and he coshed me. He couldn't have got in without a key."

"Where are your keys?" asked Mason, and Louis started.

"I lost them. I lost them in the fight. I didn't miss them until I was on my way back home, and then I found the broken end of the chain—look."

He showed it: a gold chain dangling by the side of his trousers.

"There's a desk in your hall," Elk said slowly. "You told us that you kept valuables in the top drawer, didn't you?"

"What was in that top drawer?" snapped Mason.

"Money, passports and tickets," said Louis Landor huskily. "I was clearing out tomorrow and taking my wife away from this man."

"How much money?" demanded Elk.

"About three thousand pounds."

Elk laughed mirthlessly. "There's about nothing now! It's gone! The drawer was broken open. I'll tell you something more, Mason. The fellow that coshed me was White Face! I'm not romancing——"

Mason interrupted him with an impatient gesture. "Of course it was White Face. I've known that all along."

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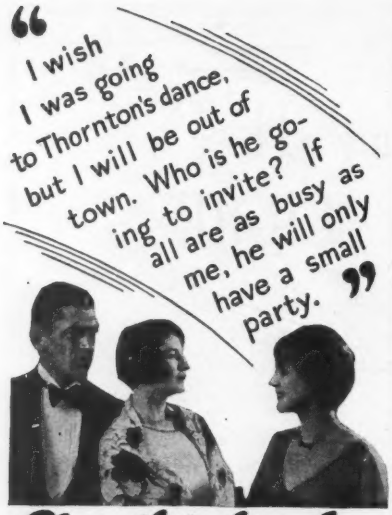
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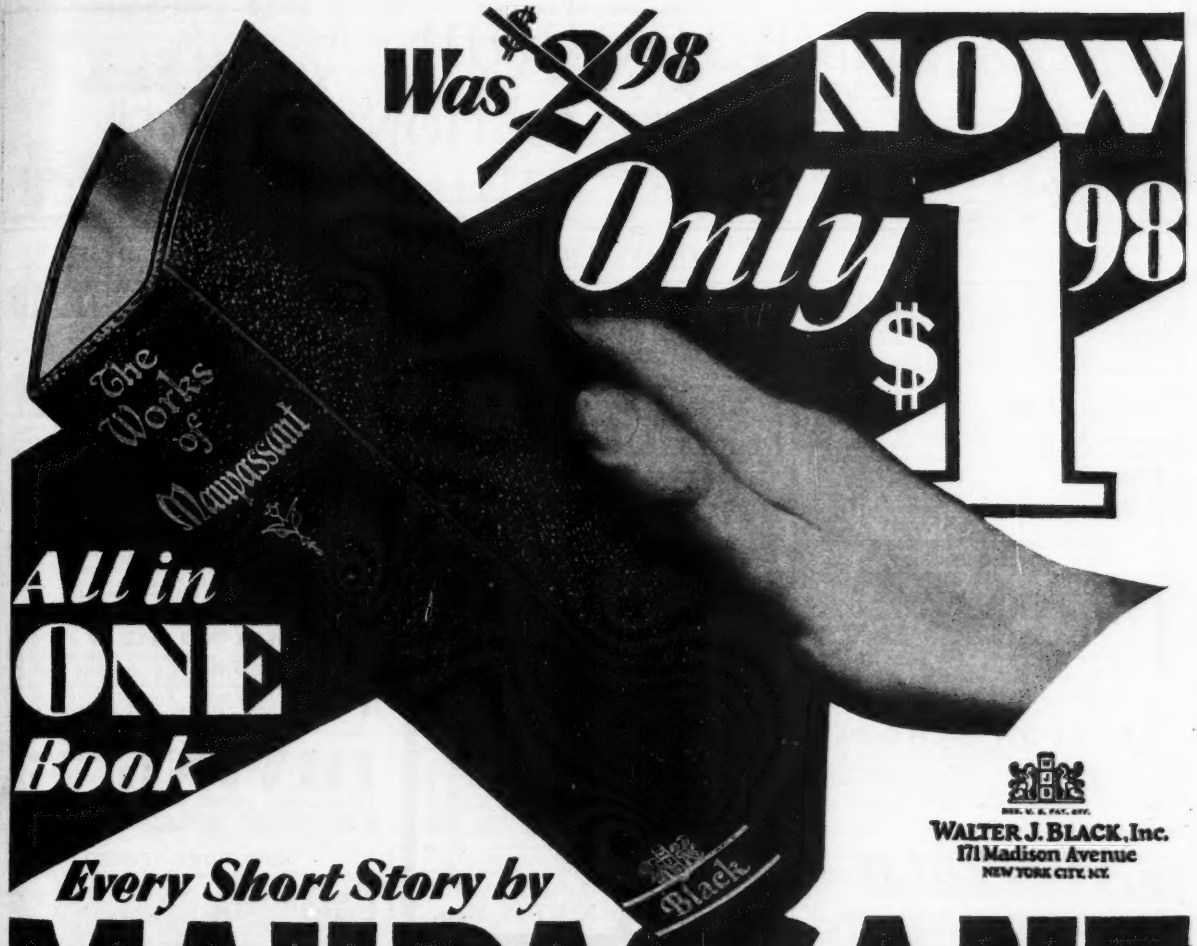

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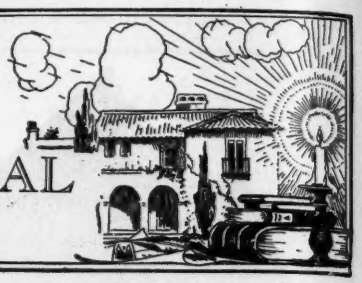

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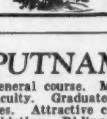

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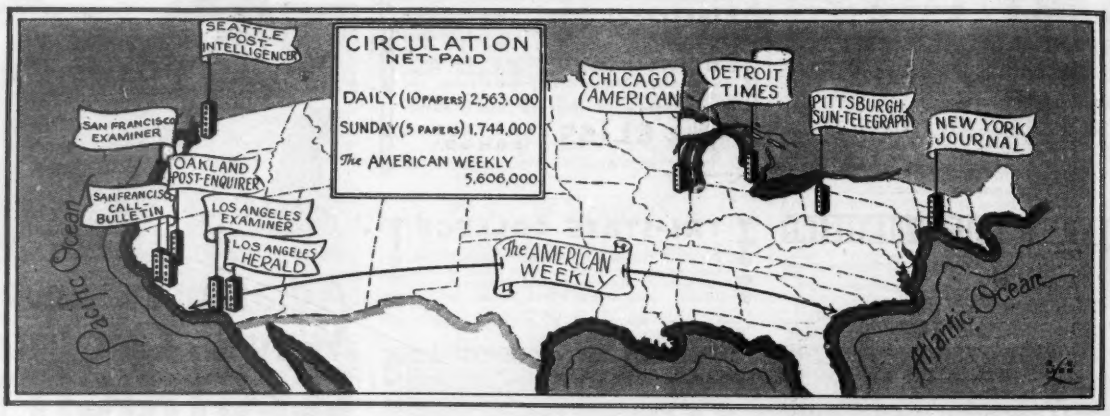

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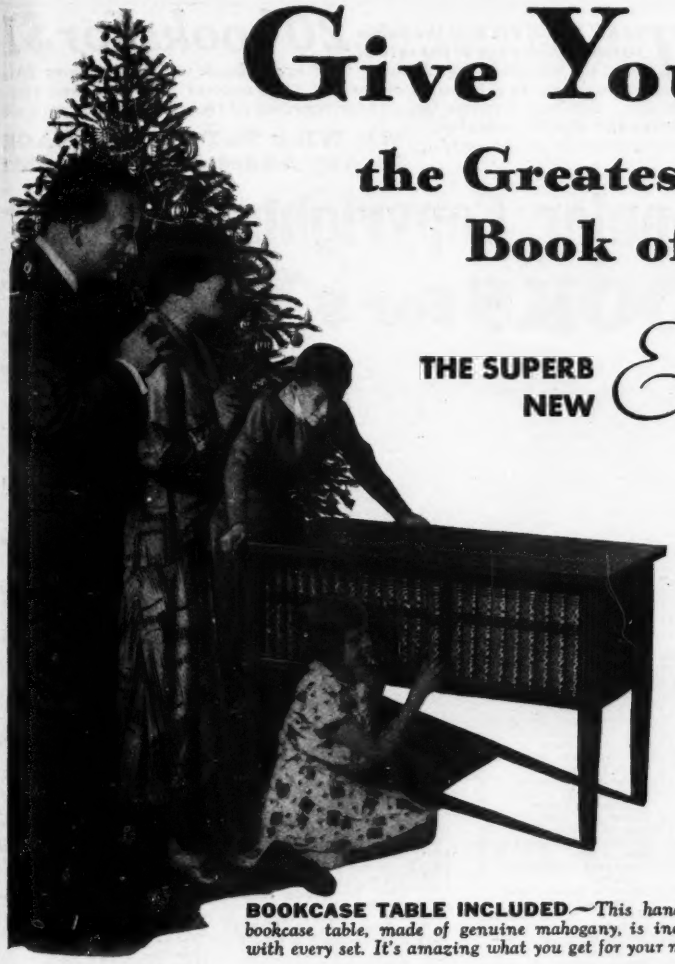

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1015 Comic Dialect Poems
1018 Humorous Limericks
1020 Why I Am an Infidel Luther Burbank
1021 Italian Self Taught
1023 Popular Recitations
1030 World's Great Religions
1049 How to Sing
1051 Cause and Nature of Genius
1052 Nature of Instinct and Emotions
1053 Guide to N. Y. Strange Sections
1056 Devil's Dictionary. Ambrose Bierce
1061 Human Origin of Morals
1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1064 Simplicity of Radio
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1069 Conquest of Fear
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
1074 Handbook of Commercial Law
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome. McCabe
1079 Phallic Elements in Religion. McCabe
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1084 Did Jesus Ever Live?
1088 Truth About Mussolini
1089 Common Sense of Sex
1091 Facts About Cancer
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1093 Amusing Puns
1094 Insanity Explained
1097 Memory: How to Use It
1103 Puzzles and Brain Teasers
1105 Spanish-English Dictionary
1109 Spanish Self Taught
1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
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1122 Degradaton of Woman
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1210 Mathematical Oddities
1216 Italian-English Dictionary
1221 Facts About Will Power
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1257 How to Become a Citizen?
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1318 Case For and Against Sexual Sterilization
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1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman
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1337 Breakdown of Marriage
1339 Crooked Financial Schemes
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1342 Typical Love Problems
1347 Trial Marriage
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1351 How to Get Ahead
1354 Book of Similes
1356 How to Make Wills
1357 What You Should Know About Law
1358 How to Acquire Good Taste
1359 Is Birth Control a Sin?
1360 Pocket Cook Book
1361 Who Killed Jesus?
1362 Law for Women
1363 Law for Auto-Owners
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1371 Sins of Good People
1379 President Harding's Illegitimate Daughter
1380 Flesh and the Devil
1382 Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?
1385 Defense of Devil
1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
1389 Tobacco Habit
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
1412 Stories of Tramp Life
1413 My Prison Days
1419 Unusual Deaths
1420 Why Wives Leave Home
1421 How to Get a Divorce
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1428 Unusual Love Affairs
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1477 How Glands Affect Personality
1480 Causes of World War
1481 The New Immorality
1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
1491 Power of Women
1493 Wine, Women and Song
1496 Sexual Factor in Divorce
1497 Companionate Divorce
1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
1500 Why I Am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
1501 Mussolini and the Pope
1503 Effective English in Speech
1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
1508 Facts about Poisons
1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
1514 Edison's Inventions
1516 Facts about Gonorrhea
1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases
1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
1532 Don Quixote
1534 How to Test Urine
1535 How to Throw a Party
1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
1538 Rational Sex Code
1542 Who Started World War?
1543 Is War Inevitable?
1544 Against Capital Punishment
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1554 Exercises for the Heart
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1556 How Sun Gives Health
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1562 How to Live Long
1563 Marvels of Sunlight
1566 How to Conduct Love Affair
1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

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Just list titles desired by number. Order at least 20 books and enclose money order, check or currency at rate of 20 books for $1—minimum order $1. We prepay postage and ship at once. Prepaid offer applies only when remittance accompanies order. Save real money by sending cash with order. (No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit by international postal money order.)

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HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS,
Dept. A-515, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed please find $..... which is payment at the rate of 20 books for $1 for the following popular copyrights which I have listed by number on the lines below.

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City ..... State .....

Note: If there is not enough room on this blank to list all the numbers you want, please write them on another sheet of paper.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Dept. A515, Girard, Kansas

Quick

Serve Chicken for a Crowd or a Few

Hormel has cooked it—there's little to do

SO LITTLE to do! You can have fried chicken quick as toast. So simple—open can—cut chicken apart—brown in hot fat 3 minutes—serve!

And besides all this saving of labor you find a new delight in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken—a finer flavor. Remember, it is cooked sealed in its own package; thus flavors and juices which escape in ordinary cooking are saved—cooked *in*, not *out*.

You never tasted such soups and gravies as you can make from the Flavor-Sealed juices which surround a Hormel Chicken. The finest proof you can have that Flavor-Sealed cooking retains the flavors which ordinary cooking loses.

Every Hormel chicken is selected, milk-fed, plucked and cleaned to perfection. Then inspected and certified to be healthy, wholesome and clean by U. S. Government Inspectors—finally sealed in its package and cooked immediately. The whole or half chicken—not cut up nor boned—and with all the white meat, dark meat and natural juices.

Try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken at our risk. All leading food stores carry it—both half chickens and whole—2½ to 4½ lbs., net weight. Prepare as directed and if you are not satisfied, mail us your purchase slip and tell us why. We will refund your money. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

Distributors for British Isles, Marples Jones & Co., Liverpool, England.
For Canada, Burns & Co., Calgary, Alta.

★ **FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

When you buy Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera—about ¼ of the weight of chicken as usually bought. Cooking shrinkage, too, is almost nil; while home-cooked chicken shrinks about ⅓ in weight.

HORMEL★ *Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WORLD LEADERSHIP

We have frankly aimed to make an assortment of chocolates un-matched in America. We really believe that who leads America in fine assorted chocolates leads the world. We invite your critical testing and tasting of Prestige Chocolates.

Whitman's

In one-pound, two-pound and three-pound sizes — $2 a pound.

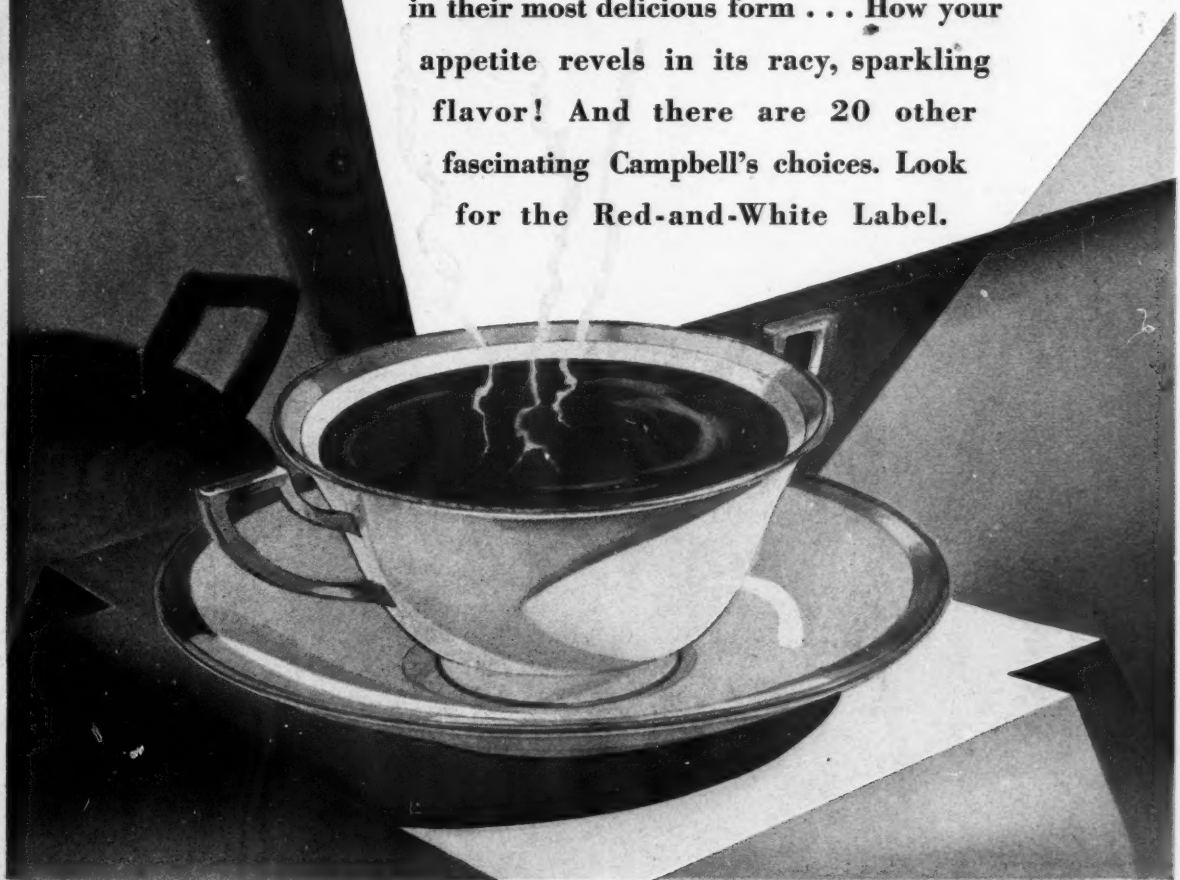
PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

Prestige

S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

In the light of modern knowledge—

Ours is an epoch remarkable in the world's history for attempting to teach all the people what and how to eat—the correct diet. And as this knowledge spreads and grows, the popularity and use of Campbell's Tomato Soup increases at an astonishing rate. Modern science has found that tomatoes possess extraordinary health-giving qualities. In Campbell's Tomato Soup, they are enjoyed in their most delicious form . . . How your appetite revels in its racy, sparkling flavor! And there are 20 other fascinating Campbell's choices. Look for the Red-and-White Label.

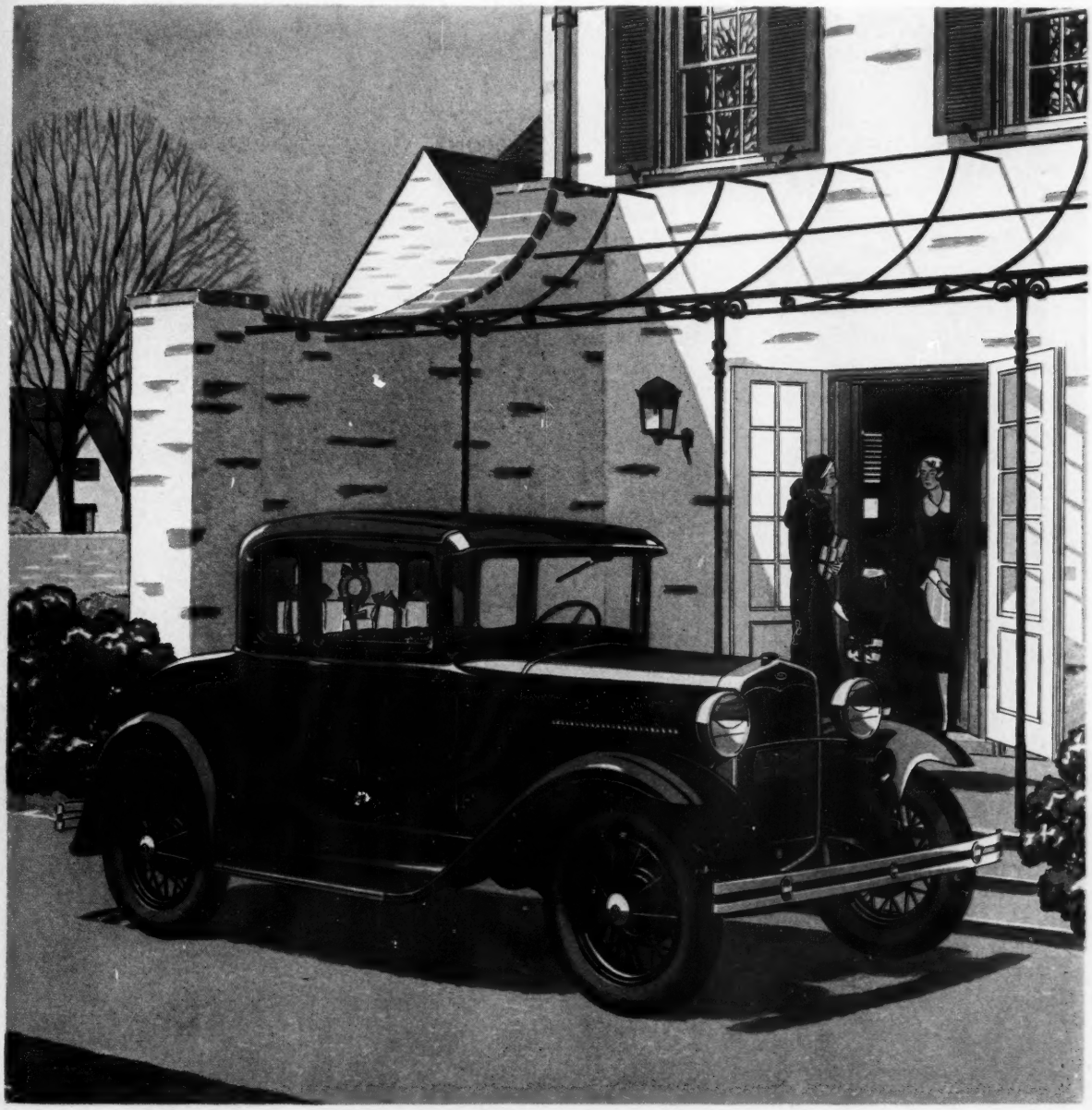


MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1930

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for December 1930

A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be used and treasured throughout the year. A practical, lasting gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a changing variety of beautiful colors. A choice of soft, luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford

"Red, luscious tomatoes—rich, thick cream—spices so delicate, so flavorful

" 'Take a dozen tomatoes, plump, ripe, fresh from the garden, with the heat of the sun warm upon them,' reads in part an old recipe for making *Cream* of Tomato Soup. 'Take cool, sweet, yellow cream from the dairy . . . And these spices—cloves, nutmeg, and the one known as allspice, being careful that their fragrance has not been lost to the air.'

"Now, we wouldn't tantalize you with this delightful old recipe," continues Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Company, "had we not a *Cream* of Tomato Soup to offer you that must be just as good. The same plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes; the same rich, thick cream; spices that are even more delightful because Heinz representatives select them *for their flavor* in the far lands where they grow best. All blended so painstakingly in shining kitchens by the skillful Heinz chefs . . . That's why you find Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup so matchless in flavor —in goodness. That's why you find it favored by hostesses everywhere—a part of the most formal dinner, a part of the most intimate luncheon or supper!

"Heinz *Cream* of Celery and Heinz *Cream* of Pea are two other delightful soups which you may wish to alternate with Heinz *Cream* of Tomato.

"Croutons are always an excellent addition to any cream soup. Add them to the soup just before serving. We find this a quick and satisfactory way of making them: *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

© H. J. H. CO. '30

ONE OF THE **57**

"CROUTONS . . " Cut bread in slices ½ inch thick, then in strips ½ inch wide, then across in ½ inch pieces. You now have cubes. Fry in hot, deep fat for one minute. Put in soup at instant of serving. If you prefer, you may brown cubes in the oven. Buttering gives them a quicker and better brown."

Enjoy these Radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson, Home Economics Director, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1930

Delicately perfumed
Charmingly boxed

The *new* Cutex Christmas sets

NEW—FASHIONABLE—BEGUILING! In delicately feminine rose and gold boxes, the new Cutex sets arrive just in time for Christmas. "Marvelous," the beauty editors of the great magazines exclaimed when they saw them, "So convenient—such value." Ideal presents for much less than you expect to pay for a lovely gift.

With bottles that stand up! **The new Marquise Set (below) is wonderful—in its smart bakelite tray the bottles stand up like little soldiers. No danger of their leaking, or spilling. Everything for the most luxurious Cutex perfumed manicure—all for $2.50, in Canada $3.00. The new Boudoir Set has a larger tray and includes a buffer, nail brush, file. $3.50, in Canada $4.00.**

(above) **In rose-colored metal case, this Five Minute Set is a bit of modern magic! A blessing for a purse or desk drawer or the pocket of the car. A perfect gift for $1.00.**

The tiny Compact Set contains trial-size bottles of unperfumed manicure preparations: 60¢.

Weeks of fragrant manicures! **This flat, trim feminine box is the Traveling Set (at left) that slips smoothly into the most crowded bag or drawer. So complete, so pretty—it is a joy to own, and an entrancing gift for just $1.50.**

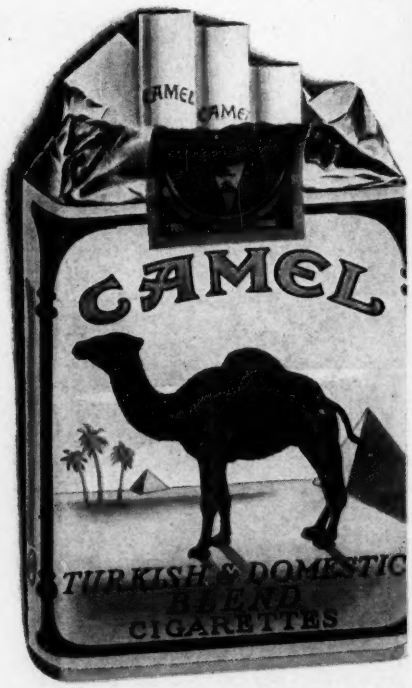
NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK—PARIS

Cutex the original perfumed polish
Now in these Cutex Sets

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for December 1930

First Choice

WHEN the great day comes at last, and the crowds are roaring, and the flags are flying, and the air is positively electric with suspense . . . what a thrill it is to be on the fifty-yard line, in first-choice seats, with a first-choice cigarette! For there's such a wealth of enjoyment and mellow fragrance in Camels that you will find them always in places of preference . . . in the pockets of people who know and demand good things.



© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

As modern as the Girl herself..
The *new* Kodak *Coquette Package*

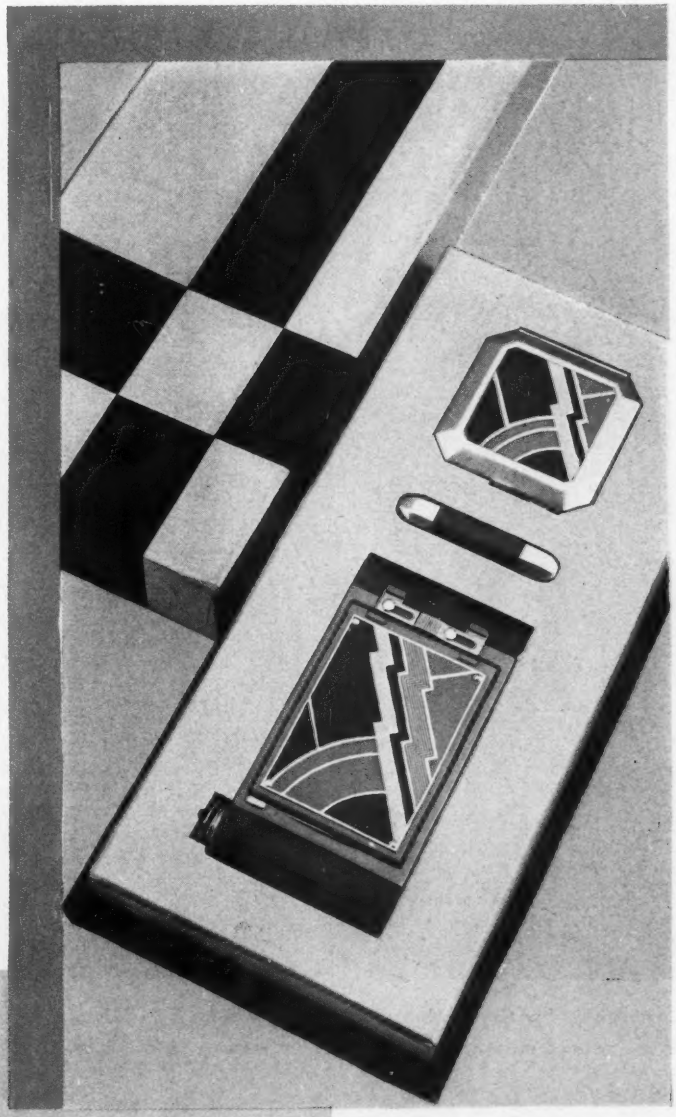
Eastman stylists have been busy . . . see their very newest . . . the 1931 Kodaks. Your Kodak dealer has them

FOR the smart, modern girl . . . a smart, modern Kodak. One that charmingly combines a gay new note with the never-ending pleasure of picture-making.

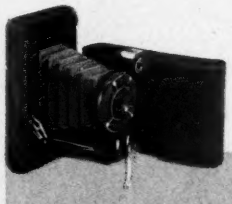
Here's such a gift . . . a bit of Paris at your Kodak dealer's. The Kodak Coquette Package . . . containing Kodak, compact and lipstick in patterns anticipating 1931.

You give her more than style when you give a Kodak. You give all the fun of picture-making . . . countless snapshots that keep happy memories alive. You give thoughtfulness . . . remembrance . . . there is no finer gift.

See the Kodak Coquette Package . . . and other 1931 Kodaks, that make equally suitable gifts. Your Kodak dealer has them. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

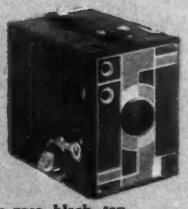


(Right)
KODAK COQUETTE PACKAGE consists of a trim silver-and-black box, containing Kodak, lipstick and compact in matching designs. The Kodak makes 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. $12.50.

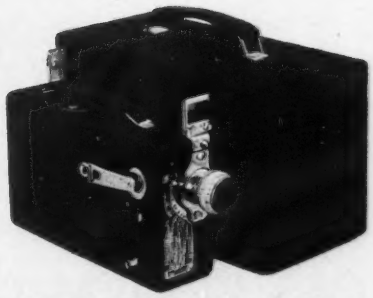


(Left)
KODAK PETITE, in lavender, blue, gray, green. For 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. $7.50, with pouch-type case to match.

(Right)
NO. 1A GIFT KODAK is handsomely done in brown genuine leather and encased in a cedar box. Cover of the box and a panel of the camera are enriched by colored enamels and metal. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures. Price $15, for the Kodak *and* the box.



(Right)
BEAU BROWNIE, a new, gaily dressed camera, with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $4. No. 2A, for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $5.



Give a KODAK

Ciné-Kodak, the gift that thrills the family. The new Model M is only $75, with case. New Model K (shown here) is in blue, gray, black, brown; case included, price $110 to $150. Kodascope projectors as low as $60.

What other gift could possibly bring so much of lasting pleasure!

In performance the new General Motors Radio provides everything that advanced design and precision manufacture can contribute to complete radio enjoyment

No gift can surpass the modern radio as a source of lasting pleasure. And now the new General Motors Radio enables you to give the best at moderate price.

There are five different period styles of these exceptional radios and radio-phonographs. All are equipped with the Visual Tone Selector, a distinctive new feature with which you can actually "tune" reception to please your ear!

Choose from among these splendid new instruments and you will make your gift one long to be remembered—for General Motors Radio cabinets are *permanent* furniture. Any future chassis or speaker will be so designed as to permit installation in the cabinets of the present models.

Thus, a General Motors Radio owner can always enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost.

Call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. See and hear how much is offered in these admirable new radios and radio-phonographs.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

Illustrated above is the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph, a fine combination instrument representing a remarkable value—$198, less tubes. Prices of other models (less tubes), the Hepplewhite $136; the Sheraton $152, the Late Italian $172; and the Georgian radio phonograph $270. Liberal G. M. A. C. terms.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
WITH VISUAL TONE SELECTOR

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1930

GATHER ALL THE WEALTH OF THE

Yuletide Music

Christmas

—the time of wonderful music, the familiar beauty of age-old carols, the chiming of great bells, famous choirs singing superb anthems. —Bring ALL this vast offering of Christmas music into your home with a new realism, a greater richness of musical tone—on a *General Electric Full Range Radio.*

Let the *Full Range Sensitivity* reach out and bring you *your choice* of this Christmas music from stations beyond the reach of less sensitive sets. The *Full Range Selectivity* will prevent overlapping between two programs. The *Full Range Tone* will bring you *all* the richness of the music with matchless tone fidelity.

Those whose Christmas Gift to the family or friends takes the form of a General Electric *Full Range* Radio will be giving a new joy for countless evenings to come.

Go to your nearest G-E radio dealer today and hear for yourself the wonderful performance of G-E Radio, or if you desire further information write Section R-10812, Merchandise Department, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LOWBOY—A distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public. $142.50 less tubes.

HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Fitted with Tone Control. $179.50 less tubes.

THE STUDIO LOWBOY—A small, compact, open-faced cabinet. Modern in design. Ideal for small rooms or as a second set. 7-tube A. C. operated screen-grid receiver. Four tuned circuits. Power screen-grid detector. Push-pull audio stage. New type dynamic speaker. Compound type volume control. $112.50 less tubes.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—Rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Several times more selective and sensitive than any set previously offered. Has *tone control* and new, improved electrical phonograph reproduction, including home recording. $285.00 less tubes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for December 1930

ONE *will always stand out!*

Chesterfield

sets the pace for

MILDER *and* BETTER TASTE

Easy enough to get in front—but it takes a thoroughbred to stay there!

Chesterfield smokers stick to Chesterfield, because here they find those essentials of true smoking enjoyment which never tire, never vary:

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

©1930, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1930

For a Christmas Gift - be sure it's a **Waterman's**

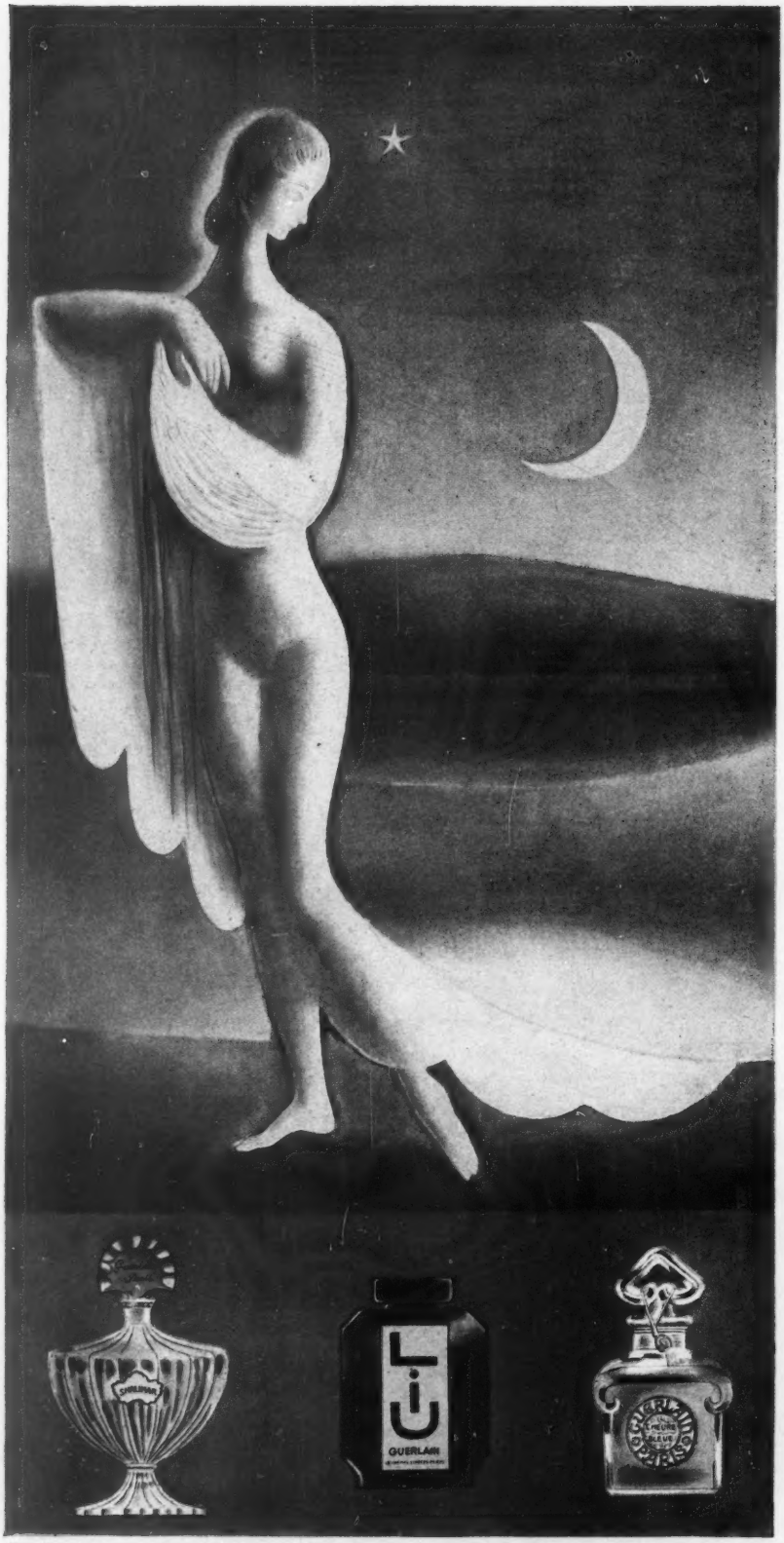
There's a Waterman's for every taste, for every hand—and for every purse. To the right, Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician. Shown in Onyx, Nacre, and Turquoise. Comes also in Jet and Emerald. For the man who wants the best. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil, beautifully boxed, $15. Pen $10, pencil $5.

A fountain pen desk set is a wonderful convenience for anyone who writes. Equally useful in home or office. This one with French Onyx base and matching pen is $8.50. Others from $7.50 to $350.

Waterman's

Lady Patricia—the first fountain pen ever created expressly for women. A dainty clasp replaces the masculine clip. Beautifully finished. Shown in Jet, Persian and Onyx. Gift sets of pen and matching pencil in a charming box $8. Pen $5, pencil $3.

See these pens at your local Waterman's dealer. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects, and will be serviced by the L. E. Waterman Company—New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal.



Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . Liu is $30 . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15

a Gift sans Elegance is no gift

To give is to flatter, to excite and to leave all of a flutter! And to flatter, do not forget that in all the world there is nothing so close to the heart of a woman as her opinion of her own good taste. And when that opinion is an opinion justified, there is no gift like a Guerlain perfume! Ah! to excite — to leave breathless! Few gifts have that quality. And of those few, there is no name to charm with, no perfume on earth or in the heavens equal to those infallible essences of Guerlain. Shalimar . . . the invincible, L'Heure Bleue . . . the exquisite, Liu . . . the exotic, the modern, the strange. Who shall choose among them? For in lipsticks, in powder, and in all things of the perfumer's art, the great dynasty of Guerlain sits upon a peak in Darien, and elegant women the world over acknowledge it. For to augment beauty is the greatest of the living arts, and one which has no master equal to Guerlain.

Guerlain parfumeur Paris

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Give her a hand, nothing . . . buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club. Then a Broadway producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story.

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

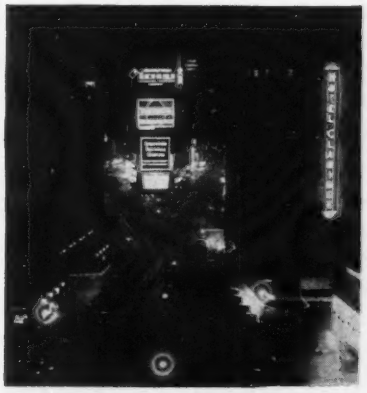
NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill . . . gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites . . . that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, OLD GOLDS made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for December 1930

Complete Assortment, Eaton's Highland Linen. Gilt-edged correspondence cards and three popular sizes of note paper with envelopes. Charming for a man to give to a woman, $5

Eaton's Highland Vellum, green and silver box. 48 sheets and silver-lined envelopes. A feminine, appealing gift, $2

Eaton's Deckle Vellum in white. Envelopes lined in silver and pastels. A gorgeous silver cabinet. Any woman would love it. $3.50

THIS SAYS IT, MY DEAR...

TO HIM...

TO HER

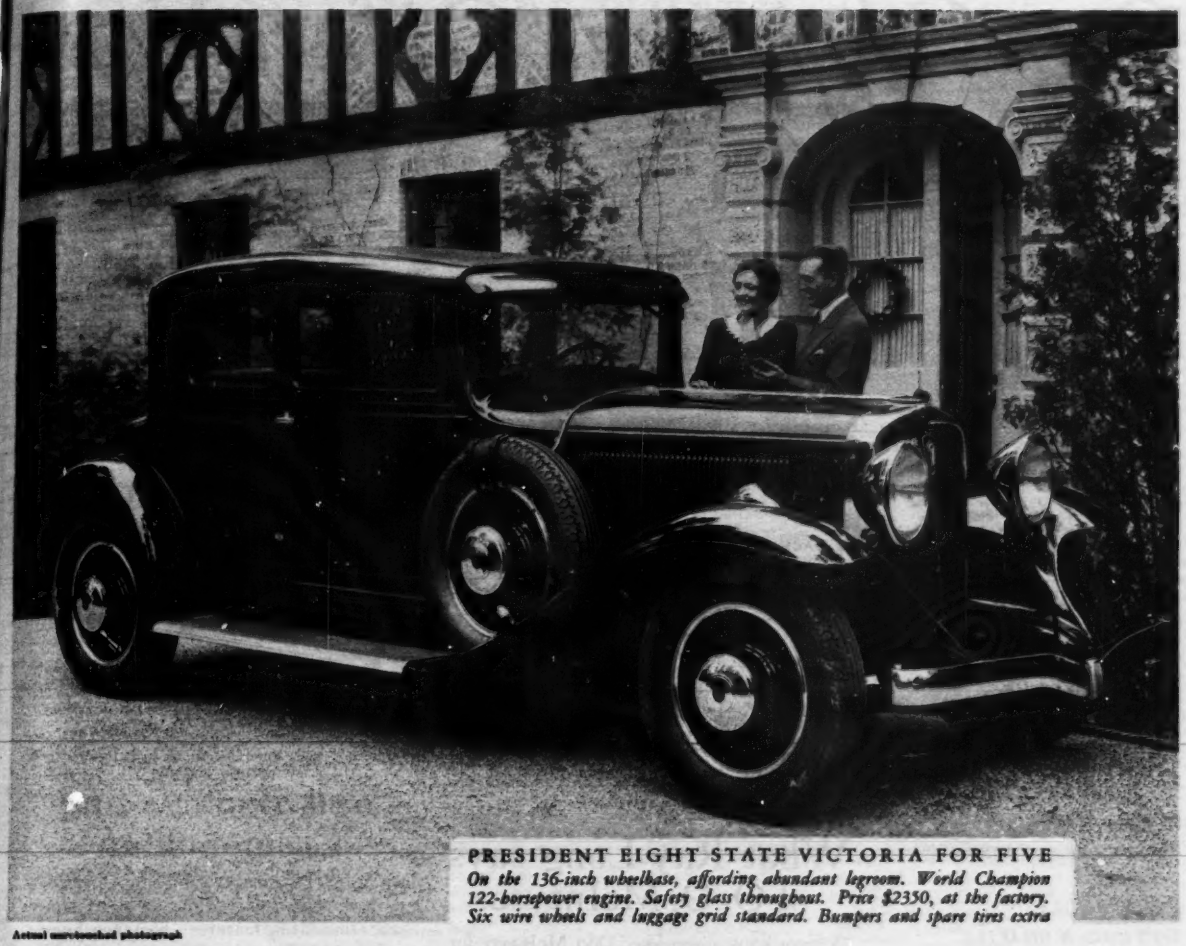
Eaton's Corro. Checkerboard weave in buff with lining in capucine. The package carries out the interesting motif of envelope lining, $1

Eaton's in a gay decorative box which makes this delightful package a thrilling gift for a young girl, $2.50

FOR every name on your list you want a gift that will fittingly express your sentiment. And yet, you'd *like* one that could be selected quickly, wouldn't you? Choose writing paper, then. It is so delightfully appropriate at Christmas time that you'll easily find gifts for a dozen persons. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its new velvet-finish surface, is made in *so* many shades that you can find a suitable gift for almost every one. Eaton's Highland Linen likewise offers you a wide and pleasing possibility of choice. And it is always true that, if the men you know are struggling with their choice of gifts, they'll thank you forever for suggesting this way out. Wherever good stationery is sold you can buy these popular writing papers. Priced from 50 cents to $8 per box. Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATONS HIGHLAND VELLUM
HIGHLAND LINEN

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1930



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On the 136-inch wheelbase, affording abundant legroom. World Champion 122-horsepower engine. Safety glass throughout. Price $2350, at the factory. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard. Bumpers and spare tires extra

Actual unretouched photograph

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WHAT more gracious gift to Her than the joyous hours of freedom implied so gracefully by the Keys to Happiness? This Christmas, in more generous measure than ever before, Studebaker's dainty gift case with its shining keys holds for her the surety of carefree travel-ease.

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THAT WAS HAPPY NEW YEAR
THE SIMPLE RICH
THE PRISONER I TRUSTED
CHIC, MADAME!
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SMALL-TIME—BIG-TIME THEY'RE ALL BIG-HEARTED
"MY DAD"
MY FIRST VACATION
CINDERELLAS
THAT GLEE-OR-IOUS FOURTH
FAMOUS FOLKS
TO THOSE WHO WILL TRY TO BE MARION TALLEYS
TAD
SMILES PAY
BACK TO THE CRACKER BARREL
THE AVENUE
ALL DRESSED UP AND SOME PLACE TO GO
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WHAT MY DOG TAUGHT ME
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what he sees

Actual photograph of skin after ordinary cleansing. (magnified 12 times). Note untouched dirt in crevices, enlarging pores, making skin look coarse, old and furrowed.

Photograph of same skin after pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia. Note translucent clearness. No fear now of blemishes or dull, old look. Pores are small, skin smooth!

Skin Specialist Reveals NEW FACTS

ABOUT DIRTY PORES

WHY DOES old-fashioned cleansing fail today? Because the air is full of a new kind of dirt . . . greasy, machine-age dirt. It pours from smoke stacks, auto exhausts, chimneys. Sticks to skin much more than light, dusty dirt of years gone by. Hence cleansing methods that only remove surface dirt fail to get greasy dirt out of the pores. And women who *think* their faces clean are puzzled by grey-looking complexions, dirty pores, even blackheads and coarse skin.

How liquid cleansing aids skin

Liquid Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves deep-lying dirt. Thus prevents clogged pores and grey, dull look. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing the skin as nothing has done before. Pores cleansed to their depths every day with liquid Ambrosia soon become fine; skin regains radiant freshness of youth.

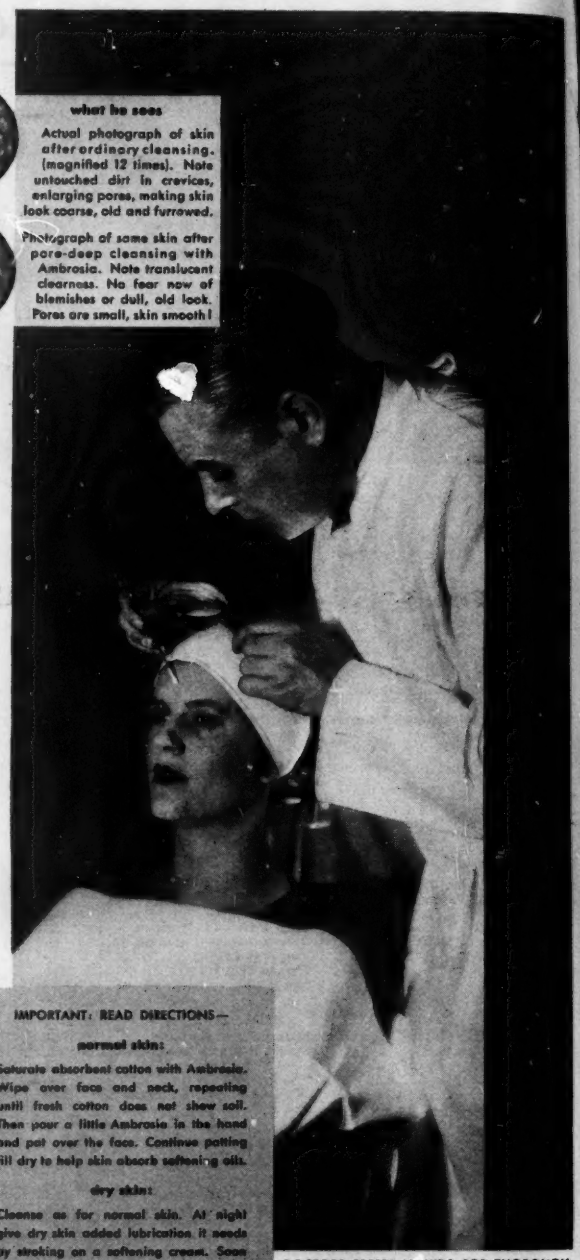
What skin specialist said

A great skin specialist recently said of Ambrosia: "The formula is perfectly compounded to cleanse, and at the same time keep the skin soft." No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen pores; no alkali to dry skin out like paper. Instead the sweet oils in Ambrosia are very softening for a dry skin, and its quick penetration gives oily skin the pore-deep cleansing and stimulation it needs.

Personal:
to women who received sample

Consistent use is necessary if skin is to show real benefits of Ambrosia. Discard other methods of cleansing for two weeks. Follow directions given here and in booklet for use of Ambrosia on your type of skin. Doctors say Ambrosia alone, if used according to directions, is not only quick, thorough, safe, but keeps face lovely as nothing has done before.

Note. If you have not tried Ambrosia write at once for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 12-F, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dept. 12-F, 69 York Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



IMPORTANT: READ DIRECTIONS—

normal skin:

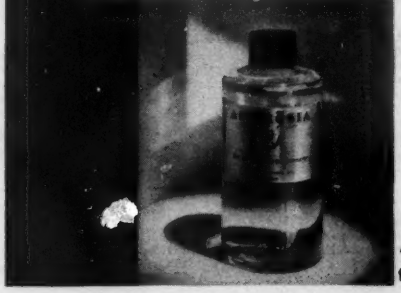
Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

dry skin:

Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

oily skin:

Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.



DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

Notable women who use Ambrosia

MRS. WILSON WOODROW
MISS MARJORIE DE L. OELRICHS
ANITA LOOS MISS RUTH H. KRESGE
ADELE ASTAIRE HELEN MORGAN
MARILYN MILLER FAITH BALDWIN

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

4 oz. $1. 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3.

AMBRŌSIA
the pore-deep cleanser

20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are less irritating

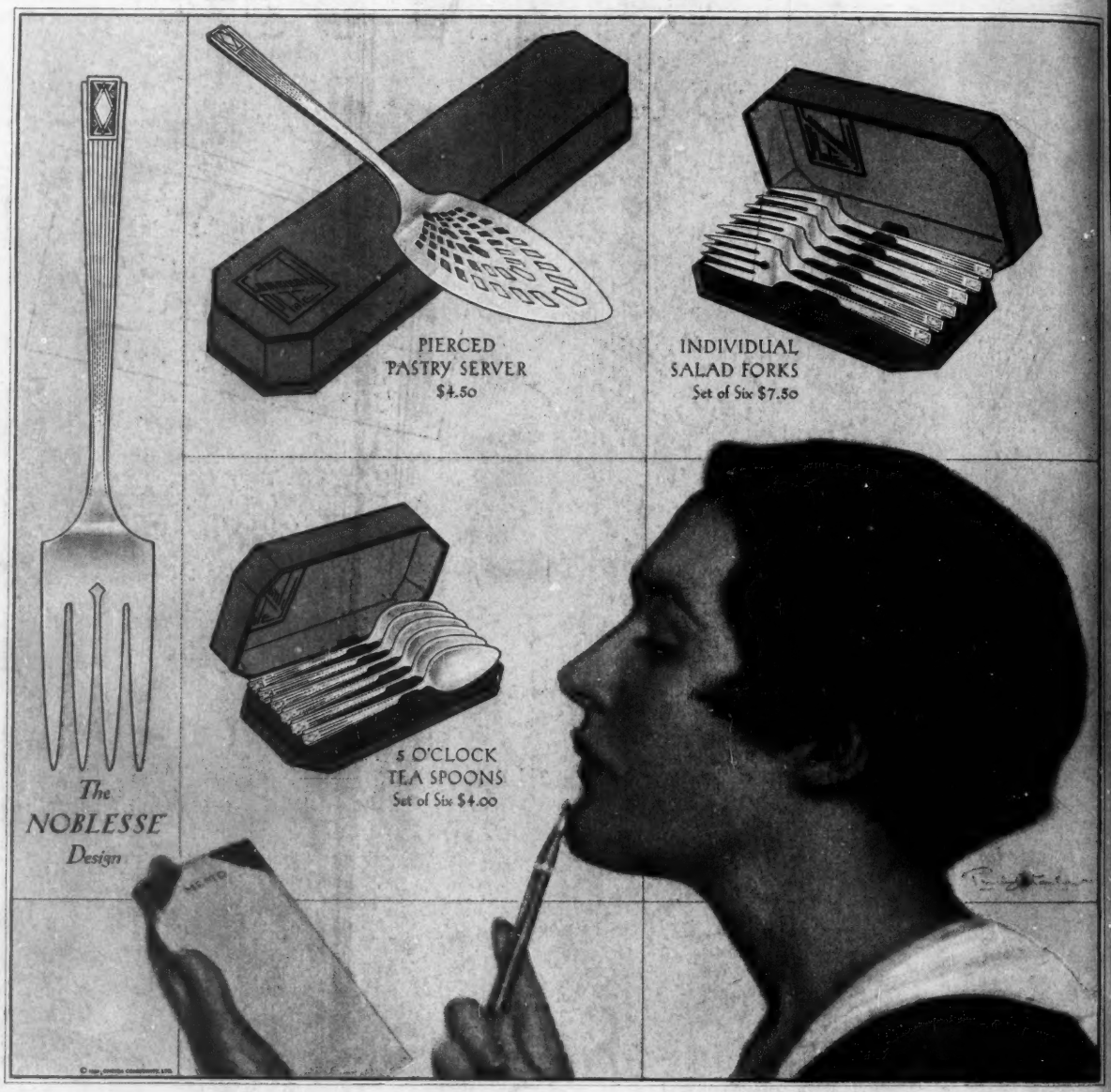
"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—

against irritation—against cough.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.

Give NOBLESSE—Today's Beauty in Silverware



Give her COMMUNITY PLATE in this new design—so different—so dynamic—so supremely smart. Let its vivid, streamline loveliness—set in the exquisite new gift box, finished in tones of buff suede, gold and jet—pay tribute to her sophisticated modernity of taste She will recognize, in *The Noblesse*, a new style-spirit she has never seen before in Silverware. And, she will know that you have given her the best. See *The Noblesse*, and other charming COMMUNITY PLATE designs, wherever fine Silver is sold.

COMMUNITY PLATE

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